# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A
Foun
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**C. E. Scoggins—Richard Connell—Rube Goldberg—Sam Hellman—Joseph Hergesheimer**
**Lieutenant Commander Edward Ellsberg—Richard Matthews Hallet—Albert W. Atwood**

That's breakfast for you! Size a perfect match for your morning appetite. Color that tells you at once it's toasted exactly right—butternut-brown on its crinkly round top, sides a sort of richly glowing yellow.

Can't you just feel it in your mouth, though? The crunchiness of fresh dry toast. The crispness you like so well in the very best of potato chips. The crumbliness that makes crackers so much better after they've been put in the oven to freshen up a bit.

Muffets are whole wheat, which means calories, body-building minerals, bran roughage. But that's only an extra reason. Reason enough for Muffets is that they're just plain good to eat!

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The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago; Peterborough, Canada.

# Paris-approved Hosiery Shades *in Silken Loveliness at its Best*

## Selected by LUCILE..famous Style Arbiter

*A beige chiffon tea gown by Lucile, as worn by Mlle. Edel Julsoye, of Paris. Gold embroidery insert down the front... Wide sleeves, gathered at the wrist with small bow... Chiffon sash draped in front with bow. Holeproof Hosiery in Lisette, a new shade with a creamy bisque complexion tint like "Rachelle" face powder, completes the costume.*

Color!..More color!..Lovelier color! This is the present criterion of feminine attire.~In this rainbow of enchantment, hosiery shades play a vital part.~But color does not make style in hosiery any more than it makes a painting.~It is the *dovetailing* of complementary shades, or fascinating contrasts, that is behind hosiery fashions.

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# Holeproof Hosiery

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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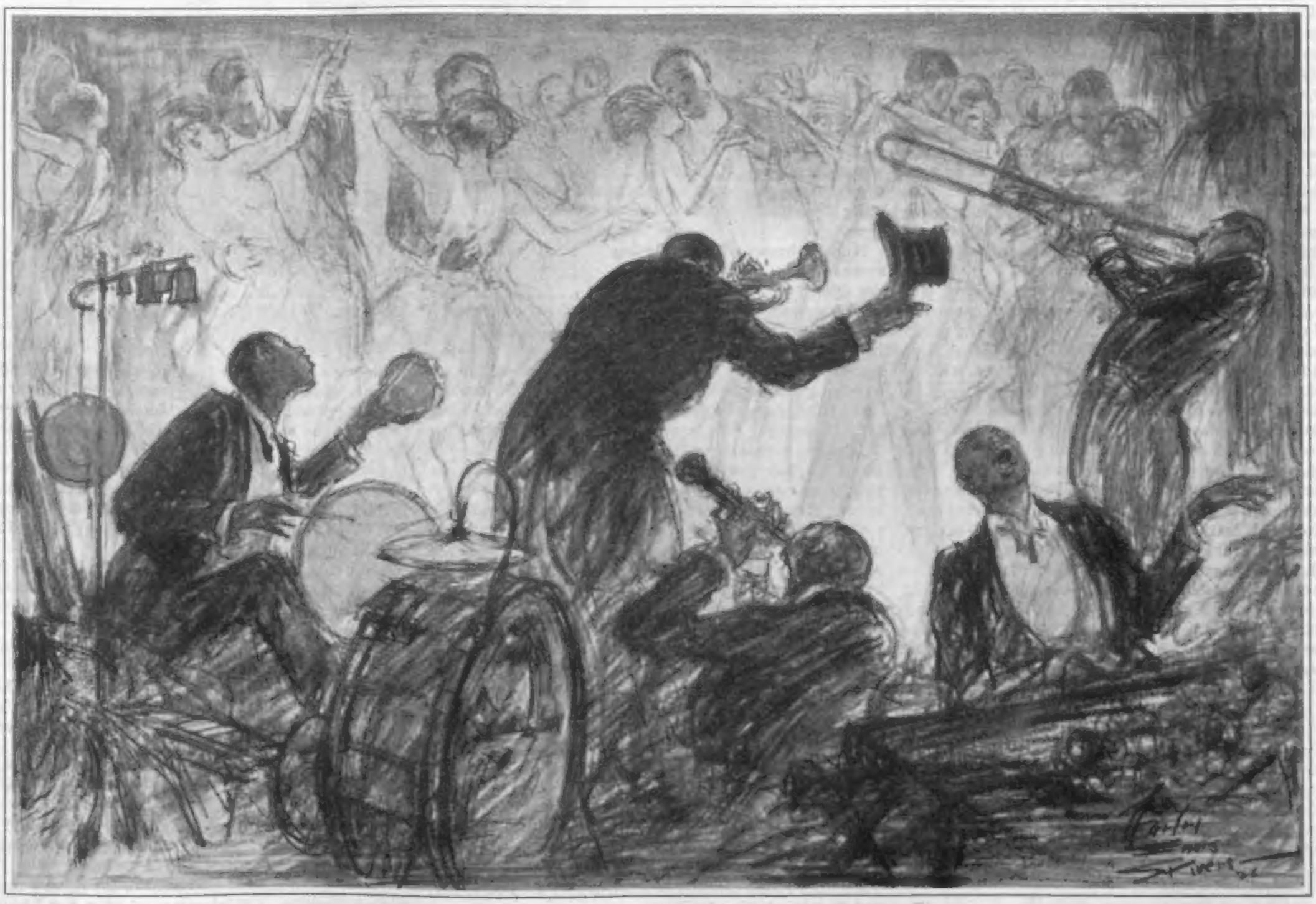
# JUNGLE

## By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



*That Wasn't Youth as I Understood It. No Laughter, No Hilarity, No Noise Beyond the Bray and Thump of Fevered Music*

ALICE DOWLING never wanted to go back. Once or twice, toward the end, Ben Murchison's old feet got restless, itching to hit the trail again; he started talking about going with me on my next trip to Vizcaya—you know, just to look it over and see how the tropics felt once more. But he was old. He was getting feeble, though of course he never admitted it. Besides, he'd have been disappointed. The Zorro Valley isn't the place it used to be.

There's quite a road through the jungle now, and quite a settlement by the asphalt lake, including several white women and white-collared office men. There were no white collars in the place he was remembering.

But I knew better than to argue with him. I merely reminded him that Rita and the baby were going with me, to visit the old folks in Vizcaya, and asked him who'd take care of Alice while we were gone.

"Why," he said, not looking at me, "we'll take her with us."

"Fine!" I snorted. "Maybe we'll find her father's bones along the trail. That'll give her a treat, huh?"

"Well," he said, "maybe she's kind of forgot. Won't do no harm to ask her, anyway."

So, presently, when Andy McAllister's balloon-tired roadster skidded up and Alice got out, laughing, we called her in and asked her. She didn't say anything for a minute. But the laughter had faded out of her eyes, the color from her lips—she hadn't started using lipsticks then—you could see it go.

Uncle Ben said gently, "Only if you want to, kid."

"Sure," said Alice steadily, "if you want me to."

I caught her eye and shook my head; and I remember yet her soft sigh of relief as she added, "But I've got dates for the first three Town Club dances."

"Who with?" demanded Uncle Ben.

"Two with Andy and one with ——"

"Look here, young 'un," growled the stern Murchison, "Andy's gettin' too thick around here. You ain't big enough yet to have a steady beau. Hear me? You break one of them dates and go with some other feller."

"Yes, sir. Then you'll stay home?"

"I dassent turn my back," he grumbled, and then grinned and ducked and poked a hard forefinger into her ribs to fend off her grateful hug. Under cover of her attack, he winked a proud eye at me. Not every girl had to be watched so close to keep the young fellers in their places!

That was what Alice did for him. She was his anchor at the end of a long wandering. For forty years he'd been a figure in the hot countries, in the old days when a quick

brain, a stout heart and a sure hand were the best life insurance. Those days are gone; this is the day of traders, practical men—like me. His name passed into legend even before he died. Eh, well! All trails come somewhere to an end. I won't pretend that he was satisfied; but he loved Alice Dowling. Soldier of fortune that he was, he never gave a hang for the fortune that came at last out of Vizcayan Asphalt—except that it could buy happiness for her.

Well, she was worth it, I'll say that for her. Alice's mother must have been a wonder; the kid had stuff that never showed in Henry Dowling.

I remember yet the first time I ever saw her. That was in 1920. I'd ridden up the steaming valley of the Zorro, in Vizcaya, hunting mahogany; I didn't get it, but no matter. White men don't sleep in the Zorro Valley if they can help it. Too hot, too full of life that puts no value on pampered skins. Nobody lives in that dark, humid, lovely forest but Iquiques—poor remnant of an ancient race, dull, stupid, crushed by long centuries of defeat. Their dim forefathers built those great stone temples on the hills, but they build nothing now; powder and steel have been too strong for bronze and gold.

Shy, shadowy human animals—you seldom see one, riding through. Only at night sometimes you feel their throbbing drums and hear their crazy laughter, high, hysterical, as if they cried a pitiful defiance to the rolling flood of time.

They are not dangerous, but the jungle is. One night, already shivering with malaria, I climbed to sleep in a lonely village perched above it on a mountainside—a God-forsaken place, you'd think, to find a white man. But one lived there. He stumbled past me from the dirty bar of the *mesón*, muttering dimly, "Scuse me while I step out 'n' kill that —— —— ——," and flung himself at a richly dressed half-breed riding by.

He was drunk. He never had a chance. The grandee simply jerked his reeling head against the saddle horn and whacked it to bloody pulp with a handsome silver pistol, and I helped the stolid natives lug him home.

Home! I wish you could have seen it. Children and goats littered the narrow, filthy street; the children followed us to jeer. A skinny little girl with a smoking lamp dashed out, tugging at Henry Dowling, begging him, "Stand up now, papa! You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man!"

Alice was used to having him come home that way. She set down the lamp to fly at the jeering children, scattering them with Spanish curses that would make your hair curl. Her vocabulary was not cultured in those days.

Then she took up the lamp and showed us a sagging cot where we could lay him. She cried when she saw the blood; but afterward, hearing his awful breathing, she fell back on the only philosophy she knew.

"Oh," she said stoically, "he'll sleep it off."

She was eleven then—her little body starved, her big green eyes unnaturally mature. She didn't know how long she'd lived in Tolobaya; she didn't know how long her mother had been dead; but she knew things no child had any business knowing. She had to know. She had to be there when her father staggered home to sleep it off.

He did—that time.

Nobody knows what finally became of him. When my old partner drifted to Vizcaya, at the last ebb of his own turbulent fortunes, he found her there alone—still waiting for Henry Dowling to come home. And when things broke at last for us, when through a popping hell we got away with a clear title to the asphalt lake in the seaward hills, Ben Murchison wouldn't leave her. He brought her home with us to Milo, Indiana.

"A Girl's Got to Have a Line These Days"

I can see her yet, a funny, scrawny kid galloping timidly about our place in the Grove Hill Addition, dazed with the peace, the spaciousness, the safety of it; marveling at the beauty of a snowstorm and the comfort of an open fire; shyly adoring Andy McAllister, times when the boy came over and Ben Murchison spun him quaint old yarns out of a long and colorful career. Andy had a romantic streak; he liked to hear about the tropics—jungle, you know, and burning sun, and soldiers of fortune riding to heroic deeds. Alice didn't. She'd been there. Milo was romance enough for her, and Andy was its hero—big, lordly Andy, star of the high-school football team.

"Kid, You're My Partner Now"

II

SHE thought Milo was wonderful. All the children were Americans! At first she would just stand and watch them, her thin sun-roughened face suffused with happiness. She didn't expect them to play with her; she'd been an outcast all her life. But when they tried to make game of her, she fought them with a grim businesslike fury and a flow of profanity that dazed them. Girls didn't dare be meek in Tolobaya. They soon found out she was no joke. Then they found out how wonderful they seemed to her, and they loved Alice for it.

Then she belonged. She caught up rapidly in school with children of her own age; Ben Murchison dressed her with the best of them, gave her what any of them had. He spoiled her, yes. What did he know about raising children?

What, for that matter, does anybody know—these days?

The new generation was already under way. You saw them hanging around soda fountains—these sleek, soft-handed boys, elaborately bored with life; these bold-eyed girls in their skimpy dresses, their pretty faces painted like fire wagons, doing their best to look not quite respectable. But Alice wasn't bored with life. She'd just discovered it. She worked like a young Trojan to learn their ways. Dancing, of course; and swimming was getting fashionable for girls—I used to think the one-piece bathing suit made it so. Her second summer, I remember, she won a junior swimming prize, and Uncle Ben built her a swimming pool in the garden out of sheer pride.

Then the old miracle came to pass. At fifteen, suddenly, she was no longer scrawny—a slender, green-eyed girl with copper hair clipped in the boyish mode, her lithe young body warm with life and happiness. Suddenly Andy McAllister sat up and took notice.

That was great honor for a high-school girl. Andy was quite a fellow then, a college man, a football star of the first magnitude. His picture bloomed on all the sporting pages. When he came home to Milo for his vacations all female hearts under a certain age began to flutter. It used to tickle me to watch him shine—this tall, complacent lad whom I remembered as a snub-nosed freckled nuisance. It tickled me to see him condescend to Alice Dowling.

It didn't tickle old Ben Murchison. He grumbled a good deal about it.

"Not that I got anything against the boy," he fumed, "only he ain't got no sense. Draggin' that kid around to dances and such-like! Why, Buck, she ought to be playin' dolls yet!"

I had to laugh. "Well, general," I said, "why don't you tell her she can't go?"

Oh, I admit I didn't take it seriously. Vizcayan Asphalt had me pretty busy; I didn't pay much attention. Maybe she was too young to start the whirl, but all her crowd were doing it. Besides, I knew what he would say.

"Tell you the truth, Buck, I ain't got the heart. She never had no fun when she was little; she's got a lot to make up."

It wasn't in him to deny her anything. He took it out in grumbling—like most modern guardians of the young, I guess.

Vaguely, I wondered how some of the parents managed to foot the bills. I didn't see much of it, but I heard the talk—girls who were always needing new silver slippers; boys who felt wronged if they couldn't use the family automobile four nights a week; the Christmas dances, ten or twelve of them in a row, at five or ten dollars each, to say nothing of gasoline or taxi fare. A high-school boy was a cheap sport if he made his girl walk to a dance.

It was much smarter to make one walk home from an automobile ride, I gathered.

That's modern, eh? Oh, I'm not claiming we were little angels in my time. We spooned—petted, you know, or necked; maybe I'd better translate—as much as we dared, or as much as the girls would let us. But that's not the point. If a girl was offended, or if our elders caught us at it, we were disgraced.

Nothing like that in Alice Dowling's crowd! It was a standard joke about girls walking home. The country club had to put flood lights on the automobile parking space to keep the younger crowd at dances from hiding there to spoon—pet, neck, indulge in amorous embraces. But were the kids embarrassed? Not a bit. They turned the lights out and went right ahead. When some indignant elder turned them on again, out of a dozen cars would tumble a

dozen couples, flushed, but not shamefaced—laughing. It was a joke on them.

Take nothing seriously—that was the pose. But once I was pretty badly jarred. Rita and I, on our way home from one of our own crowd's fairly lively Christmas dances, dropped in on one of theirs. Downtown, you know.

That was no joke. Some of those youngsters were the same, but the whole atmosphere was different. Here they could be themselves. This was a hotel ballroom, hired by themselves—a flood of youth that rolled down any diffidence that might have been inspired by the few uncomfortable elders present. Uncomfortable? I give you my word I felt like a foreigner.

That wasn't youth as I understood it. No laughter, no hilarity, no noise beyond the bray and thump of fevered music; not much motion, even—this was before the Charleston craze hit Milo. There was no room to move. They didn't need any. Close-packed and close-embraced, their eyes half closed, absorbed in physical sensation. Some of those faces wore a look I'd never thought to see in any ballroom. Some of those girls were still so little that they could hardly reach their partners' necks, but they all tried—their little dresses pulled above their knees, their faces flushed, clinging and wriggling. It made you think their parents must be crazy.

The music stopped on a wild discordant beat. Alice and Andy, moving toward a door, appeared out of the crush; Alice cried cheerfully, "Hi, Buck! Hi, Rita! How was your party?" But Andy had the grace to look uncomfortable—wiping his red face, trying to compose it to light sociability.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of flaming youth?"

"I could be arrested," I admitted, "for what I think."

"Well," he said, "you know, this is a pretty mixed crowd."

"It looks pretty uniform to me," I snorted. "But where have they all vanished to?"

The ballroom was abandoned to the orchestra and the few uncomfortable elders. Through the wide doors I saw a stretch of mezzanine, abandoned too. Alice glanced out and laughed.

"Oh," she said, "you're not that green, Buck. Down the halls, up the stairs—anywhere."

"A little petting on the side, huh?" I said heavily.

"Or anywhere," laughed Alice. "Come on, Andy!"

That was the pose. You know, the fashion—this light defiance of the old taboos. And what could you do about it? Short of solitary confinement, how could you keep a girl out of it? Oh, good advice, of course. Afterward I heard talk of the youngsters having liquor at their parties, and I asked Alice if it was so.

She answered lightly, "Sure, some of the boys do. It's the hot thing."

"Kid," I said earnestly, "don't touch it. It'll bite you."

Then for a moment I saw her eyes unguarded—grave, clear to see what they looked at—the brave green eyes of Henry Dowling's daughter.

"Don't worry, Buck. A girl's got to have a line these days, and getting dizzy doesn't help her any."

And for a moment I had a thought that felt like wisdom. Once all the world was bounded by taboos—fear of the jungle, fear of the outer darkness. One by one the younger generations broke them, found what was actually there, and now the outer world is nearly known. Maybe these youngsters were exploring too. Maybe they didn't know what deep and thinly crusted swamps they frolicked on; but don't forget this—Alice Dowling knew. She hadn't been shielded from raw facts in Tolobaya, and in Tolobaya facts are pretty raw.

### III

NOW, looking back, it's odd to see how little I knew Andy McAllister. I'd known him all his life—that is, I could remember when he was born. But what did I know about him? Well, he'd been his mother's pet. He came of a good family—the McAllisters dated back before the gas boom. He was handsome, popular and conceited—anybody could see that. He was a hero to his generation, a dashing fellow on the football field—I learned that from the sporting pages. You know, I'd been away while he was growing up.

No, I'll be honest; I didn't pay much attention. I thought he was all right and let it go at that.

Vaguely, I was aware of him popping in that summer to take Alice out—picnics and swimming parties, distant dancing places—anywhere—out.

"Why ain't he never satisfied," grumbled Ben Murchison, "to come and set like a young feller ought to?"

"Oh," I said, "maybe we cramp their style."

The old fellow didn't know the phrase. He grinned. "It wouldn't hurt their style," he snorted, "to get cramped a little. Them balloon pants of his would make a pair of dresses for the kid—or four, the size they wear 'em now."

He never objected to short skirts on moral grounds—this mild old war horse in his mid-Victorian black, always just comfortably shabby. He thought they were merely funny. If he had heard some of the smart remarks that passed around soda fountains on the smart subject of girls' legs he would have started a massacre of the younger generation—male.

He didn't patronize soda fountains. He didn't go to dances. I think he was just disgruntled because the boy no longer listened to his ancient yarns.

"Not that I got anything against Andy," he explained, "only he's crazy. Tearin' around at forty miles an hour—he'll break that kid's neck one of these days."

"Oh," I said, "Andy's a good driver. These youngsters are just naturally geared high. He doesn't mix liquor with his gasoline, that's one comfort. He's keeping in training."

"Or talk her into gettin' married," he added gloomily, "and then her good times'll all be over."

I had to laugh. I'm prewar, I admit, but I'm no mid-Victorian. "Oh," I said, "it'll wear off. You'll see. Andy'll graduate next spring, and then he'll have to get a job. That'll slow him down."

Which made my batting average as a prophet one thousand per cent—wrong.

That was the summer Uncle Ben got restless. He had grown tired of Milo, Indiana. Maybe you know the Middle West. The land is gentle, moderately rolling, void of plains or any violence of hills. The citizens are thrifty, practical, moderate even in statements about the weather—safe, you know. Safety grows dull, I guess, to men like him—this tired old warrior, soldier of fortune, who never gave a hang about a fortune.

At this time he could fairly be called rich; Vizcayan Asphalt was well on its feet. He never cared. He hardly listened when I spoke of dividends. But I remember how he used to sit, times when I told him what was going on down there—quiet, his chair tipped back against the wall, his freckled hands clasped on the elderly bulge under his belt, his blue gaze wistful on some far unseen horizon—seeing a place where life was neither safe nor moderate; where suns burned hot and mountains strode gigantic and the vast, rich, careless jungle took you if you failed. Practical as I am, I knew what he was looking at.

Call it illusion if you like. "They all come back." That's what they say down there: "They all come back!"

But Alice held him yet a while. Alice had no illusions about the tropics. Milo had given her a home and friends and pretty clothes and the first safety she'd ever known—and Andy McAllister at the height of his athletic glory.

Andy left school that fall to join a professional football team. You know, there was an epidemic of that sort of thing; no doubt you read shocked editorials about it—these fine young athletes being sacrificed to the mob craving for amusement. Well, Andy's case didn't seem very shocking. What if he did give up his college degree? He got a lot of money for it—more than he could possibly have made by graduating. He wasn't studying anything practical. His mother had left a trust fund for his education, but not enough to set him up in business. To me it seemed rather a stroke of luck.

The truth is, I didn't pay much attention. Rita and I were in Vizcaya at the time; the sporting pages didn't circulate down there. There wasn't much about him in the papers when we got home. Football had pretty well lost interest at Thanksgiving, when the college season

(Continued on Page 167)

*They Laughed and Stamped and Yelled "Hey-Hey!"*

# ON THE BOTTOM

By Lieutenant Commander Edward Ellsberg

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

*The Boom Swung Over, the Stage Swung Outboard Over the Sea*

*Chief Torpedoman Kelley in Diving Rig, Holding the Ellsberg Torch*

*Commander Ellsberg Directed the Divers Over the Telephone From the "Falcon"*

COMMANDER CONTROL FORCE TO COMMANDING OFFICER U. S. S. FALCON.

S-51 REPORTED IN COLLISION LATITUDE 41° 12'N, LONGITUDE 71° 15'W. FALCON PROCEED TO SCENE IMMEDIATELY PREPARED FOR RESCUE WORK.

I HANDED the radio message back to Lieutenant Hartley. Already he was casting off his lines to the pier, and in a few minutes the Falcon was standing out of the New York Navy Yard and heading up the East River toward Long Island Sound.

The Falcon made her best speed, but it was 150 miles to the position given in the orders. We could not arrive until after dark.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Hartley, commanding officer of the rescue ship, plotted the position of the accident on the chart while I watched. His dividers pricked a point in the open sea, fourteen miles east of Block Island, fifteen miles southeast of Brenton Reef Lightship off Point Judith. We looked at the sounding printed there. Twenty-two fathoms—one hundred and thirty-two feet deep. It was a bad position. Exposed to gales from every quarter. Nothing to break up the swells rolling in from the Atlantic when the winds subsided. And Point Judith was notorious as being the meeting place of all the winds that blew.

As night fell we cleared the northern end of Block Island and stood out to sea in the darkness. The Falcon started to pitch as we met the waves. Far ahead we could see clusters of faint lights, and steered for these. By 10 P.M. we had arrived.

A weird scene. In the blue glare of searchlights from the mother ship Camden a submarine stood sharply out against the background of black water, a stream of bubbles and oil frothing up against her side. From her conning tower two hoses led over the rail and disappeared in the sea. One hundred and thirty-two feet below they were attached to the S-51. The S-50 was pumping air continuously to her stricken sister.

### *Signals That Brought No Answer*

A PIERCING note coming through the water vibrated against the Falcon's hull—the S-50's oscillator was sounding the lost submarine's call continuously. We listened on our microphones. No answer came from below.

In the darkness we could make out several destroyers, another submarine, some smaller boats. Blinker lights flashed from the Camden's yardarm. Our quartermaster spelled out the order:

FALCON. ANCHOR CLEAR OF S-50. PREPARE FOR DIVING IN MORNING.

Slowly we steamed to a spot about 500 yards astern of the illuminated submarine. On the forecastle, Chief Boatswain Burnett tripped the locking gear, our anchor chain roared out through the hawse pipe, we came to rest.

Quietness reigned except for that haunting call vibrating steadily through the water. Nothing showed through the darkness except the gray sides of the S-50, shining ghostlike in the searchlight beams.

Soon the coughing of a motorboat broke the silence. A launch came alongside, heaving up and down against the low bulwarks on the Falcon. A petty officer was helped over our rail. Only one brief word from his shipmates: "Bends." He passed into our recompression chamber, the heavy door swung to, compressed air started to whistle in as the needle on the gauge moved up. The first diver on the S-51 was being treated in "the iron doctor" for the disease that makes the ocean depths so dangerous to penetrate.

About midnight he came out, much relieved. A slight figure was Chief Torpedoman Ingram, diver on the Torpedo Testing Range at Newport. Briefly he told me his story:

"I went down the stream of air bubbles. The sub is lying way over on her port side with a big hole in her battery room. I walked her deck from bow to stern and I hammered on every hatch. Not a sound inside. They're all dead down there!"

*Commander Ellsberg*

Next morning I reported aboard the Camden and learned that the admiral there had hired a wrecking company for the rescue work; two of their largest derricks were en route from New York. Soon they arrived off Point Judith, fifteen miles away. Not till five days had passed since the sinking did a day come smooth enough for the wreckers to hazard their derricks in the open sea. Twice they turned back; finally they stood out in a calm sea, hooked to slings the divers had passed under the S-51's stern. The derricks heaved their utmost; nothing budged. Hastily the derricks were cast loose and towed back.

There was no longer the slightest doubt. The S-51 was wholly flooded. All hands inside were dead. The rescue efforts were abandoned, the wreckers were discharged.

The Navy Department was in a quandary. No large submarine had ever been raised in deep water in the open sea; raising the S-51 did not look feasible, but such a flood of criticism was pouring in that at least an attempt must be made.

### *A Win-or-Lose Contract*

THE wreckers originally engaged on the job offered to undertake it, provided the Government furnished the needed equipment and paid for the job whether it was successful or not.

This contract, which normally would not have been entertained for a moment, nevertheless looked good to the harassed Department. It was on the point of being signed in Washington, when I went to Admiral Plunkett, commandant of the navy yard at New York, with a method for the Navy itself to raise the ship. The admiral, enthusiastic over the idea, seized the telephone and over the long-distance wire to Washington,

presented the scheme, only to learn that the Department was about to sign a contract with outsiders to do the work.

Admiral Plunkett exclaimed: "This is a Navy job! If we can't take care of our own ships, we ought to get out and let someone run the Navy who can!" And in that deep voice and in language which all those who ever served with him will easily remember, he burned up the wires until it was finally decided to delay the signing till our method could at least be explained.

The admiral dropped the phone and looked at his watch. His aide went scurrying for a time-table.

"Here, Ellsberg, you've got twenty minutes to catch the next train. You explain it to them!"

### *The Salvage Squadron for the S-51*

I DASHED from his office to the admiral's car; his two-starred flag on the running board took us through the traffic and in a few minutes I was leaving the Pennsylvania Station on my way to Washington.

I could not wholly convince the officers in Washington, but I managed at least to prevent the signing of the contract there and obtained a transfer of the discussion to New York.

Back at the navy yard next day we were reënforced by Admiral Plunkett and several of the officers who had taken part in the early rescue work, and the Department representatives finally agreed to let us proceed. Even the wreck master of the salvage company was forced to admit the wisdom of that course.

As he left the conference, the wreck master turned and delivered his parting shot:

"I don't know who is going to do this job, but whoever he is, he'll wish before he gets through that he had been born a girl baby!"

The S-51 was a vessel of 1000 tons surface displacement. Our task was to lift this weight 132 feet to the surface, meanwhile working in the open sea, and then tow the ship 150 miles to New York, the nearest harbor with a suitable drydock.

Ordinary lifting methods were ruled out; first, because no derricks existed capable of lifting so much weight, and second, because of the impossibility of working them at sea even if the derricks were obtainable. Submersible pontoons, attached to the hull by divers, were to furnish half the lift; the remainder we would try to get by making buoyant the undamaged compartments in the S-51.

For a salvage squadron, there were assigned the rescue ship Falcon; three seagoing tugs—the Iuka, the Sagamore, and the Penobscot; a large repair ship, the Vestal; and a submarine, the S-50, a sister of the S-51.

The whole squadron was placed under the charge of the commandant of the submarine base, Captain Ernest King, who, in addition to his duties at New London, was designated officer in charge, salvage squadron. Captain King was, unfortunately, compelled to divide his time between his duties at New London and these added ones, but he managed to spend half the time with us off Block Island.

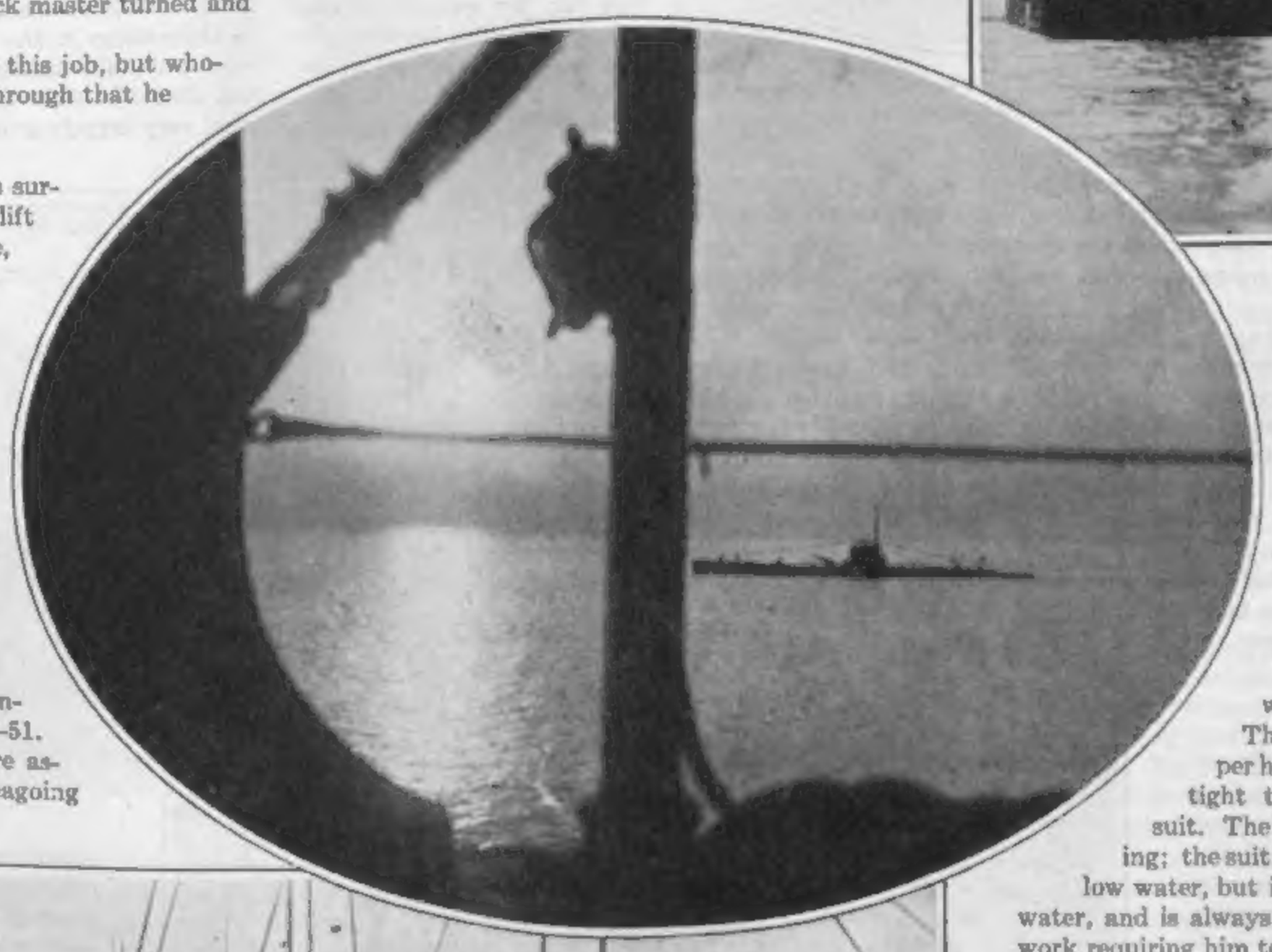
Admiral Plunkett designated me as salvage officer. I was attached to no particular ship, but worked during the day on the Falcon, had a stateroom and an office on the Vestal, and occasionally slept on the Sagamore or Iuka.

Nothing that the ingenuity of man has permitted him to do is more unnatural than working as a diver in deep water. As a result, if a vessel sinks a few hundred feet beneath the surface she becomes as inaccessible as if transported to a distant star.

Still, many vessels laden with fabulous cargoes of gold have sunk in water less than 100 feet deep. The lure of recovering this treasure developed the art of diving, but the divers of generations gone found that the sunken gold was purchased from the sea only at the price of life or health. Those who stayed down long enough to recover anything would, shortly after their return to the surface, be seized by terrible convulsions resulting, when quick death did not ensue, in paralysis for life. Many a diver working on the hulks of the Spanish Armada, around the coasts of England, or treasure ships off the Azores, learned this to his sorrow.

Because of the contortions of the sufferers, the early divers gave to the disease the name of the bends. Its cause was long unknown, but its results were beyond question. No diver, in spite of fortune's lure, dared go deep or remain more than a few minutes. The growth of medical skill and engineering necessities in other lines finally solved the mystery of the bends and in a measure provided a way to minimize the effects.

*On a Calm Day, the Derricks Finally Came Out to the Wreck. In Oval—The S-50's Oscillator Was Sounding Her Lost Sister's Call Continuously*



The usual diving dress consists of a copper helmet and breastplate secured watertight to a flexible canvas-covered rubber suit. The helmet is necessary to permit breathing; the suit may be dispensed with in warm shallow water, but is necessary in cold water or in deep water, and is always necessary if the diver is to do any work requiring him to bend over or lie down.

### *Inflating a Diver With Compressed Air*

WATER is heavy; as the diver descends he is compressed by the weight of the column of water over him. Over the surface of his body, for each foot he descends, an added load of almost half a ton presses on him. At 130 feet the total load is nearly sixty tons. To prevent the diver from being crushed into a jelly by this weight it is necessary for him to breathe air under pressure slightly exceeding that of the water; this internal air pressure is transmitted by his lungs to his blood, and enables him to balance the external water pressure. The diver is then in a condition similar to that of a pneumatic tire on a heavy automobile; the tire stays rounded out in spite of the weight of the car on it, because it is inflated with air under sufficient pressure to balance the load. If, however, the inner tube is ruptured and the air escapes, down comes the weight of the car and flattens out the tire. In the same way the diver inflated with compressed air stands the weight of the sea pressing on him, but if through any accident he loses the air pressure in his helmet, like a trip hammer down comes the weight of the sea and crushes him as flat as any blown-out tire.

As he goes deeper, a diver must increase the air pressure in his suit to correspond; it is, therefore, most dangerous for him, if working on the deck of a ship, to fall off suddenly into deeper water and be thereby subjected to greater pressure. If, under such circumstances, he cannot

*(Continued on Page 185)*

PHOTOS. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

*The Derricks Heaved Their Utmost, Nothing Budged*

# Gobi Bound—By Roy Chapman Andrews

DURING the past three years you may have noticed in the daily press sundry accounts of a civil war in China. The newspapers are quite right; there has been a war. War in China is a hardy perennial, but this one was not as civil as in the old days. In fact, quite a lot of people, including a few soldiers, have been killed. Some by bullets, but rather more by the executioner's knife.

*Andrews and Tserin Review the Caravan*

We who live in China have become so accustomed to war that I bring the matter up only by way of excuse, because for two years it has kept the Central Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in a state of suspended animation. In 1925 we returned from a long exploration of the Western Gobi Desert in Mongolia laden with dinosaur eggs and skulls and skeletons; with Baluchitherium bones; with stone implements made by primitive humans who lived thousands and thousands of years ago; with maps and geological data enough to fill many volumes. We were full of enthusiasm and new discoveries. Organization of another expedition for the following spring was the immediate result.

So-called fighting was going on all around Peking, but we gave it scant attention. In former years the war had caused us only a certain annoyance which had never amounted to a serious difficulty. But when the scientific staff of the expedition reached Tientsin from New York late in March, 1926, things were not so good. No trains were running to Peking. The motor road was somewhat unsafe, in as much as it was mined in thirteen places and infested with brigands. We negotiated the trip safely, however, and set about the business of getting away to the Gobi Desert.

### *Safe Between the Lines*

IN TWO weeks the expedition was almost ready to go. The caravan of one hundred and twenty-five camels carrying food and gasoline had already started; two of the motors, most of our equipment and one man were in Kalgan, at the gateway to Mongolia; the rest of us were to leave in a week.

Night and day the guns were muttering just outside the gates of Peking, on the Tientsin road. Yet the troops holding the city were in good morale and we thought that they would last for a month or more. Then one night a general deserted to the enemy with thirty thousand men. Chinese generals have a habit of doing that. It is merely a matter of finances. This one put a permanent crimp in the plans of the Peking defenders and they retreated the next morning. They went right up the railroad toward Kalgan and sat down in the Nankou Pass at the Great Wall. There they remained all summer, and our 1926 expedition to Mongolia ended forthwith. Of course, we tried to get away, but it was no use. After I had been caught in an air raid at the railroad station and been severely bombed; after five of us had run the gantlet of machine guns and rifles between the lines and escaped only because a Chinese soldier is the world's worst shot; after we had tried to circle the fighting area and been captured as spies, we decided that it was not good enough. Our camel caravan eventually returned to Kalgan just in time to feed the eighteen well-nigh-starving foreigners who were marooned there. That, in brief, is our excuse for 1926.

In 1927 conditions were worse, for after the Hankow and Nanking outrages the ever-smoldering antiforeign feeling in China was fanned to flame and started an alien exodus akin to that of the Boxer times. Every legation withdrew its nationals to the seaports and the interior of China was as barren of foreigners as the Gobi Desert is of roses.

Then, with dramatic suddenness, came Chang Tso-lin's raid on the Soviet Embassy in Peking and the consequent uncovering of the world-embracing Bolshevik plots. North China quieted almost in a day. The strangler's cord and a veritable rain of falling heads terrified the Red propagandists. They fled for safety like rats. In a few weeks conditions approached the normal state of disruption and by November tourists began to trickle in.

The war was still going on, but it was mostly south of the Yellow River, and for us it became only a matter of humorous comment. One really can't take a war seriously when a Chinese general with almost unlimited men and modern artillery besieges a tiny walled city for eighty-nine days without reducing it! Thus it seemed that the Central Asiatic Expedition might resume its work in the spring of 1928.

### *Revenue Officers for the Brigands*

ONCE we were out of China all our troubles would be ended, for the Gobi is such an inhospitable desert that there are not enough people in it to make a war, or food and water sufficient to support an army. Mongolia's chief use to the Chinese soldier is a retreat from which to carry on brigandage in the border grasslands. I shall have to write a certain amount about bandits if this is to be a true chronicle of the Central Asiatic Expedition. They entered very largely into all our calculations. They must be considered by every man who does business or travels anywhere in the interior of China. Most of them are soldier deserters. "Brigand" and "soldier" are virtually synonymous terms. Their numbers throughout China run into the hundreds of thousands.

*Excavating Where Shackelford Found the First Big Bones of the "Monster of Baron Jog"*

*At Left—The Expedition Camp at the Spring Brook of Hei-Ne-Ho*

*At Top—A Delegation of Mongol Soldiers Sent by Our Friend, the Prince of Tsunnit-Khan, Being Entertained in Camp at Erhlien*

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

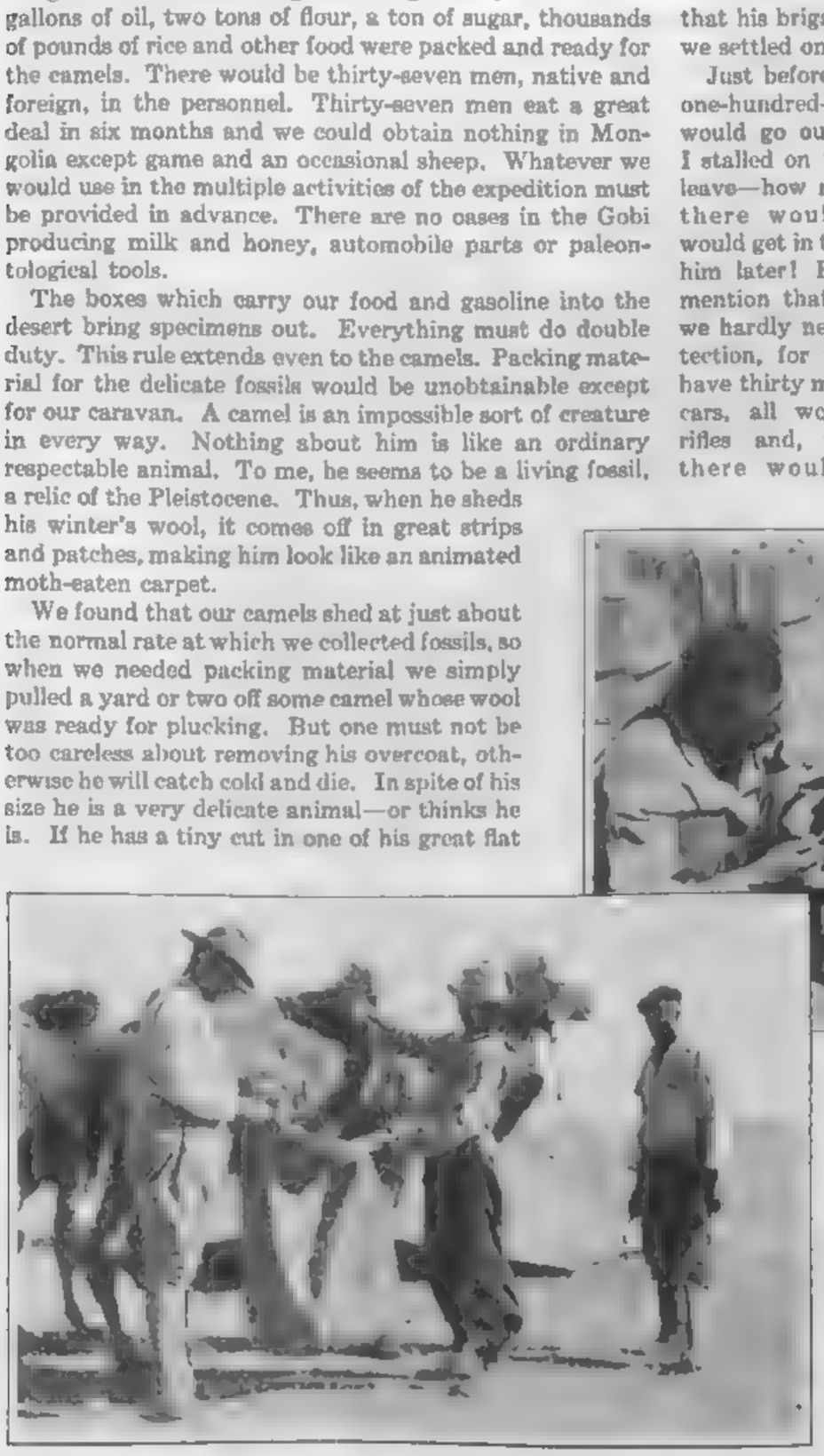
At the end of January, 1928, I cabled the American Museum to send out the expedition's scientific staff. There were still certain difficulties about leaving Kalgan, our only possible point of entry into Mongolia, for bandits literally swarmed on the plateau. Most of them were concentrated in the area of Chinese cultivation from thirty to one hundred miles north of Kalgan. There the great caravan trails from Central Asia converge. Moreover, the bandits can find food and shelter from the villagers. No trade had been carried on with Mongolia for months. Not a caravan or motor car could move out of Kalgan without being robbed. Conditions became so bad that the merchants were being ruined and the brigands found that they had killed their source of revenue. Therefore, the local government officials agreed that certain "liaison bandits" would be allowed to enter Kalgan and make their own private arrangements with the caravan owners. Those who paid five dollars a camel would be allowed to pass the brigand area unmolested. This form of protection is a common practice in China and works smoothly enough as a rule. Early in February thirteen thousand camels left Kalgan at one time, bound for Urga, Uliassutai, Kobdo and Hami in Chinese Turkestan. The motor cars which went to Urga paid the bandits one hundred dollars each for the hundred mile passage through the danger zone—exactly a dollar a mile.

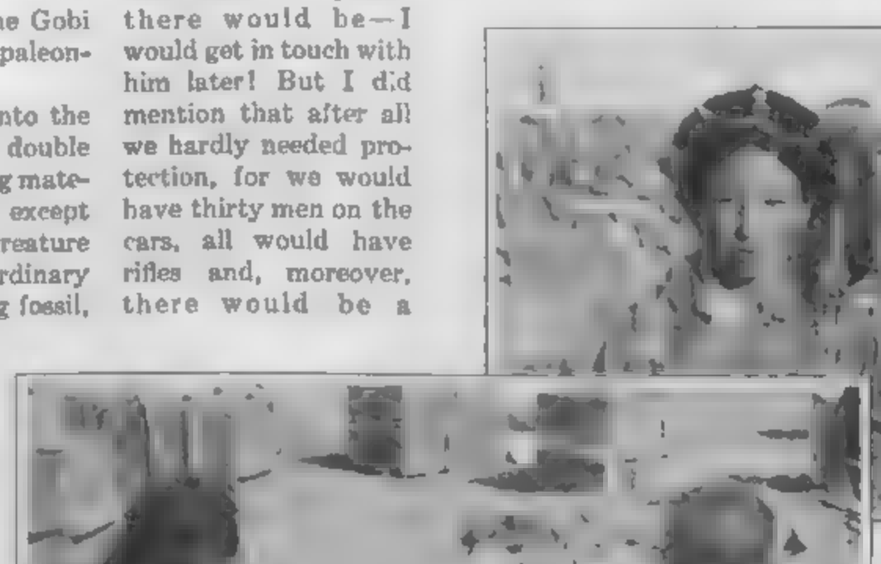
I started buying camels through my Mongols soon after Christmas, and by mid-February the one hundred and twenty-five for the expedition's caravan had been assembled just beyond the brigand area. Meanwhile MacKenzie Young and I had collected the supplies and equipment at Kalgan. Four thousand gallons of gasoline, one hundred gallons of oil, two tons of flour, a ton of sugar, thousands of pounds of rice and other food were packed and ready for the camels. There would be thirty-seven men, native and foreign, in the personnel. Thirty-seven men eat a great deal in six months and we could obtain nothing in Mongolia except game and an occasional sheep. Whatever we would use in the multiple activities of the expedition must be provided in advance. There are no oases in the Gobi producing milk and honey, automobile parts or paleontological tools.

The boxes which carry our food and gasoline into the desert bring specimens out. Everything must do double duty. This rule extends even to the camels. Packing material for the delicate fossils would be unobtainable except for our caravan. A camel is an impossible sort of creature in every way. Nothing about him is like an ordinary respectable animal. To me, he seems to be a living fossil, a relic of the Pleistocene. Thus, when he sheds his winter's wool, it comes off in great strips and patches, making him look like an animated moth-eaten carpet.

We found that our camels shed at just about the normal rate at which we collected fossils, so when we needed packing material we simply pulled a yard or two off some camel whose wool was ready for plucking. But one must not be too careless about removing his overcoat, otherwise he will catch cold and die. In spite of his size he is a very delicate animal—or thinks he is. If he has a tiny cut in one of his great flat foot pads he will cry and moan like a baby. The Mongol's remedy for such an emergency is simple. The camel is thrown, his legs crossed and he is tied so tightly that he cannot move. Then a piece of leather is sewn over the cut, as one would patch a garment. It looks like a barbarous operation, but it is no more painful than shoeing is to a horse.

The Mongols discovered that sections of our old automobile tires made excellent soles for their shoes and patches for the camels' feet. More than one camel has tramped the desert shod with rubber which has already carried us thousands of miles in the cars. The camel's only food is the sagebrush and thorny Gobi vegetation. He wouldn't eat green grass if he had it. It would make him ill. The drier, the thornier and stiffer a plant is the better it agrees with him. The peculiarities of camels would fill a book.





*Tserin Patching a Camel's Foot With Tire Tread. At Left—Plucking the Camels for Packing Material*

*Mr. Andrews in Camp at Tai Rum Nor. At Left—Mongol Belles With the Type of Headdress Worn by Women of Inner Mongolia*

### *Protection at Half Price*

OUR caravan reached Kalgan early in March with five thousand other camels just down from Urga. Accompanying them was a bandit liaison officer. A few years before, he had been a respectable landlord of one of the motor inns on the Urga trail. I knew him well and knew that now he was a head brigand. What is more, he knew that I knew it. But it would have made him lose face to admit the fact. Therefore, we were introduced as though we had never seen each other. While he remained in Kalgan he posed as a general who could arrange protection for our caravan through his soldiers. Half an hour of tea drinking and extraneous conversation ensued before we got around to business. He suggested the customary fee of five dollars a camel. I offered one dollar. He knew that our boxes contained nothing that his brigands could use or dispose of and eventually we settled on one-half the usual rate.

Just before he left he brought up the matter of the one-hundred-dollar fee for each of our motor cars which would go out some weeks after the camels had left. I stalled on that. We were uncertain when we would leave—how many cars there would be—I would get in touch with him later! But I did mention that after all we hardly needed protection, for we would have thirty men on the cars, all would have rifles and, moreover, there would be a machine gun which could shoot two hundred bullets a minute. I did not make a definite statement. It would have sounded too much like a threat and wouldn't have been polite, knowing what he knew I knew. So I just sort of murmured it as though I were considering the matter aloud. But he got it. We parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and I dismissed the matter from my mind. I have never heard of bandits robbing a caravan after protection money had been paid.

It was essential that the camels leave five or six weeks prior to the scientific party, for they acted as a supply base for our fleet of motor cars. Camels, when carrying the usual load of four hundred pounds each, can seldom average better than ten or fifteen miles a day, for they must stop frequently to feed.

*Our Camp and Camel Boxes at Urtyn, Obo*

Our motors could do one hundred miles a day, so that we could move just ten times as fast as the caravan. When the camels left, I instructed Tserin, the Mongol leader, one of my most trusted men, to leave gasoline at a well near the trail and await us at a lamasery several hundred miles out in the desert.

### *The Great Incubator*

AT THIS point I think I ought to diverge a bit and tell what we hoped to do in Mongolia, when we got there with all our camels and motor cars. It was not for the sake of sport, although we do have a lot of that. Neither for adventure, because adventures interfere with real work. It was to continue a serious job of scientific exploration in a little-known country. In 1922, 1923 and 1925 we had explored the Central and Western Gobi Desert north of the Altai Mountains. Before we went to Mongolia it was virtually unknown scientifically. We were told that it was a desolate waste of sand and gravel signifying nothing. Desolate it is in all truth, but our scientists found it to be a veritable treasure house packed with unknown riches. Those years of work "revealed a new volume in the history of the earth," to quote Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, whose brilliant prophecy it was that sent us there.

We had far from exhausted its possibilities in our three years of exploration; in fact, we had but scratched the surface. Yet for the purposes of the expedition it had told us what we wished to know. We had discovered that it is the oldest continuously dry land in the world. In other words, when Europe and America were still being periodically elevated and submerged, Central Asia was high dry land and has remained so since the middle of the Age of Reptiles.

We had discovered that this plateau was the mother of the continental life of Europe and America. It was a sort of paleontological incubator where great groups of reptiles and mammals got their start in life and spread to other parts of the world. Moreover, we found that Mongolia, many thousands of years ago, had been inhabited by primitive humans who may have given rise to the Stone Age cultures from which our civilization has grown.

You must admit that glimpses such as these into the far dim past are fascinating enough to make one want to see a little more clearly just why and how it happened. Up to the time we went there all of it had been theory. A very brilliant theory, mostly developed by Professor Osborn, but based entirely on inductive reasoning. We went to supply the facts, if there were any. The facts would consist of fossil bones, of stone implements, and in a study of the rocks which show the history of their making.

It was like a dream come true—the way we discovered things science had told us must be there; also many others that no one had even thought of. Just glance at some of the thousands of fossils in our collections. There are the dinosaur eggs.

(Continued on Page 79)

# GAMBLER'S GOLD

*And Then Dan Said Politely, "Maybe My Partner Will Say a Good Word for Me. . . . Kit, Is It Likely I'd Steal Dust From You, Lad?"*

## By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

WHEN he was taking his partner in his arms out aboard the brig Judith—thus was in the fall of 1850—Dan Shanley saw, coming down the boat stairs, a girl that looked familiar to him. Hadn't he seen her more than once singing and serving drinks in the gambling tents, he wondered? Certainly she was too good-looking to be forgotten in a hurry. Then he remembered her name.

It was Daphne Chase, and she had been educated at a convent in the Sandwich Islands. It was likely she'd stand far above big Dan in book learning and knowledge of music; but then it was ten to one she wasn't coming aboard ship with twenty thousand dollars in gold dust in a buckskin belt around her waist, as he was—and for that matter, Kit Levett, his partner.

"Yes, I've seen her before," Dan said to Kit Levett, but the slim golden-haired partner didn't answer him. Kit was looking through the sails of the ship to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where there was a girl waiting for him by a lilac hedge, in a street black with elms and lighted with fireflies.

"I say I know this girl sitting in the stern sheets," Dan said again to his partner. It was dark already on the water and the brig's riding light was hung.

"Who is she?"

"Her father was a whaler, but he came in here and left his ship to look for gold. Why, he went up those very stairs, I wouldn't wonder," Dan whispered. These were the boat stairs at Long Wharf in San Francisco he was talking of—a steam paddy has covered them now. You wouldn't know they were called Suicide Stairs once, the way they had of sliding under the dark water and tempting the feet of ruined men, down and down and down. I've seen those stairs with my own eyes, and I can tell you that many a man has gone up them with a light heart and spring in his legs, and his bones lie out on the Sierras now, along with Daphne Chase's father's. Or maybe he dangled in the end from the derricks of the Sand Lot or Russian Hill.

"It was after she knew about her father's death that she went singing in the tents. I remember her in the Aquila d'Oro."

Kit Levett wasn't interested in the lady. He muttered that the rheumatism had got into his legs worse than ever; he'd have to be carried into his bunk, once they were at the brig's side. He'd got his rheumatism lying out to the weather on Saddle Mountain, but it wasn't there that they had made their strike. They were carrying Coon Hollow gold in their belts, in coarse flakes; and all out of the same everlasting glory hole, and dug between dawn and dark of the same day.

"Mind, you're not coming with me," Kit Levett said fretfully to big Dan. "You're to put me aboard ship and go ashore again at once. I won't need babying from this time on. The sea air will put me right again."

"Maybe I'll see you down as far as Callao," said big Dan.

"No, you'll not," said Kit. "I know you mean it well, but there's no need of it; the ship brings me to my own doorsill."

"I'll have a look at the ship's company," says Dan. "I'll see first who I'm trusting you to, with all this dust on you."

He put his partner in his bunk in the brig's after cabin and went immediately on deck. Capt. Silas Gove was there by the wheel, with Daphne Chase, the girl with a Spanish serape thrown loose about her shoulders and her yellow head without a hat on it. The captain had teeth like a horse, and a ferocious glint in his eye, but he was always ready to listen to advice, his passengers would find. His black varnished hat was pushed a little off his brow, and he declared the brig short-handed.

"One more man is the least I can do with," he said dubiously.

"I'm your man," Dan Shanley said.

"Can you hand, reef and steer?"

"And drive a coach over a mountain road," said Dan. "I know navigation, celestial and terrestrial, and all the stars of first magnitude."

"Put your bag in the forecastle," said Captain Gove, and that was how Dan went to sea in spite of his little partner's protests.

Kit Levett lay in the after cabin with twenty tumblers of gold in the belt around his waist, and talked to nobody.

"He's like a man living in a dream," Daphne Chase said.

"He's been to a fortune teller," his big partner replied, "that's guaranteed him a safe run to the arms of the girl that's waiting for him by a lilac bush—as I've told you—in the state of Massachusetts. It was the fortune teller told him he'd strike it rich if only he persisted, and there isn't a man in the world with more faith in fortune tellers than my partner, in spite of his religion."

"But why, after all, do you come with him?" Daphne asked. "There'll be no place for you in Massachusetts, as he says."

"The ship'll be turning back, most like. All the gold in Californy won't be dug then. There'll be shreds of it at Spanish Bar and Gray Eagle. But I tell you, somebody's got to see to it the fortune teller didn't tell a pack of lies, and I'm the man for that. There's men appointed to tell fortunes and others to preserve 'em. I don't like all these blacklegs I see in the after cabin, like Larry Pingree and Sim Fossett. They'll never go beyond Callao, and all the gold in the ship will be in one bag by then, and they'll have the strings to it."

"He's frail enough, poor boy."

"Frail, yes; but still, the steel will of him—it's like a cable," the big man said. "I've known him bid me go on and not turn back, when he was too weak to walk, on Saddle Mountain, and once again in Coon Hollow, and he

being carried in my arms at the time. He's no man for hardship. Fingers bred to the pen will not learn the pick and crowbar. He's no man for wielding the Arkansas toothpick."

"However did you two come together?"

Dan Shanley told her be'd met the lad first on the steamer New World, that was snaking along the San Joaquin River on the way to Stockton. And Kit was in a godly company of New Englanders who had come out to Francisco in their own ship, with house frames on board, and the frame of a church, and a church bell in a crate, not to speak of patent gold washers and even a queer diving bell that had been used for diving for pearls in Lower California. They meant to use it now to look for gold in the bottoms of the gold rivers, but nothing ever came of that.

"There they went twisting through the tule marshes, miles and miles of giant bulrushes, and beautiful wild flowers, and wild grape vines where the grapes grew as big as ounce balls. And when the river twisted sharp, as it did at the Devil's Elbow, you would look ahead and see ships sailing through an ocean of wild flowers, with no water in sight; fine, big, wall-sided Yankee ships flitting across a green field, and the sun white on their sails. When they came to Stockton the crews deserted—they were all mad to get to the diggings—and they left the ships there, with their rigging caught to the oaks and maples on the bank, and maybe Valparaiso grain still in their holds in hundred-pound sacks, fit for mule carriage. Kit Levett's company went ashore with a compact all drawn up in black and white, signed and sealed under oath, with clauses against women and against drinking and gambling, while the quest was on.

"But it wouldn't be men like them would know how to coax gold out of the mountains or wash it out of the rivers. 'Twas more the unprincipled men like your humble servant that had the knack of it, but I was more likely to powder my hands with it in the gambling tents, as you know, girl. Well, I saw this company of Kit's in Stockton having a candle-light breakfast in a calico house, and the stage for Nevada outside waiting on them; and it was a year later when I saw the lad again. His company was scattered to the four winds, and the compact with it, but the little lad would never stop thinking the gold was somewhere just under his heels. 'Why, Dan,' says he, 'they dug it up last week in the cellar of a brewery, in lumps bigger than a sugar loaf, and one nugget of pure gold the shape of an egg.' And he told me the Indians were digging flake gold out of crevices in Feather River with clasp knives and iron spoons. So I went along with him to see the marvels, though I cared nothing about the dust except to gamble with it."

"You're the first one to tell me that," Daphne Chase murmured.

"Let me be the first then. It's the God's truth." Dan tapped the heavy belt snugged about his waist. "Mind you, it's a man with no liking for dogs that the dogs follow. Here's Kit and I putting to sea with twenty tumblerfuls apiece of grain gold—that's twenty thousand to the man," he muttered, with a twinkle in his black eye and the spiky hairs on the crown of his head standing up strong.

"Then you're luckier than most," the girl said bitterly; and Dan remembered too late that this was how old Chase, her father, had dreamed of going home—just another one of these after-cabin blacklegs, in a plug hat and a boiled shirt and black clothes, and the gold heavy around his middle in a buckskin belt.

"Ay, so the fortune teller said," big Dan answered her. "But little Kit would take no chances with our luck. He made me sign the same contract against drink and gaming and the women. He's a powerful man for bargaining in morals. By the time we made our strike in Coon Hollow, you could have struck a match on me anywhere, I was that dry from lack of drinking, and me an associate of men that drink between drinks. . . . Well, skipper," says Dan to Captain Gove, "it's the top of the tide, and how about getting the anchor aweigh?"

"That's a fine idea," says Captain Gove, and they got the anchor aweigh. The brig was none of your clipper ships, like those you've seen anchored off Happy Valley that ran wet around the Horn in three months, sinking their sharp bows under. No, this was a little lump of a packet with a red streak around her hull, and the accommodations for the passengers in the after cabin were makeshift. There was a division of it fore and aft, with blue cloth stretched on frames, and one side was for the ladies. All the deck space was mountain high with trunks and boxes, and the passengers sat with their gold in their laps, guarding it and never closing an eye, because there's never any identifying a pinch of dust, once it's been hypothecated. Some carried their gold in belts; and again three or four, when they could trust one another, had put their fortunes in the one carpet bag and went watch and watch with it with a Navy revolver strapped against their hips. Mrs. Ella Gleason and her husband, Gleason, sat up by turns, standing guard, and she wasn't a woman to be trifled with. She was a tight lacer, with a Roman nose and good bold eyes and a high color; and she could drink a vase of champagne with any man, or of *aguardiente*, for that matter, from Wolfskill's vineyard. She could talk politics and pistols with those blacklegs in the after cabin; and shoot to kill at fifty paces, Larry Pingree whispered behind his hand. She'd made her fortune running an eating house in Sacramento, and Gleason was just a late acquirement.

Larry Pingree, Dan knew of old. He was a handsome man in his blue jacket and bright flowered-satin waistcoat, with his white-gloved hands gripping a monkey-headed cane. Dimas Cervantes, the Mexican, his partner, was in short clothes, with embroidered shoes and a scarlet sash about his waist. Dimas had his hair long, braided and tied with ribbons, and there were little silver bells on the seams of his trousers. Sim Fossett, their henchman, sat in his skin, from the waist up, with a checked shirt tattooed on his body in big squares of vermilion and indigo.

"Let me take your gold and put it with mine, lad," Dan whispered to Kit, who was lying in his bunk with a hand over his eyes. "It's the gold that's weighting you down and coming heavy on your legs. Give me the heft of it, into my belt here, and we'll have you on deck in jigtime and doing monkey tricks in the rigging."

"I like the feel of it," says little Kit.

"There's men here I don't like the looks of," Dan muttered. "This Pingree was one of the sleight-of-hand sharks of Long Wharf when I knew him last, and the Mexican I wouldn't trust farther off than the end of my nose."

"With all the gold on board, who would steal from me?" the boy cried. He pinched the fat buckskin under his midriff; it made a lump in his back and tortured his rheumatic legs, but he could feel the grains of Coon Hollow gold sliding between his thumb and finger there. "If I didn't feel it, I'd mistrust it was a dream," he whispered. "Dan, I'd feel the world slipping out of my clutches."

"Is it all there—the world—in just that dust?" Dan wanted to know.

"Well, isn't it? How would I be taking passage on this ship if it wasn't for the dust? You can ship to work her—dust is nothing to you—but I'm another kind of a man. I'm nothing without it," little Kit muttered with bitterness. "It's all in my belt—a house with a white picket fence, and a horse-chestnut tree over the gate, and salt marshes behind, where the salt hay's cocked, and this girl I've been telling you about and showed you her handwriting."

"Ay, she writes a good hand."

"She's waited—waited for me all these months. Dan, the gold's made a coward of me. I'm thinking weird things, lying here. I'm thinking now the ship will sink under me and I'll not see her again after all."

"The fortune teller's working for you."

"Say he is. Maybe the sea's working against me. Maybe the overland trail was best."

"Death Valley would be hot now," Dan said. "You'd be sitting in your bones, lad."

"The ship leaks, they tell me."

"There's only one pump going, half a day. She's wet forward, where she slaps the seas, but she's dry enough back here. Kit, let me have the

(Continued on Page 138)

*"I Was a Gambler Myself Before I Signed the Contract Against Gaming."*
*"And Against Women," Daphne Chase Said*

# A DATE WITH A LADY

## By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE switchboard girl held out a mauve envelope. Marty Molloy saw the Buffalo postmark and, in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent, his face lighted with anticipation. He smiled and blushed. As he turned toward a chair he inhaled the faint alluring perfume given off by the letter. It was so potent a reminder of the blue-eyed sender that Marty Molloy blushed again until even the lobes of his ears were crimson.

As he seated himself and tore the letter open, a muffled bellowing came from the closed door across the waiting room and caused his blond eyebrows to arch. Between bellows could be heard a voice that always reminded Marty Molloy of thin strips of iron. The closed door reduced the conversation to a blur, but Marty wasn't interested in it anyway. When you were called to the carpet, nothing was gained by worrying. He assumed that he was going to be blamed for something, and when the time came he would think fast, say little and take what was coming.

His last letter to Claire Rumson was mailed via a bucket lowered overside to the mail boat when the Elijah P. Jenifer had steamed past Detroit. It had contained certain broad hints and expressed a certain polite indignation. Claire's reply was in his hand:

*Dear Martin:* I don't think you have any right to write me that kind of a letter. It was your fault I couldn't give you a date. Why should I hold open every minute your boat is in Bflo? I'm not a mind reader. I don't know when your boat's coming in. I don't know whether you're planning to see me or some other girl. "Speak for yourself, John." I am leaving for Troy on the seven A.M. train Tuesday morning to spend two months with Aunt Lottie. If you are so crazy to see me, drop around Monday evening. It will probably be your last chance. Shall I save Monday?

Yours very sincerely,
CLAIRE

Should she save Monday! Wasn't that just like her? If she had taken the trouble to call up the Buffalo office, she would have been most courteously informed that the Jenifer would not dock until Tuesday night.

Marty Molloy's eager smile, his blush and his glow of anticipation were succeeded by the slack jaw, the drooping lower lip, the pallor and the lackluster eyes of dejection.

"Did she hand you a load of ice?" asked the switchboard girl.

Marty did not even hear her voice. He was wondering how he could see Claire before she left Buffalo. He knew Aunt Lottie. She was a gay widow, and her house would be cluttered with men. Claire drew them as honeysuckle draws humming birds. Taking her to dances was, he had once said, like taking a fillet mignon to a convention of hungry Airedales. Claire's photograph was thumb-tacked to the wall above the wash basin in his room on the Jenifer, a constant reminder that the easiest things to look at are not always the easiest to get.

E. P. had, not long ago, told Marty that if he didn't let his dislike for chief engineers get the better of him, it wouldn't be many years before he was assigned to a command. If he threw up his job to rush down there, his chances with Old Man Jenifer would be ruined.

With chin on palm, eyes gloomily occupied with a seam in the blue carpet, Marty was debating what to do, when a buzzer hummed. The switchboard girl, whose bright adoring eyes had not once left his face, jumped up and opened the door through which the sounds of controversy came.

She reappeared in a moment and said, "E. P.'ll see you now, Mr. Molloy," as though she were ushering him in to an audience with an emperor, and breathlessly added, "Good luck!"

"A guy needs plenty," Marty said, "when he goes through 'at door."

*Marty's Eyes Were Narrowing. It Was Hard, Being Tactful, With Provocations Coming From So Many Directions. He Permitted Himself to Say, "Why Don't You Tell Snaith That?"*

Stowing away the letter, he entered the handsome mahogany office. Elijah P. Jenifer was seated at his desk, which was hardly more than a battered old oak box, dented and scratched and ringed blackly around the top with generations of cigar burns. It afforded a striking contrast with the other elegant fixtures. At the Duluth Board of Trade it had once been playfully auctioned off on a when-as-and-if-issued basis, going to the highest bidder, as a rare antique, for thirty-one cents. With the tenacity of a superstitious nature, E. P. clung to the relic. It had accompanied him, rung by rung, up the ladder from a waterfront coal office to his present eminence as the president and majority owner of a company operating a fleet of the finest packet freighters on fresh water.

With the shoulders of a boss stevedore, a face as red as the rising sun, sharply set off by perpetually rumpled white hair and tangled white eyebrows, E. P. Jenifer was a striking figure. His mouth was an ax stroke in a block of mahogany. His eyes were twin blue dynamos. When he became excited, they sparked. He was excited three-quarters of the time, roaring about this, bellowing about that or shouting down a hall or out a window at somebody.

Marty Molloy, wearing a shy grin, with blushes coming and going under his tan, and giving, in his double-breasted blue serge, an impression of neatness and capability, stopped at the edge of the desk. His eyes were watchful, his brain was on the alert. When the Old Man roared at him to sit down, he seated himself in a lustrous red chair and looked at Mr. Snaith. He wasn't afraid of E. P. and his bellowing.

To Marty and the other officers of the Jenifer fleet Ralph A. Snaith was less a person than a precise signature at the end of letters wanting to know why this had been done and that hadn't. Mr. Snaith was an efficiency expert and an economist. He was a tall thin man with a long white nose and an annoying habit of looking under his pince-nez at anyone he didn't approve of. It was evident that he did not approve of Marty Molloy. After giving Marty one cold glance, he resumed the cleaning of the finger nails of one hand with the finger nails of the other.

"Marty," E. P. boomed, "how are those two deck houses coming along?"

"They're finished, Mr. Jenifer. They were getting their second coat of paint when I left. The ammonia compressor was running and the temperature in both boxes was down to thirty-five."

The old man flicked a whiplike look at Mr. Snaith, who rolled his ice-blue eyes and said nothing.

"Do you know what those refrigerators are for, Marty?"

Marty's eyes became vague. This sounded like one of those questions you had to have the right answer for or you found yourself in hot water. Playing safe, he looked wise and said nothing.

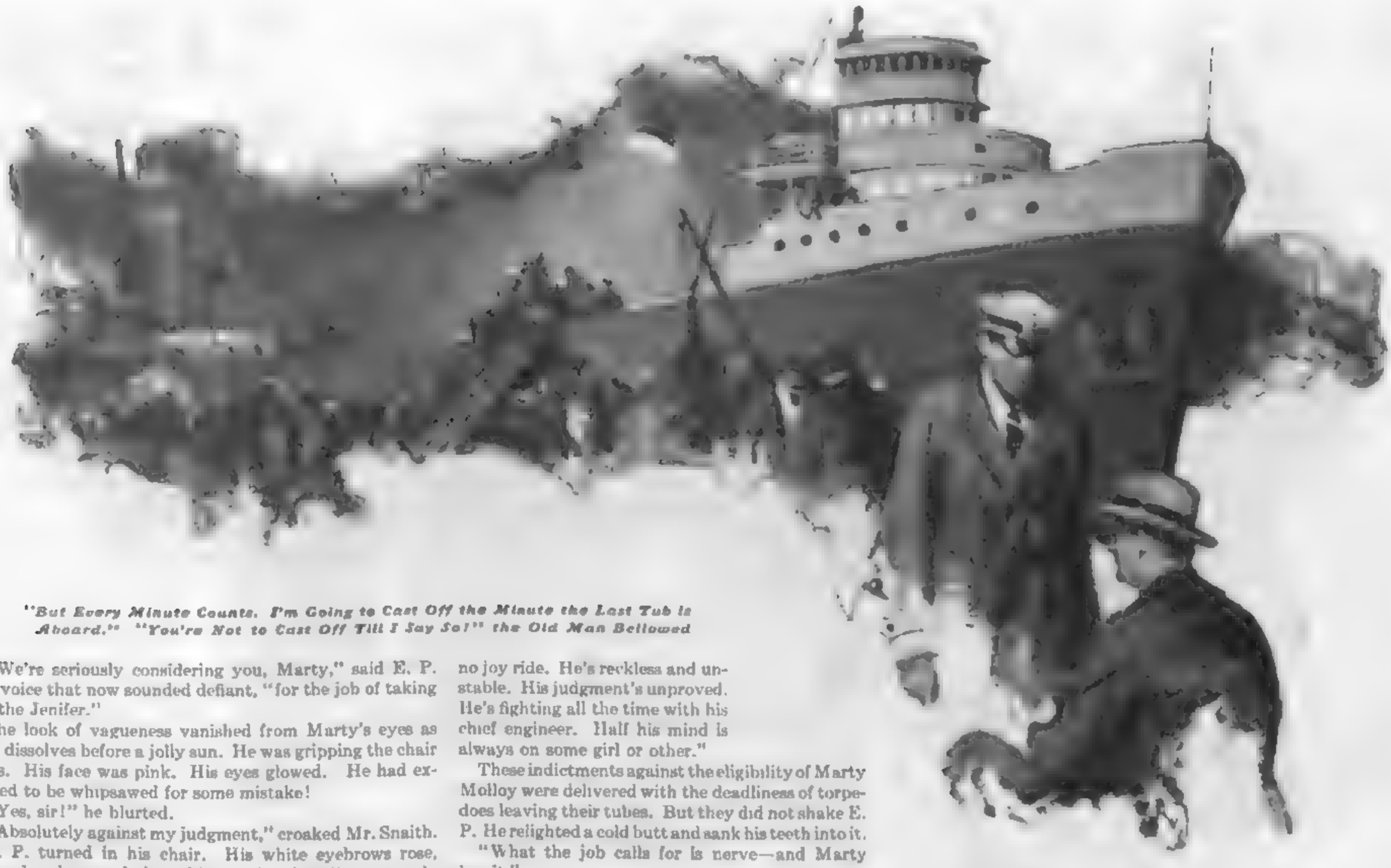
"Up to now," E. P. explained, "the railroads have carried all the butter, eggs and chilled poultry from the Dakotas and Montana to the New York market. It's juicy pickings, Marty, and Mr. Snaith has been working for months, trying to sell the assembly plants the idea that they ought to use our boats." He paused and looked sharply at his official no-man, but Mr. Snaith said nothing.

"Certain of the assembly plants have agreed to talk business if we can give them a fifth-day delivery in New York from Duluth. We built those boxes on the Jenifer for a test run."

Marty was following the discourse with an expression of intelligent interest, but his eyes looked troubled. An outdoor man listening to indoor talk, he wondered just how this concerned him.

"The Jenifer," E. P. went on, "will pull out at midnight tonight. She must be alongside in Buffalo before seven Tuesday morning. Precooled cars will be waiting on the warehouse siding. Those cars must be on their way to New York City before noon, part of a symbol train which must reach New York Tuesday evening, because Wednesday is chicken day in New York. Gales, fog or ice—that's the schedule."

E. P. paused again. He again looked at Mr. Snaith. The traffic superintendent had stopped cleaning his finger nails. One of his long thin feet was tapping as if with impatience



*"But Every Minute Counts. I'm Going to Cast Off the Minute the Last Tub is Aboard." "You're Not to Cast Off Till I Say So!" the Old Man Bellowed*

"We're seriously considering you, Marty," said E. P. in a voice that now sounded defiant, "for the job of taking out the Jenifer."

The look of vagueness vanished from Marty's eyes as mist dissolves before a jolly sun. He was gripping the chair arms. His face was pink. His eyes glowed. He had expected to be whipsawed for some mistake!

"Yes, sir!" he blurted.

"Absolutely against my judgment," croaked Mr. Snaith.

E. P. turned in his chair. His white eyebrows rose, lowered and merged above his nose in a bristling network. "Is there anything wrong with Marty's record?"

"He's too young," Mr. Snaith coldly asserted. "There's too much at stake. This is no joy ride. He's reckless and unstable. His judgment's unproved. He's fighting all the time with his chief engineer. Half his mind is always on some girl or other."

These indictments against the eligibility of Marty Molloy were delivered with the deadliness of torpedoes leaving their tubes. But they did not shake E. P. He relighted a cold butt and sank his teeth into it.

"What the job calls for is nerve—and Marty has it."

"It is not a question of nerve. Manifest freight is the acid test for the oldest hardshell. Molloy's too green."

"What you want," E. P. bellowed, "is some fellow who will run behind an island at the first puff!"

"Any fool," said Mr. Snaith calmly, "can take out a ship and drive her through storms and fogs and wreck her, trying to get somewhere on schedule. It takes a delicate balance of courage and caution to make good time under bad sailing conditions. Molloy, in my opinion, does not qualify."

"Hairsplitting!"

"Nerve!" said Mr. Snaith scornfully. "What else?"

"He knows dairy products!"

"You mean," said the traffic superintendent with a hollow laugh, "he worked in a cheese factory. What did you do," he shot at Marty—"bore the holes?" Ridicule was one of Mr. Snaith's weapons.

It was true that Marty had once found employment in a cheese factory. He was sensitive about this phase of his past and resented humorous references to it. His color went higher and his eyes became shining slots. Some little muscle was puckering the underlids and causing them to quiver in a storm warning. He hadn't liked that reference to girls, either.

"I did everything," he answered steadily.

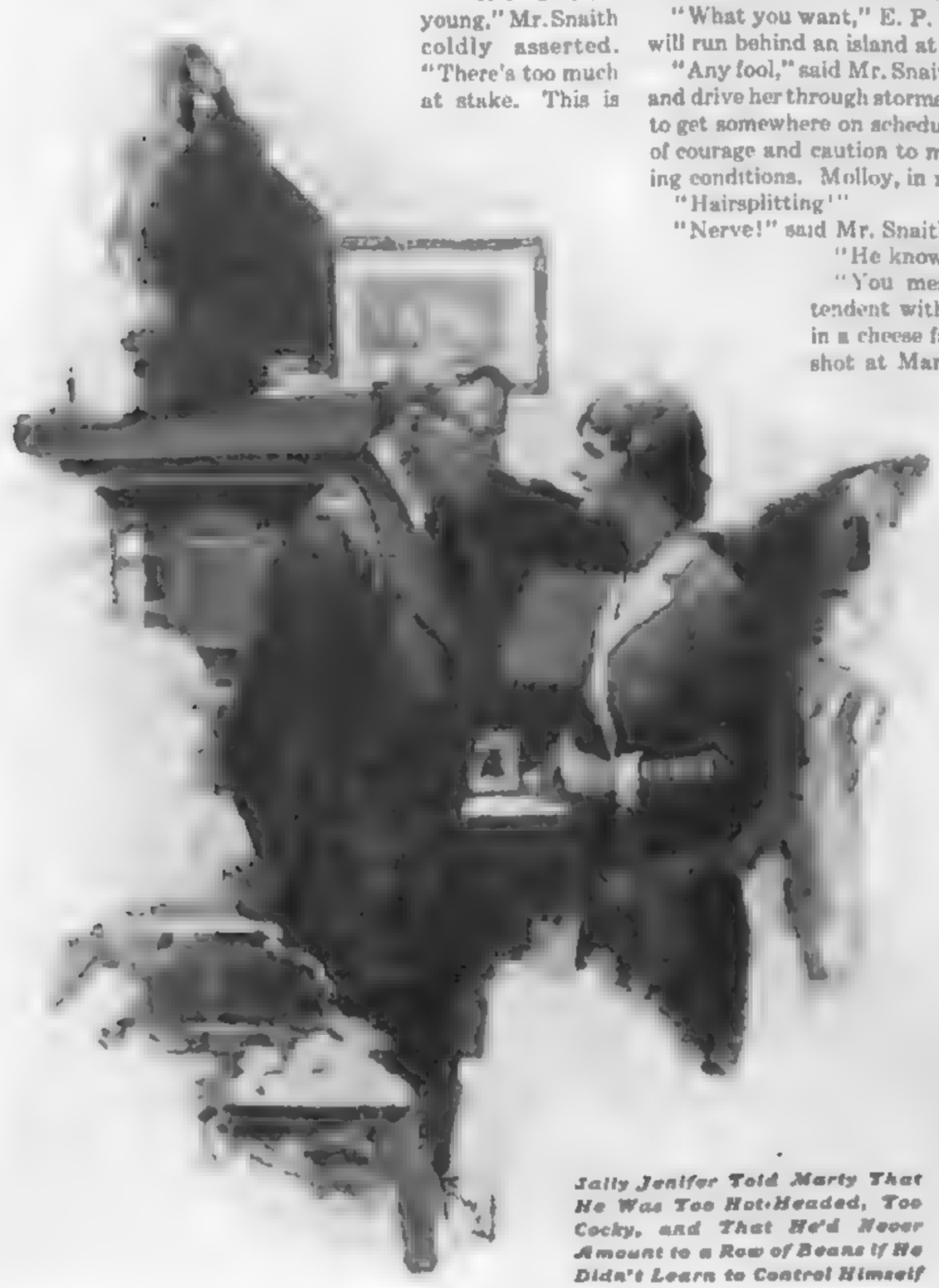
"Handy man in a cheese factory, eh?"

E. P. burst out: "You know the refrigerating temperatures for butter, eggs and chilled poultry, don't you, Marty?"

Marty's response was hesitant. He said, "Yes, sir," in a mumble.

"Tell us something about them," Snaith asked.

Marty grinned nervously. The traffic superintendent thought he had him in a corner at last. He'd show him!



*Sally Jenifer Told Marty That He Was Too Hot-Headed, Too Cocky, and That He'd Never Amount to a Row of Beans if He Didn't Learn to Control Himself*

"Fresh eggs are kept between thirty-three and thirty-five," he said in a controlled voice. "They'll sweat and mildew if you go outside that range. Forty is low enough for cold-storage eggs. Frozen eggs in cans ought to be kept under twenty-seven. Anything under thirty is O. K. for butter. Butter's the nicest stuff to handle. Chilled poultry takes twenty-seven or lower. I'd put the poultry and butter in one box and the eggs in the other, if they're fresh. Frozen eggs can go in with the butter, but we can't carry cold-storage eggs without another box."

E. P. looked triumphantly at Mr. Snaith and roared: "Well?"

"Those temperatures," said Mr. Snaith calmly, "are the chief engineer's lookout. He runs the ammonia plant and watches his thermometers. It's none of the captain's business. I still cannot see that Molloy's cheese-factory experience qualifies him to take that ship out. To you it looks like the hand of fate. The last time you let your superstitions get the better of you, it cost us eighteen thousand dollars."

Old Man Jenifer seemed not to have heard this unkind reminder. As if he were deep in meditation, he frowned and drummed on his oak relic with cantering fingers. The two men watched him, Mr. Snaith with the cold, disillusioned eyes of one who sees through and through all forms of hypocrisy, Marty with the shining eyes of youth that sees nothing but the glamorous opportunity. The pause lengthened while E. P. pondered. A mahogany clock on the wall ticked wearily. In the harbor, a tug's whistle began to squeal. It sounded like a pig being chased. Marty kept his eyes on the round lobster-red face with its startling white hair and felt the prickling of cold dew on his forehead. E. P. chewed his cold cigar. It was out again. He presently removed it, turned his head and expelled a brown stream with astonishing accuracy into a brass spittoon six feet away.

"Marty," he said, "will take her out."

Mr. Snaith, betraying no emotion, arose and said, "I wish you a successful voyage, captain." Turning, he walked out of the room.

E. P.'s preoccupied air vanished. He gave Marty a searching look, ran his stubby fingers through his rumpled white hair and said:

"Don't forget that he is thinking only of my interests. Now that you're a captain, he'll fight for you as hard as he's just fought against you."

"Yes, sir," said Marty, unable to restrain a boyishly exultant grin. His recent dislike for Mr. Snaith was replaced by a warm glow of affection for that human icicle.

*(Continued on Page 85)*

# FASHIONS IN FISH

## As Told to Mara Evans

Gloucestermen Unloading and Weighing Their Finny Cargo

AMERICA has gone a long way toward breaking down the old European father-to-son traditions; a Middle-Western farmer's son is often a city banker, and the son of a New England minister becomes a Hollywood movie magnate. But there is one place in America, at least, where, until recently, the ancient custom of following in your father's footsteps persisted almost without revolt—a Gloucester fisherman's son is a Gloucester fisherman. And it went so hard with me, when I tried to break that tradition, with my father and two older brothers fishermen, that in the end I compromised; I went into the wholesale fish industry.

That was twenty-seven years ago. I have never regretted the shift. I gave up the romance and glamour of the Banks; I also gave up the danger, the hardship and the heartaches, afloat and ashore. I know less intimately the habits and favorite feeding grounds of the cod, but I know far more about the multitude of fish that find their way from the briny deep to the tables of rich and poor. For sea and wind, rain squall and calm, I have substituted the shifting currents of business in a great city, the marketing of fin and scale and claw. I have not only made a good living from the buying and selling of fish—a rich man's income, compared to the standards of living that prevailed among the fishermen of Gloucester when I was a boy—but I have watched the entire industry of catching and marketing fish expand and develop in a way that challenges the Arabian Nights.

I was twenty-two when my father and brother were both drowned the same day, dory fishing in a March blizzard. It didn't take me long, once the schooner brought me back to Gloucester, to pack my things and set out for New York. I went by train; I was determined I'd have no more to do with the sea.

For five years I hardly so much as set foot on a ferryboat. I got a job clerking in a wholesale drug store, and the second winter married a girl from Gloucester whom I'd known all my life. Her father had died the same way mine did, and before we were married she said to me, "You'll leave the sea alone, John?" and I swore I would.

### The Fish Market

WELL, in most ways I've kept that promise. But if the sea is in your blood, it's hard to give it up entirely. Early one morning I happened to stroll east before I went into the store, and landed on the dock next to the Fulton Fish Market.

It was not yet eight o'clock on a Wednesday morning, and the great wholesale market that marks the place where Beekman Street and Fulton Street and Peck Slip meet the East River was a bustling mass of trucks and drays struggling to and from the loading places. Men were hurrying back and forth with boxes and barrels of fish; fresh-water dealers were feverishly auctioning off their lake trout and whitefish in Peck Slip; and salt-water wholesalers, in their stands in the great building on the water front, were selling their fish by competition at quoted prices. Through all this confusion retail buyers edged around to pick out what they wanted. Fulton Market was built before the days of railroads. It has watched the traffic it was built to catch—traffic along Fulton Street, once the main route to Fulton Ferry and thence to Brooklyn—diverted by Brooklyn Bridge and other bridges. But I don't believe there's a single fish shipper in the United States today who hasn't at one time or another sent his product to Fulton Market, whether it has to travel from Newfoundland, or Key West, or Seattle, or the Gulf of Mexico.

Nova Scotia Fishing Schooners

While I watched, a fishing schooner's crew was unloading haddock at the dock. The men were in oilers; it made me homesick for salt water. At that time, in the office, I was getting twenty dollars a week, but foolish or not, I gave up that job the next morning and took one for sixteen with two brothers, wholesale fish dealers with a majority trade in ground fish.

### King Cod

AS A FORMER Gloucesterman, I was particularly interested in ground fish. Rare, expensive delicacies of the deep may come and go, but haddock and cod go on forever. The busiest year at that time—twenty years before the appearance of two modern developments that gave new life to the ground-fish industry—saw more than 66,000,000 pounds of haddock in New England ports alone, and the figure has since increased to nearly 100,000,000 in a year. Haddock is prolific and popular. It's easily taken, freezes well and keeps fairly dependably. It can be marketed smoked, dried, salted or fresh. It's cheap throughout the year, and you can take it on both sides of the Atlantic from Iceland to Cape Hatteras.

Catching and salting cod developed into one of America's first industries, and the fish of the Newfoundland Banks were one of the inducements to colonize. Early Americans knew there was a fine market for salt cod in England, and the little wooden sailing vessels of the young colonies began to venture farther and farther out from shore. Now the annual take of cod, too, is more than 100,000,000 pounds. Massachusetts has many times acknowledged her debt to the cod—by the impression of a codfish on a 1775 internal-revenue stamp, on coins of the colony, and by the wooden representation of a cod that has occupied a place in the Boston State House since before 1747. Why, on the 1928 Massachusetts automobile-license plates appears the outline of some fish which the Gloucester people claim—in spite of its absence of fins—to be a "boneless cod"! The recent incident of an autoist who hammered the little outline on his license plate into a mass of dents and was fined five dollars in court for doing it, is surely further evidence of the esteem with which Massachusetts regards cod.

It was during my fifth year on the docks that one of the new elements in ground fishery that have affected the entire industry slowly began to develop. This was a fish-catching combination that many people haven't heard about even yet—the steam otter trawler.

Since long before the Disciples, as all fishermen know, man's ingenuity has devised various ways of ensnaring the slippery fish. First the spear; then hook and line; then the stationary net; last of all, the moving net, already old on Galilee. Drift nets for

surface fish, and trawl nets—the final word—for ground fish: Hake, flounder, pollack, haddock, cod.

Fish that travel along the bottom of the ocean, perhaps 200 feet or more below the surface, are not easy to catch. At first they were taken only with hand lines, from deck or dory. For this, on old Gloucester fishing boats, the schooner's captain would test the bottom with a heavy sinker covered with fat. From the material this picked up he could tell what fish would be found there—cod, usually, on rocky bottom, haddock on sand, and pollack on mud.

### *The Steam Trawler*

THE trawl line was merely an extension of line fishing—a long line buoyed up at both ends, carrying several hundred short lines and hooks about four feet apart. These trawl lines were played out and hauled in, on the Banks, by a couple of men in the tiny, high-sided dories that were part of the equipment—almost the main part—of all fishing schooners. It was when one such dory capsized that my father and brother were drowned.

The next step after the trawl line was a wholesale method of snaring fish from the bottom of the sea—the trawl net. Some authorities claim the trawl net was born as far back as 1850, when fishermen on the west coast of England lost patience with the elusiveness of fish. Ground fish generally swim the way the tide runs, so the fishermen used to set nets in such a way that the fish would be entangled in the mesh while they were moving. But often the fish were not moving at all; sometimes they had already gone by. There were too many small catches So fishermen began slowly to put a new idea into practice that of towing a great net, in the shape of a huge conical bag, over the ocean's floor behind their boats and scooping 'em up. "Trawl" is taken from an old French word, *trauler*, which means "to go hither and thither."

My father used to describe to me the beam trawl—the first style of trawl net—which he watched an English cousin of ours use when he visited him in 1885. The mouth of the net was kept open by a beam supported at the ends by iron runners. But about 1894 beam trawls began to disappear and otter trawls to take their place. There has never been any beam trawling for ground fish, to speak of, in our waters. The otter trawl—so-called because the shape of the mouth resembles the mouth of an otter—relies on the force with which it is towed along the ocean's floor to keep the forty to ninety foot mouth open.

Meanwhile the use of steam was developing. In European countries steam trawlers were in use not long after 1875, appearing first in the North Sea and increasing until you can see, today, half a dozen of them launched in one day in an English yard.

In 1905 the real forerunner of our own steam-trawler fleet appeared—the little steel trawler Spray, constructed at Quincy, Massachusetts. But from the very beginning she met with rough criticism from old-line fishermen; the extra expense to run, they insisted, and the damage inevitably done the net by rough bottoms and heavy tides, would be her owners' destruction. I went up, however, and watched her discharge a catch at the old T dock in Boston.

*The End of a Wintry Voyage. A Fishing Boat Plying Between Boston and Cape Cod*

"Well, what did you think of her?" demanded my boss a week later.

"She's going to change the whole ground-fishing industry, if they give her half a chance," I told him. "Steam trawlers ought to mean bigger profits for us." But he shook his head and expressed the same objection I'd heard in Boston.

"Too expensive to run," he said. "The fishing industry's expensive enough already."

The industry is certainly expensive; I could admit that. Gear alone, used by fishermen in this country today, is valued at about $14,000,000, and most of it has to be replaced at least once in four years. A single trawl net costs about $750.

"But quantity production and certain catches will more than make up for that."

He only laughed at me.

But the little Spray made me more anxious than ever to handle ground fish. Several times during the five years I worked on the docks, I bought up quantities of haddock myself, for a cent or so a pound when the market was glutted, as some of the wholesalers did, stored it away in a corporation freezing plant until the price had gone up to four cents or more, then sold it and salted away a few hundred dollars.

Then one day my boss offered me a share in the business for $5000. By that time my wife and I had $6500 in the bank, and I talked the proposition over with her. I was foreman of the stand then, getting thirty-two dollars a week—$1664 a year—and I was far from certain I'd better myself financially by making the change. Thirty-two dollars a week was a long way up in Fulton Market salaries at that time. What's more, it was sure. My boss, I knew, paid about $2000 a year rent for his stand, and had, besides, an annual pay roll of nearly $20,000 for twenty-one men. Miscellaneous expenses, advertising, and so on, ran about $3000 more. Against this overhead of $25,000 the business showed a gross income of hardly $30,000, derived from a 15 per cent commission on annual sales of some 10,000,000 pounds of fish at an average price of about two cents a pound. That meant a net profit of around $5000 a year, already divided between the boss and his brother Tom. It was hard to see where I'd be getting any more than the salary I was already receiving. Although Tom took no active part in the business, he had put up most of the capital and shared equally in the return.

### *Putting Surplus to Use*

"BUT these new steam trawlers are going to make a big change in the business," I told my wife. "I think now's the time to take a chance." I didn't much expect her to agree with me.

She gave me the surprise of my life.

"John," she said, "I think you're right. You ought not to miss the opportunity, even though we have a few lean years at first. But I've got an opportunity too. The man who runs that little restaurant on our corner is going to take his wife to California, and he's willing to sell out for $1500. I want to take it over and open a sea-food restaurant—something like English Fish-and-Chips, only more so—where I can serve inexpensive fish that people don't ordinarily know about. There's good trade there already. I think I can make a success of it. And if you put $5000 of the $6500 into a partnership, why can't I use the rest that way?"

That was certainly an eye-opener. Wives in those days didn't often decide to open businesses of their own. But we both knew there was a good chance to take advantage of odd varieties of easily obtainable low-priced fish that, properly cooked, make fine dishes—and I was where I could get them for her when they were cheapest.

It's odd, when you come to think of it, that a fish sure to arouse the best efforts of a French

(Continued on Page 46)

*A Gloucester Mackerel Fleet at Cape May, New Jersey*

# KITSKI

## By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

*Here is Something Scotty Can't Figure Out: He Has Everything on Kitski, Size and Skill, and He's Winning by a Mile, and Yet it is Him That is Worrying, Not Kitski*

A STOUTISH gentleman, with a shining pink head, a bevy of chins and benign white eyebrows, is eating a beefsteak the size of a violin. He is Mr. Silent Tim Cooney, fistic impresario, and, as he eats, he talks:

They call this a beefsteak! Lord save us, son; that's blasphemy, that is. These are puny days. I remember when there were real beefsteaks on Broadway—and real men too.

We'd better look out—us Americans. Look at Rome. Sure, I know about Rome. . . . Pass the catchup. . . . I read about it in a book I found up in Tunney's training camp. Written by a guy named Gibbon. No relation to the St. Paul Gibbons, Mike and Tom, but smart just the same. Tells how Rome went down the chute. Rough and scrappy lads, those Romans, at first. One of 'em could eat a whole sheep, wash it down with a keg of strong wine, and then go out and lick the pants off a dozen Gauls or Spigs—if they wore pants, a point I ain't exactly clear on. They liked to battle, and they cleaned up everybody—except the Irish, of course. Then they began to get rich, and got an appetite for peacocks' tongues and champagne and night clubs, and lost their taste for fighting. A bad sign, son. They got as soft as a sack of newborn pups, and the next thing they knew they were taking orders from hard-handed roughnecks from up north who'd rather fight than eat. . . . Deal me another hand of potatoes, will you, son?

Fighting is one thing you got to attend to personal and have your heart in. That's what's wrong with the fight game today. Look at this crop of champs—fancy custard. Boxing is a business, they claim. They ain't fighters. They're a mixture of financier and lawyer, combining the worst features of both. Would any of 'em fight a tap if it wasn't for the big gates? That's the test. Not those fashion plates. They'd all be in the movies or driving hacks.

I go to all the bouts -force of habit. Honest, you see more real battling at a dance Marathon. The fans don't see the real fighting. That takes place in the promoter's office when the managers lock horns over the percentages. What happens in the ring is no more like the old-time scrape than a pillow fight in a girls' school is like the Battle of Gettysburg. . . . Oh, yes, some of the boys nowadays have science. They can duck and bob and poke and save their pretty faces. A few of 'em can clout a little. But there's more to fighting than knowing how. You got to do it because you like it. . . . Say, if you haven't any other plans for those fried onions I could employ them.

No, they don't grow great fighters any more. Not fighters like Kitski, anyhow. Golly, if I was only managing him today! But what's the use of pipe dreams? No use trying to dig up another Kitski. I've handled a lot of likely lads since him—lads bigger, stronger, better built and a lot smarter, but I couldn't give 'em what he had. He was born with it.

Kitski was a Pole. Ever notice how many grand fighters come from places like Poland, Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia and Finland? I'll tell you why: For years those people have took beatings from bigger countries. They been tramped all over, kicked bow-legged—but not licked. Something inside 'em kept them battling back. They never quit. That kept them tough and on their toes.

This Kitski came out of the mines near Wilkes-Barre. Once I saw some pictures in a book a professor wrote showing how men looked before they took to collars and radios. They lived in trees, this prof claimed, and more than one of 'em got into a jam by mistaking a gorilla for a lodge brother and trying to give him the grip. I put the prof down as a nut. The Adam-and-Eve story was good enough for me. Then I saw Kitski.

It happened this way: My meal ticket at the time was Scotty Griffin, a life-size heavy, with seven years of experience, clever dukes and a sweet smack. We were mooching through the sticks to keep in cake money and to get Scotty ready for bigger and better things in New York in the fall. We slapped over a beefy smoke in Indianapolis, mowed down a palooka in Akron and moved on to Wilkes-Barre to have a party with one Chief Blue Dog, a large young Cherokee who had hit the canvas warpath. As a fighter the noble redskin was a dill pickle, but he hadn't found it out yet, and I figured Scotty would knock him for a street of tepees early and easy. We're waiting in the dressing room when in comes the Arab who was putting on the show, looking quinces and lemons. He makes a few meaty remarks about Indians and their ancestors and winds up by telling us that the Chief has sprained his ambition and begs to be excused.

"And me with no main bout," wails the Arab, "and that mob of miners out there! They eat hard coal and spit cinders!"

"Stick in a sub," I say. "Scotty will make it look like a fight for a while."

"There's only one handy," says the Arab—"a wild-looking kid who's been pestering me to let him fight."

"How good is he?" Scotty asks.

"Don't know. Never had a pair of gloves on, he admits, but says he's licked all the miners in his mine, and they ain't made out of macaroni. He's a cocky bird. States he can lick anybody on earth."

"Get him," I says. "Scotty will make a petunia out of this tiger lily."

It's Kitski. He springs into the ring growling. Then and there I take back what I said about the prof being a nut. His pictures of the first men are flattering tintypes of

friend Kitski. He ain't big—just a husky middleweight, and he looks like a blond tarantula, with his long shaggy arms. I guess his knuckles are callous from scraping the ground when he walks. He has no more brow than a mink, and the wickedest little green eyes I ever saw in a head, human or otherwise. Once, maybe, he had a nose and some ears, but I guess the miners fight with chinks of anthracite in their hands, because Kitski's face has been hammered like a horseshoe in a blacksmiths' college. He can't sit still. He's on edge and trembling like a nervous race horse at the barrier and he keeps shooting ferocious glares at Scotty.

Now I'm hard-boiled. I believe what I see and only half of that. What I can't put my finger on, isn't. This psychic stuff is all a lot of tapioca to me. I know the spooks the mediums juggle with are just toy balloons. When I feel queer and lie awake at night, worrying, I know the fact that at that moment my sister fell out of an upper and broke her wrist watch ain't got a thing to do with it. I'm that way because I ate too much midnight cheese. I go by sense and not by feeling. And yet, watching them savage glittering lamps of Kitski, I did feel something —something uncanny. Other people have felt it since, so I'm not simple upstairs. I swear, son, I felt like a lamb—don't laugh—and I was alone in a jungle and a big hungry buck tiger was coming toward me and I couldn't get away. I could fight back, but I knew I couldn't save myself. We was all animals once, some claim, and we've got over it a little; but looking at Kitski, I knew he hadn't got over it at all. I felt that he had something in him that was more than courage and the will to smash to pieces any guy he fought. It was something so much a part of him, he never thought about it. Instinct, I guess you'd call it—the killer instinct. He must have been about twenty-two, but he was really over a million and belonged, by rights, in a cave, where they had "Kill—or Get Killed" on the doormat.

"Watch out for young Tarzan," I say to Scotty. He gives me a strange look, a troubled sort of frown. I knew then that he felt it too. When the bell rings, Kitski comes out of his corner with great springs and I think of that man-eating tiger again. His long teeth are bared in a snarl and he's making growling noises—low, nasty sounds like you hear in the zoo when they toss the Hamburger to the big cats. He tears into Scotty, swinging both hands. Scotty steps away and pops him with a straight left. I feel a little better. Kitski is as green as a shamrock. It's a cinch Scotty will outbox him from here to Honolulu and that the hairy ape will burn himself up inside of five rounds. Scotty dances away, jabbing Kitski at will and tying him up in close. Kitski keeps piling in, belting away, but not getting any farther than a mule on a treadmill. He doesn't hear the bell at the end of the round and the referee has to pry him off Scotty.

"Just another sucker," I say, between rounds. "Turtle soup for you, Scotty. He's got nothing but a mean look. Let him churn himself dizzy and don't mix with him till you slow him down."

Four rounds go by—all about the same. Kitski keeps tearing in and Scotty raps him plenty. Kitski lands about one punch to ten for Scotty, but the ones he lands are wicked. I notice that my boy is looking bothered.

"Step on it," I tell him. "Cross your right. You can't miss. We don't want to fool around with this small-town chimp all night."

Kitski, as usual, dashes in, and Scotty lets him have it square on the kisser. Kitski rolls across the ring like a hoop and lies in a corner, quivering and looking like a pile of spiders. I reach for my hat. But at eight Kitski is up, more savage than ever. Scotty means business and fires away with both barrels. I don't know how many times Kitski was dumped on the back of his neck in that round. I'm no adding machine. Seven or eight, anyhow, and all good, clean, solid knock-down punches too; but he keeps getting up, and he keeps rushing in, and he's slugging away at the bell.

"Got a gun?" says Scotty to me.

"What for?"

"It's the only way to stop that bozo."

"Finish him, fathead," I say. "He's human."

Scotty gives me a funny look.

He makes a king-pin of Kitski in the sixth, bowling him over regular. He drops the Pole three times in the seventh and twice in the eighth and it only makes Kitski madder. He keeps right on top of Scotty and stings him with a couple under the heart. Scotty looks tired and discouraged. I know Scotty is dead game and no quitter with the odds against him and the other boy handing him a pasting, but here is something he can't figure out: He has everything on Kitski, size and skill, and he's winning by a mile, and yet it is him that is worrying, not Kitski.

In the ninth I see panic come over Scotty's pan. He ain't pounded up serious, but just the same, he begins to wilt. I see that Kitski knows it. He's sensed it with that killer instinct of his, and he rips into Scotty, just pure tiger and nothing else. Scotty cracks. Kitski batters him down and out in the tenth.

Afterward I took Kitski out for a meal.

"What you eating?" I ask him.

"Gimme a big steak," he says.

"Any trimmings—potatoes, onions, salad?"

"Just steak. I'm no dude." I tell him he has stuff. "I can lick anybody in the world," he says, chewing his steak.

Pugs are no violets. They boast as natural as they breathe. But the way Kitski said it didn't sound like boasting. He said it as calm and positive as you might say "I can break open an egg."

"Sure," I say. "Now all you got to do is prove it."

"I will," he says.

I drop a few words about what a hot manager Timothy Malachi Cooney is.

"All right," says Kitski, "get me a fight."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"Who do you want to fight?"

"Anybody."

"Anybody special?"

"Hogan."

"That'll be easy," I say. "All Hogan is is heavyweight champ of the world. Would next Saturday suit you?"

He doesn't know he's being kidded. "Sure," he says. "Suit me fine." (Continued on Page 70)

*Some Sports Writer Asked Him "What Do You Think of Shakspere?" "Never Heard of Him," Said Kitski, "But I'll Fight Him Anytime and Knock Him Loose From His Ribs"*

# OH, AUNTY, PLEASE!

*"I Expect If There are Any Poisonous Fishes, You Will Bite Them First, Madame," He Remarked Icily*

## By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THE Freddie Wattses just came over there on an alco-holiday, doctor, but when they hit the Riviera, they hated to move back to Stoneybrook, Connecticut. I understand the type! Say, I haven't lived twenty-five years in France for nothing, and mighty few Americans come anywheres near Nice that I don't meet, one way or another.

For instance, I no sooner saw your name in the paper as staying at the Negresco than I says to Eustace, "Eustie, you run right down, ducky, and see if it can be old Doctor Wortle, from Rochester." And who was it but you, after all these years! My, my, seeing you does bring back old times, don't it? Why, the last visit we had together, I'd just come up from New York to spend Sunday with mommer, and I remember you didn't approve one little bit of my being in the Florida Sextet. Ha-ha! That was years ago, when I was just a little girl running around in long skirts. But if I hadn't been in that original sextet I'd never have married Eustie here, would I? And he'd never have been thrown out by the family, so that we had to come and bury ourselves in the South of France, now, would we? And lookit how happy we've been ever since! And believe me, doctor, being Mrs. Eustace Van Pelt, of New York, is kind of a valuable title which gets me in strong at Juan les Pins and all points along the coast, for nobody over here asks what's in a name. On account if they did, somebody might turn right around and ask them the same question.

However, no matter how long I've lived abroad, I can still tell the right kind of Americans from the wrong ones, and I sure feel sorry for some—like these Freddie Wattses. They used to go to the Casino a lot and I played baccarat next to him several evenings. I don't really gamble, you know, doctor. Eustie and I always leave the tables regularly every night as soon as we have lost a thousand francs. We practically just go to the Casino to watch the crowd, and naturally we get to talking with any Americans we see. Then I introduce myself by saying, "I am Mrs. Eustace Van Pelt, and I have a villa here. Do drop around for cocktails tomorrow." Eustie's distinguished white hair and the mention of a home always drags 'em in. Ha-ha! I'm a social leader if I do have to sometimes lead 'em with a halter.

Well, we met Freddie Watts like that, and Tootie, his wife. Say, doctor, I had to laugh. At first she tried to play up to my high-hat by telling me how they were the carpet-sweeper people, Watts Velvet Roller—you know, the famous carpet sweeper that's used all over the world. Well, that's who they are, but my foot! She was only a trained nurse when she married him, without a dime in the world of her own. When I found that out, I told her how I was the Astorbuilts' first cousin merely by a footlight, and after that we become real friends. We met them in the winter, during the season, but I never dreamed they'd stay on. They simply weren't the type.

What do you mean, doctor—if I stay over here, why shouldn't they? Well, I haven't lived in France twenty-five years for nothing, and I'm telling you that living in Europe is salvation to a very few Americans like Eustie and me, but poison to the ones who really have a place back home where they can fit in and belong, and who have neither place nor reason over here. With me, now, the most I personally could get out of going back would be a piece of real, properly made apple pie—and sometimes I'd pretty near trade my home here for one! But the Wattses, they were the other kind of American, and just listen what happened to them.

You see, Doctor Wortle, we've got a summer season here now—a very snappy affair too. And as soon as Tootie Watts found out that the Dolly sisters come down for it, the whole *chichi* Paris crowd, from the smartest divorce lawyer down to the best-known dress manikins, trailing after, she decided she would take a villa at Cap d'Antibes. But of course the Wattses wouldn't take an ordinary house—not much! They grabbed themselves off a château—one that had formerly belonged to a king who had bought it from the early Phœnicians, plumbing and all, as was. It was a fearfully expensive place, so the Wattses cheerfully paid over twice what it was worth and settled down to do some "real living," as they called it. The place had terraces, a bathing pool, private bar, and lots of visitors.

"Oh, Gladys," says Tootie Watts to me, "it's so sophisticated, so interesting, and we know such wonderful people! I don't see how I could ever endure living at home again."

Well, maybe it was all right for her, but I wasn't so sure about Freddie. There was nothing of the elegant sun worshiper about that young man, and he sort of stuck up like a sore thumb among all the professional gracefulness around him. He was a stocky young feller, not very good-looking, and would have been capable if he hadn't been spoiled when he was a kid. His ma had died when he was born, and the old man, Frederick C. Watts, had given him everything he wanted. He went to Harvard, but never passed anything except a few traffic cops in his high-priced car. That's how he met Tootie. The car passed a cop one day, but failed to do the same with a heavy lamp-post. They carried Freddie into the hospital and the way Tootie administered the anæsthetic won his heart. They were married as soon as he was able to sign a check for the ring. And she'd kept him under an anæsthetic ever since.

Now, lemme tell you, doctor, when Freddie's father died, he left half the business to Freddie and half to his own sister, Freddie's Aunt Fanny, who'd been in the business with him for years. She was an old maid, they told me, a regular tartar, but a wonderful business woman, and by gollies, if it didn't come out that this old lady was back home running the business yet! The time I found it out, Eustie and me were over to the château on a week-end visit, and Tootie had trotted forth the subject of Aunt Fanny in order to get a laugh out of her hard-boiled guests. They was all laying around on the edge of the bathing pool in their wet suits, allowing the hot Mediterranean sun the privilege of tanning them, and the list of these guests was the kind of thing which makes a society reporter keep up the struggle. Among those present was Prince Michaeloff, late of Moscow and parts unknown; Lady Rindle, the famous English actress; M. André, or Andy, Farvier, who was a kind of dancing secretary and lived in the house; Georgie de Kay, the interior decorator, Miss Kitty Belgrade of Park Avenue and Palm Beach, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Van Pelt. Ha-ha!

Well, Tootie Watts lifted her champagne cocktail and gave her favorite toast.

"Here's to Aunt Fanny," she says. "Long may she wave!"

"Righto!" says Lady Rindle. "Who the devil is she?"

"She cuts our coupons, and how!" says Freddie. "She's that terrific old aunt of mine who runs the business. Whoops!" He gave a yell and an imitation of aunty, holding up the blue silk skirt of his bath robe and sliding dangerously along the edge of the pool, amid shrieks of laughter.

"*Formidable*," murmured Prince Michaeloff, screwing his monocle in securely and stretching his champagne glass out with that Oliver Twist gesture of his. "*Mon Dieu!* What a useful sort of aunt! Me, I am better acquainted with my uncle as a source of money. Since the revolution he ——" But everybody was sick and tired of the revolution. Aunt Fanny was a novelty.

"What a priceless old dear she must be," said the actress. "Does she really run the factory? How extraordinary! Wears hats like the queen's, I'll wager!"

"Oh, worse—much worse!" screamed Tootie. "And her underwear! My dear, it's cambric—you wouldn't believe it! Lace like a bed valance on the panties! I've seen it. She keeps dried lavender in the bureau too!"

"No!" exclaimed Georgie, the decorator. "How amusingly Victorian."

"Well, you wouldn't believe Aunt Fanny was real unless you saw her," chanted Tootie. "Wears specs, my dear, and is a pillar of the church. And last time we were home she had a tailored suit that she must have bought at a fire sale in 1900. I don't know where she digs her things up!"

"How quaint," said Miss Belgrade of Park Avenue and Palm Beach, who seldom contributed anything to the conversation but a drawl. "I suppose she's the sort of woman who can see some good in everything."

This was a dainty insult, see, so everyone laughed at it. Miss Belgrade was supposed to be funny. And she was, but she didn't know it.

"I don't believe the old girl sees much good in my staying over here," says Freddie ruefully. "She's forever writing me about my 'duty to the business' and my 'obligations as a citizen of the country which supports me'! She sure does know how to pile up the dough if she doesn't look well-bred!"

"That pun calls for anozzer drink, yes?" remarked the secretary, Farvier. "We can't stand many joke like doze, Freddie, if we stay dry. And she has never marry? Wiz so large a dot?"

"She's married to the business, old top," replied Freddie, "and a good thing for me too. I've simply turned over my share to her, and she's a wizard. But if she ever walked up the Rue de la Paix, the dressmakers would all die of the shock."

"I know!" said the English actress. "We have plenty of old birds like that at home, who look as if a rook had nested on the bonnet. They think the world stopped in 1840. Blessed as a background, but beastly to have around."

"Don't mention such a thing!" said Freddie with a shudder. "My aunt has never been abroad and never will come across—except with her dividends. I'd rather like to trot her out as Exhibit A, though; it would at least be good for a laugh."

"Oh, Fanny is a laugh all right!" his wife added gayly. "But seriously, what can you do with a woman like that? Nothing educates her. She never could find her way about in a place like this, and what good has the money done her?"

"Perhaps if you could show her this life," said the prince languidly, "it might educate her more than you think for. You could dress her up in a few French clothes and M. Farvier here, he would take her out stepping, and oof! You'd have her exactly like so many of the American canned peaches you see over here—picked long ago, but preserved very good."

"Nonsense," says Tootie. "You couldn't change the old lady unless you chloroformed her."

"Well, it is outrage for peoples like that to have so much money," sighed the prince. "They should be educated in Russia, where, before the revolution, I ——"

But the crowd had commenced to drift over to where the bridge tables had been set up in the old cloister. Nobody listened to the red story of Moscow, and the prince, smelling real cash, dropped his past history in favor of a hand at the nearest table.

Let me tell you, Doctor Wortle, you really don't know anything about the Riviera until you have been inside the homes of some of the rich Americans there. So you can hardly imagine the extravagant beauty and color on that terrace of the château this afternoon I am telling you about—the sun, the flowers, the luxurious comfort; the women in next to nothing in the way of bathing suits, the men's almost naked brown bodies scantily draped by brilliant bath robes; the endless drinks, the Smart-Aleck talk, the parrots screaming on their perches, the neat servants, watching for every need, and the big sums of money thrown away by bad bridge playing to a bunch of alleged titled foreigners. A brilliant mess, that's what it was.

These people, with their more or less phony titles and smart clothes, used the château like a free hotel. They ate and drank there, picked up what little expense money they needed at bridge, and brought along their friends—all at the Wattses' expense. And when I thought of that stark old maid, grinding away at the carpet-sweeper factory in order that her nephew and niece-in-law could throw away the hard-earned dividends on this bunch of high-class

(Continued on Page 52)

*They Were All Lying Around on the Edge of the Bathing Pool in Their Wet Suits, Allowing the Hot Mediterranean Sun the Privilege of Tanning Them*

# IT HAPPENED TO A RUBE

## By Rube Goldberg

SOMETHING over eleven years ago a hard-headed business man was giving me the once-over with the idea of determining whether I made the grade as a prospective son-in-law.

He had had little contact with artists and shared the general view that they left nothing for posterity except their masterpieces and a batch of unpaid butcher bills. Though he did not say it in so many words, he was slightly puzzled over the fact that I was contemplating a trip through life with his daughter with nothing more substantial for car fare than a bottle of India ink and a few ideas.

I had no factory working for me, no store, no staff of bookkeepers, no inventories to take, no sinking funds; in fact, none of the usual business props. The gentleman in question, Mr. S. W. Seeman, did not read the Evening Mail and therefore had never seen any of my cartoons. His firm, Seeman Bros., was the distributor of a very famous brand of tea and groceries. I admitted to him, after discovering his status concerning my cartoons, very proudly and honestly that I had never heard of his tea. So we started evenly. After all these years he knows no more about cartoons than I do about tea. But we both know that there is a fair living in each of these commodities.

Fortunately, about the time I was contemplating the step that resulted in the arrival of two embryo artists, now eight and ten years old respectively, Doctor Rumely, then owner of the Mail, advertised the fact very widely that he had just signed a contract with me for $50,000 a year. I mention this with all due modesty, as the doctor did the advertising and not I. I saw to it that some of this publicity was brought to Mr. Seeman's attention, and the newspaper cartoon immediately took on the economic importance of a package of tea or a can of tomatoes.

Take it from one who has had twenty-four years of it, this business of being an alleged humorist is no joke, gambol or joy ride. The chief regret of anyone doing a comic strip is that he didn't select some nice, easy occupation such as baggage smashing or safe moving. If there was as much hard work crowded into the life of a manufacturer, merchant or farmer, Congress would pass a bill next day for the relief of the tired business man, and the President wouldn't veto it, either.

### A Victory for Art

PEOPLE talk about an expedition to the North Pole as typifying the ultimate in human hardship. Well, before being too certain on that score they ought to know what it is to carry on an expedition in search of an idea when the head of the syndicate is bawling you out for being four days behind schedule. There is the premier classic in the way of misery, anguish, torture and suffering. One does not know what real trouble is until one has been compelled to extract an idea out of a brain which is just out of ideas.

The saddest thing in life is the spectacle of the professional humorist wondering how he's going to be funny. A gloomier object doesn't exist. Seeing him in that state of melancholia, you wonder whether it's worse to have an aggravated case of chronic dyspepsia or a well-developed sense of humor. Whatever your job is, you become dissatisfied with it.

A great cure for discontent would be to organize a traveling exhibit of comic-strip men stumped for an idea. Everybody would feel happy at having escaped such an awful fate, and anarchy wouldn't have a leg to stand on. People would laugh and slap one another on the shoulder and say, "Well, the old man may be out of a job and the children all down with the measles and nothing to eat in the house and the telephone cut off, but at least we never had to laugh off one like that."

In 1899 or thereabouts the Goldbergs of San Francisco were holding daily powwows on a problem which to them seemed second to none in world importance: What were they going to do about Rube? Was the second son of the family, then sixteen years old, going to get away with that silly idea he had about becoming an artist? Here the Goldberg family had been good, useful citizens for generations, and now one of them was set on blotting the escutcheon. It was all very dreadful and nobody was more heavy-hearted than Pa Max Goldberg.

"For the honor of the family don't do this awful thing, Rube," pleaded the pater. "Think of the shame you are heaping on all of us. Think of how I'm going to feel when I say to somebody 'This is my son,' and then a long-haired freak steps forward. Rube, let me tell you something,"

Rube Goldberg

and he became very, very serious; "maybe the Goldbergs haven't the wealth or style of the Astors, but they're just as honorable. We've always come clean and we can look anybody in the eye. Be reasonable."

When a baseball pitcher goes left-handed it's taken as a sign that he's not altogether there, and so they nickname him Rube. This Rube was a southpaw, so he qualified for membership in the clan. Unmoved by the plea of Pa Goldberg, he said:

"I wanna be an artist. When people come to the house I'll hide in the cellar. And I promise that every time I have a quarter I'll get a haircut."

But Mr. Max Goldberg, fire-insurance broker, police commissioner, local politician and owner of an Arizona cattle ranch, was still skeptical. And still more obdurate. If the impending ignominy could be staved off he was determined to stave it.

Fate works in mysterious ways. It chanced that at the moment the Guggenheims hired John Hays Hammond as the engineer in charge of their mining interests, at a salary reported to have been $1,000,000 a year. That stupendous contract was the business sensation of the day. It focused attention on the potential earning power of an engineer and got it into the minds of thousands of fathers that here was a profession their sons might well adopt. The schools teaching mining engineering became jammed overnight.

Pa Goldberg put two and two together. An engineer had to be a draftsman and Rube was bent on drawing. Why couldn't he find an outlet for this ambition in a practical way? The more Mr. Goldberg thought of it, the more certain he was that destiny was working out in an easy and graceful manner what had defied human solution. After all, it was lucky that Rube had shown such a strong liking for drawing. Given the right technical training, plus his natural leanings, he might some day be able to draw as well as Mr. Hammond was drawing in the way of salary.

My father said: "You win, Rube. I guess the best thing to do is to let a boy follow his own inclinations when it comes to choosing a career."

"That's great, pa. Do you think I should start as the cartoonist for the Chronicle or would it be better to sign up with a big New York paper right away?"

"Neither. I want you to do this thing on a big scale. If you promise to work hard I'll let you study art under some real masters. What would you say if I told you you could become a student of the mining-engineering school at the University of California?"

"Mining engineering! What's that got to do with studying art?"

Max Goldberg seemed aghast at such stupidity. "Why, my boy, how can you ask such a fool question? Don't you know that all the great artists, such as Da Vinci and Homer Davenport and F. Opper and Rembrandt and Tad, spent years studying mining engineering before they ever lifted a brush? You can never hope to be a real artist until you've learned mining engineering. Look at Mr. Hammond. He's getting $1,000,000 a year already. Think of the future in store for him when he feels enough confidence in himself to branch out as an artist."

### A Taste of Publicity

IT WAS not so much the reference to Da Vinci and Rembrandt that struck home as it was this explanation of why F. Opper and Tad had become famous. On July 4, 1887, my fourth birthday, somebody had made me a present of Bill Nye's Comic History of the United States, illustrated by Opper, and it is a family legend that the cute little toddler spent the day tracing the drawings on the tissue paper of his mother's dress patterns, cleverly plucked from their hiding place in the dining-room china closet. These drawings, I believe, were the earliest Goldbergs, and the inexplicable thing about them was that the family made it painfully plain they did not regard their intrinsic value as being equal to that of the mutilated patterns. Yet this is not the first instance where works of art have been kicked around without appreciation.

In succeeding years I supplemented my admiration for the funny sketches of Opper with a species of fanatical worship for the pen-and-ink genius of Tad, Zim—Eugene Zimmerman Charles Dana Gibson and Walter Appleton Clark. Gibson and Clark were among the leading illustrators of the day, and Tad was making pictures to illustrate a column conducted by Lowell Otus Reese in the old San Francisco Bulletin on police-court happenings, while Zim's cartoons were known all over the country. So assiduously did I study the work of these four men that by the time I was ready to enter the Lowell High School I had learned to draw fairly well. Things were a little scrambled, to be sure. My technic was a style goulash, combining a little of Gibson with a dash of Zim, and the school of Clark with the lines of Tad. Its general effect was comparable to a dog meowing or an elephant twittering.

In spite of the hybrid features of the drawings, the high-school paper published them, and though the editors meant no harm by it, they were largely responsible for what's happened to me since then. For I've often thought if I had never experienced that thrill of seeing my work reproduced I might have reformed then and there and turned out to be a prosperous pretzel salesman or a well-known tea taster.

NOW, STUDENTS, THESE ARE UNDOUBTEDLY THE ORIGINAL FOOTPRINTS OF THE MAMMOTH KNOWN AS THE HUNKADUNKUS - IT IS VERY FORTUNATE THAT OUR GEOLOGY CLASS HAS COME UPON THIS SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENON - LET US INVESTIGATE FURTHER
SEE, THAT'S A LONG SHOT
BOLONEY THAT'S NOT THE BALL IT'S THE DIVOT

*The Animal That Made These Tracks Was the Divot-Hound*

But once I had appeared on the printed page all hope was gone for being like other people. Every time the school paper came from the press and I saw my drawings reproduced I felt sorry that everybody couldn't be as smart as I was.

In any event my father's talk convinced me that the only way anybody could ever hope to be a great artist was to follow in the footsteps of John Hays Hammond. So I became a student of mining engineering at the University of California and assumed a tolerant attitude toward physics, chemistry and trigonometry because I believed they had a tendency to make people as funny as Zim. After my experience with them I still hold to this view, but the inspiration of my present opinion is not the same as it was then. Though I managed to get by in the recitations and examinations, I confess now that I haven't the slightest idea how the miracle was worked. From the time I entered until I left I never knew what it was all about.

It began to dawn on me that I had been beautifully kidded about mining having something to do with art. Really the best break I had as a student in the College of Mining came when Carleton Parker, one of the undergraduates, started a university paper called the Pelican, which came into existence about twenty-five years ago and was one of the first college comic publications. I made a lot of pen-and-ink sketches for the Pelican, and Parker was good enough to publish them. After several of them had appeared and Parker had said they weren't as terrible as you might think, I came to the conclusion that the effort to make a mining engineer of me hadn't been a total loss. This conviction was strengthened when I won a prize for a cartoon in the yearbook, depicting a menagerie composed of the professors. The prize carried with it a trip to the Yosemite Valley, but with the consent of the editors I went to Los Angeles instead.

### *A Steady Job*

ONE of the great unfathomed mysteries of the University of California is how I managed to skin through my final examinations and receive a diploma. But graduate I did in spite of myself, and I now stepped forth into the world with only one specific thought, which was that of all the hocus-pocus the world had to offer the outstanding bunk was mining engineering. About the subterfuge of that profession being linked with art I was now thoroughly disillusioned. If the Guggenheims had at that moment raised John Hays Hammond's salary to $2,000,000 a year I would still have been willing to exchange my diploma for one clean sheet of Bristol board.

Anxious to salvage something out of the situation, which had taken three and a half years to prove itself a complete bust as far as its original purpose went, I took a job as draftsman under Thomas P. Woodward, the city engineer and a friend of my father, at one hundred dollars a month. My task was mapping sewer pipes and water mains, and I found it as interesting as it sounds. At the next desk to me, doing the same kind of work, sat a man who had been in the city's employ for forty years, and he was getting all of $150 a month. I used to look at him and say to myself, "There I am at eighty; if I work hard and vote the party ticket at every election I'll get a fifty-dollar bump in salary sometime within the next forty years. Good night!"

I was paying five dollars a week board at home, and my brother Walter thought it ought to be seven and a half dollars, considering my affluence. The question came up one evening after I had been on the city pay roll exactly one month and nine days.

"I'm quitting the job tomorrow," I announced.

My father gulped hard but was philosophical. "That being the case, Walter," he said to my brother, "I'm afraid we'll have to wait before we put over that raise."

When I told Mr. Woodward the next day that I was through and that I'd made up my mind to take a fling at being an artist, he looked at me as though he was sure I had suddenly gone goofy

"All that I can say is that you're making a big mistake," he advised. "If you stick along here you'll be getting $150 a month some day. It's an old adage that you should never throw away your dirty linen until you have clean."

Whereupon I resolved that I was off old adages for life.

The San Francisco Chronicle, published by Colonel Michael H. de Young, was my favorite newspaper. The following afternoon I strolled into its offices and asked to see Ernest Simpson, the city editor. He sent for me to go in, and I got a good break at the start when he remembered having heard his own son, a student at a Berkeley preparatory school, say a good word about the work I had been doing for the Pelican.

"All right, I'll take you on. The figure will be eight dollars a week and you can start work this afternoon."

### *Seeking an Opening in Art*

GREATLY elated, I answered, "I haven't much money, but I am delighted to pay the paper eight dollars a week for letting me draw pictures in the art department."

"You don't pay us," said Mr. Simpson with amused irritation; "we pay you the eight dollars." My eyes crossed, my eardrums played a tom-tom against my brain and my knees started to gyrate like one of the doodlebobs I used in my engineering experiments during my college days.

I was directed to report to Harry Mayo Bunker, acting head of the Chronicle's art department. I felt as comfortable as a man sitting on a tack in the electric chair. Nobody even invited me to sit down, and yet when I stood up I seemed to be blocking traffic. It was hard to tell just what to do. If I walked out I was afraid I'd be fired and if I stuck around I was sure that would happen anyway. It certainly looked as though I and my new job weren't going to hang together long.

What troubled me most was that Mr. Simpson had said I was to start work at once. The big puzzle was how to do it. After a couple of hours spent in looking for an opening, I finally laid hands on a piece of Bristol board and tiptoed over to a remote corner of the art room, where there was a table piled high with old cuts and dust-covered originals. There I penciled out a baseball cartoon showing a rabid rooter on the job. Labeling it the Fan Kid—a title which seemed awfully devilish in those days—I inked it in and when nobody was looking took it out to the city desk. Mr. Simpson inspected it without enthusiasm and said, "All right, we'll run it as a three-column."

I waited up until the first edition of the paper came out around one o'clock the

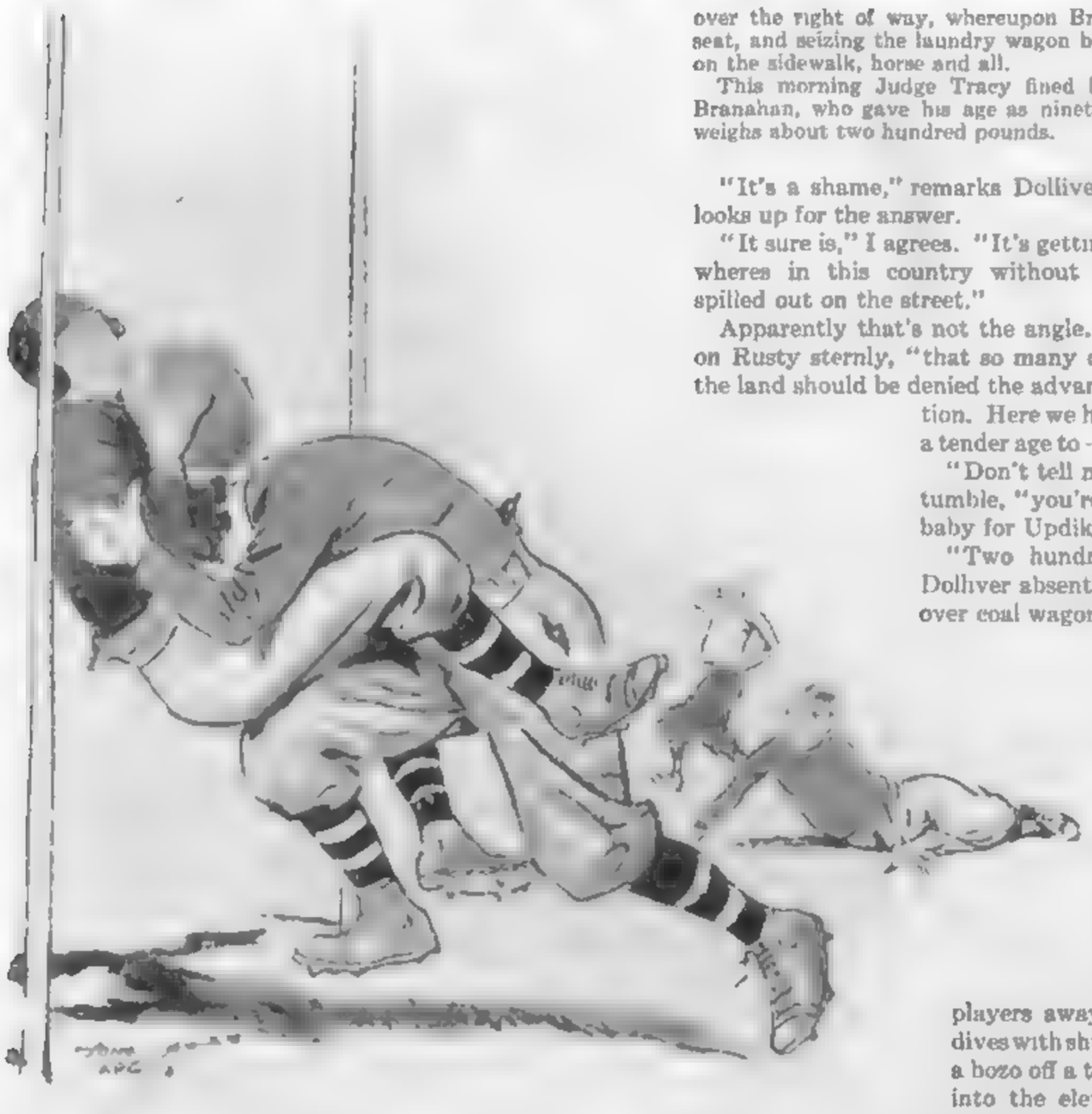
(Continued on Page 146)

*An Example of a Rube Goldberg Reading Lamp*

# OFFSIDE

## By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



*With His Head in the Runner's Bread Basket and His Arms Around His Middle, Branahan Half Pushes and Half Lifts Him Backward. Talbot's Interference is of No Avail*

THE way football's being made safe for Cyril these days, what with fifteen-minute quarters, forward passing and other openwork frills, it wouldn't surprise me any to read soon of a couple of colleges playing the game by telegraph.

Goofnow University'll wire Zilch Tech: "At a meeting of the squad at high tea this afternoon a thirty-three-yard run around your left end was voted by a large majority. The rooting lasted for five minutes."

And Zilch'll snap back: "On being tackled, the Goofnow runner dropped the ball, which was recovered by our Mr. Hazelnut and run back forty-six yards by the unanimous vote of the athletic committee. The glee club sang, Could We But Die for Alma's Mater."

It may be that the present game is better from the standpoint of the cash customers and worse for the splint-and-arnica output, but as for me, I miss the old Minnesota shift and the locomotive off-tackle, with everybody pulled back of the line but the bedridden aunt of Cornelius McGillicuddy. Where's there the thrill today compared to what we used to get, for example, when Beef Branahan —— But I must tell you about Beef. It'll go to show you the difference between the pigskin pastime of the wild then and the tamed now, besides proving something or other.

In the early 90's I quit box-fighting by request and a haymaker to the jaw and sold myself down the river to Updike College as athletic trainer. Rusty Dolliver was football coach at the time—a bird I remember chiefly for the grandest flow of gritty language I ever lent an ear to. That bucko could curse candles off a Christmas tree. I don't know where or what he is now, but if anybody starts a rumor that he's in London giving advanced work in repartee to Billingsgate fishwives and Covent Garden costermongers, I'll believe it.

Just before the opening of my second season at Updike, Rusty calls me into the gym one day and shows me a clipping. It's from a newspaper published at Aranville, a burg some fifty miles from the college, and reads about like this:

It took four policemen and several bystanders to subdue George Branahan, a truck driver, following an altercation yesterday afternoon between him and Olaf Larsen, who navigates a laundry wagon. It seems the two had a difference of opinion over the right of way, whereupon Branahan leaped from his seat, and seizing the laundry wagon by a wheel, overturned it on the sidewalk, horse and all.

This morning Judge Tracy fined him twenty-five dollars. Branahan, who gave his age as nineteen, is six feet tall and weighs about two hundred pounds.

"It's a shame," remarks Dolliver, when I finishes and looks up for the answer.

"It sure is," I agrees. "It's getting so you can't go anywheres in this country without having your laundry spilled out on the street."

Apparently that's not the angle. "It's a shame," goes on Rusty sternly, "that so many of the sturdy youth of the land should be denied the advantages of higher education. Here we have a lad compelled at a tender age to ——"

"Don't tell me," I cuts in, taking a tumble, "you're aiming to hook this baby for Updike!"

"Two hundred pounds," mutters Dolliver absently. "Six feet. Pushes over coal wagons ——"

"Laundry wagons," I corrects. "One laundry wagon, to be snooty about it. . . . Don't be silly. There must be a limit to the ringers you can crook into the team. It's true you've been able to get away with buying high-school beef on the hoof and pirating players away from other diploma dives with shush money, but pulling a bozo off a truck and slapping him into the eleven is a horse with a different collar. What," I demands, "do you know about Branahan outside of what's in this clipping?"

"Nothing," admits the coach, "but wouldn't he look plump and pretty in the line?"

"Yeh," says I, "and so would the Rocky Mountains and the Seventh Regiment. I don't want to pry into your sister's home life, but don't you have to have an education or something to get into Updike?"

"Not even to get out," grunts Rusty. "I can fix everything if the boy's willing to come."

"Well," I suggests, "why don't you drive over in a laundry wagon and ask him?"

That strikes Dolliver as a surprisingly shrewd idea and a half hour later we hops a rattler for Aranville. At the police station we gets Branahan's address and we have no trouble finding it or him. Beef's out in the back yard manicuring his hay burner.

"Nice horse, that," remarks Rusty sociably.

"That's his business," growls the truck driver. "What's yours?"

While the coach is explaining, I sizes the kid up. When they build 'em better and bigger, the Branahans'll build 'em. The youngster's so thick through the chest and so wide at the shoulders that he seems under height. You have to look twice to see the six feet. But it's there, all right, up to and including a tangle of red cowlicks and a pan as rough as a corrugated roof. Branahan's development, however, ends at the neck. Between his ears there's nothing but unimproved acreage. As far as education goes, they probably had to dynamite the kindergarten to graduate him.

Most of Dolliver's spiel dies on its dogs. Apparently Beef had never seen a football game, but finally he does grab himself a faint glimmer of what the buzz-buzz's all about.

"I get you," says the overgrown oaf. "I bust the other guys wide open, pry 'em loose from the ball and bring it to you. All right, what's in it for Sweeney?"

"A hundred smackers a month if you deliver," returns the coach, "but there's more to the business than just busting babies. Can you pick 'em up and lay 'em down? Can you run?"

"I ain't never seed the bimbo yet that could make me," comes back Branahan.

"That's not the question," says Rusty Dolliver. "What ——"

"Can the catechism," I snaps, impatient. "Have Brian Boru here come over to Updike and show you his stuff. Then explain to him ——"

"For a hundred berries," cuts in Beef, "he doesn't even have to explain "

Eventually it's arranged for Branahan to report at the campus the following Monday, Dolliver slipping him twenty bucks to bind the bargain.

"What do you think of him?" asks Dolliver on the way back to Updike.

"Physically," says I, "he's a darb. Mentally, he's what you get when you subtract nothing from nix and add two zeros with the rims off. It'll take you all season to teach him the difference between a place kick and a Washington society girl. As for drumming signals into that stupe—well, if you watch closely you'll observe my imagination staggering."

"Let it stagger, Arnica," advises Rusty. "When I go to the market to buy beef, I don't expect the butcher to throw in a side order of brains. If Branahan has any trouble with signals, we'll bench the signals."

"We'll what?" I exclaims.

"Do without signals," returns Dolliver. "There's too much trickery about football now, anyway. It's time we played the game straight and aboveboard."

*II*

IT NEVER has been quite clear to me just how Beef's registration at Updike was arranged. I did hear some talk at the time about another lad qualifying for him under the name of Branahan, but that may have been Soviet propaganda, or whatever it was they used in the early 90's when they ran out of comebacks. In any case Beef's let in and set down for courses in botany, Chinese literature and other studies much too dignified to be dragged into this yarn.

"What," I inquires of Rusty, "happens when this baby's called on to recite?"

"He's not going to be," replies Dolliver. "All his courses are lecture affairs where you're just supposed to listen and take notes. At the end of the year there are exams, but along about the last Saturday following the first Thanksgiving in November Branahan will have departed from these classic shades."

"How about next year?" I asks.

*She's a Pocket-Sized Trick Who'd be About Five Feet Tall Standing on Her Toes Reaching for the Jam*

"There isn't any," says Rusty, "as far as me and Updike are concerned. Just as soon as this season's over, I'm going out and get myself measured for another job."

"You and me both," I growls, "if they ever get jerry to our traffic in truck drivers."

"Forget it!" snaps Dolliver. "Didn't Catalpa grab a bohunk from the boiler factory last fall and get away with it? Anyhow, if there should be a holler, it wouldn't be you and me that'd take it on the chin—it'd be the alumni who put up the dough for these deals."

"Not with my luck," says I gloomily. "When they start throwing rocks in Muscatine, Iowa, I can be asleep in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and get beaned. Suppose," I adds, striking another jolly note, "Brannhan doesn't pan out after all the trouble ——"

"Don't worry, Splints," cuts in Rusty. "Any guy that can lick five cops and play hoop with an ice wagon ——"

"A laundry wagon," I reminds him. "And it was only four cops."

It could just as well have been five and a couple of ice wagons from the showing Beef makes practically from his first out. With his bull strength and an advantage of forty pounds in heft over the average of the squad, he rips around among the rah-rahs like a Kansas cyclone through a tent town. When Branahan tackles a baby, distant relatives of the victim feel the shock while his straight-arms can be compared to nothing but the north end of a mule raging south.

*For Fifty Yards He Batters and Crunches His Way, Half the Distance With Somebody Hanging Onto Him. Finally He's Tripped and Downed*

Beef gets hep pretty pronto to the more murderous aspects of the game, but, as I feared, his brains throw him for a loss when it comes to the finer points. However, that doesn't break into Dolliver's sleep any. In those days football was a much simpler pastime than it is now. You merely battered away at the line until the battering ceased to pay dividends, then you kicked. Even end runs were considered slightly effeminate and were supposed to be indulged in by teams that were hopelessly outweighed.

"Where," I asks Rusty, when the work-outs have reached the scrimmage stage, "are you figuring on using Branahan?"

"I'm not sure yet," returns the coach, "but I think I'll double him in brass—guard or tackle on the defense, full on the offense. For a big boy, he's not so slow in the spaniels."

"Unless you tame him down some," says I, "you'll have him playing more spots than that. The season's still in diapers and I've already patched up half your journeymen."

"That's all right," comes back Rusty. "There isn't anybody in the mob that I can't spare. . . . By the way, I wish you'd sort of keep a peeper on Beef after hours. See that he doesn't hoist the brew or grow too gabby. You talk his language and ——"

"Good night, shirt," says I. "Once the pride of the roped arena, now nursemaid to a truck driver. What do you expect me to do? Tuck him in his crib and listen to his botany lessons?"

"After all," grins Dolliver, "why not? Tell him about cauliflowers and Black-eyed Susans."

As it happens, Branahan does cotton to me a bit, though generally he's about as sociable as a hungry hyena with a complete set of earaches. When he's not in classes developing bench warts or out on the football field making business brisk for me, he hangs around the rub-down room. As a bright and breezy talker, he's the best one-armed ski jumper in Algiers, but we manages to trade a few thoughts, with me, of course, getting the dirty end of the deal.

"How are you and Chinese literature getting along?" I asks him one day.

"I get along with everybody," grunts Beef, "unless they start something."

"Sure—sure," says I; "but I mean those spiels you're listening to over in North Hall—Chinese literature ——"

"Hell," cuts in Branahan, "is that what the old geezer's spouting about?"

"What," I inquires curiously, "did you think he was spouting about?"

"I don't know," returns Beef. "I've never asked him."

With that kind of floggen head to operate on, you can imagine the totsy time Dolliver has when it comes to signals and trick formations. The seven-eleven-forty-fours are just so much Chinese literature to Branahan. I even takes a hand myself, but I'd have had much better luck teaching fish to foot-race.

"It's no use," finally admits Rusty, the night before the opening game with Talbot Tech. "The boy's just practically out of brains. We'll have to call his plays for him and lead him into 'em by the ear."

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"If you live until tomorrow afternoon," promises Dolliver, "you'll see."

I do and I do. Rusty's system is Sarah Simplicity herself, in person. No signals are needed and none is used. There's only one play. Beef, parked at left tackle, tears holes in the Talbot line that a guy could walk through with an armful of grand pianos and the Updike backs parade.

There's no stopping Branahan. With vicious thrusts of his head and shoulders and sweeps of his arms, he crumples the whole right side of the Tech defense. In ten minutes Updike reels off two touchdowns.

Talbot, in desperation, pulls in its wings, leaving the ends unprotected, but Rusty takes no advantage of the situation. His plan calls for shooting each play off Beef's tackle and he sticks to it without a break. He's taking no chances of getting Branahan confused with sudden shifts.

Changes and replacements make no difference to the big boy. The fresher they are, the harder they fall. Joe Gates, Talbot's trainer, never did so much work in his life. He's no sooner got one of his lads back in the game than he's called on to drag another off the field. After our third score I meets up with Joe.

"Where," he growls, "did you get this Branahan bruiser?"

"At an outdoor school for anaemic children," I grins. "Don't he look feeble?"

"He looks to me," comes back Gates, "like a couple of guys I once saw at a boiler factory."

"And what," I demands, "were you doing at a boiler factory? Ordering yourself a necklace of square-cut boilers?"

"Never mind what I was doing," snorts Joe; "but if that big hunky of yours is a Simon-pure, I'm Queen Victoria's favorite mother. How you paying him—by the month or by the murder?"

"What a wicked thought!" I exclaims, shuddering delicately. "Here's a sickly boy giving his all for the glory of the green and blue, and ready to die for dear old Updike."

"I'm glad he's ready," cuts in Gates, and turns a pair of narrowed eyes on me.

"I see," says I. "Figuring on giving him the well-known and prominent works, eh?"

"I ain't figuring nothing," snaps Joe, "but it ain't my fault if bones break instead of bending."

Along about this time Gates is called out to the center of the field to unscramble a couple of his eggs and I'm left with something to think about. Giving a star player the works was a common practice back in the 90's and it isn't unheard of even now. If you're laying for a lad with mayhem in mind, it's a simple enough matter to get him in a football pile-up and slip over a fracture or a dislocation.

I'm on my way to tip Rusty off to what's afoot when a play comes up that attracts my attention. Updike's marching down the field to another touchdown when the ball's fumbled by a butter-fingered back and Tech gets it on their own twenty-yard line. A kick formation follows, but it's a phony. Instead of booting the pigskin, Meredith, Talbot's ace, tucks it under his arm and starts circling left end. Starts is right. He's barely underway when Beef crashes through the line and heaves two hundred pounds at him. The tackle's high and Meredith manages to stick to his feet, but it would have been better for Tech if he'd taken a nose dive right there.

*"You Double-Crosser!" I Yelps. "Sold Us Out! And You're the Honest Bird," I Sneers. "That Wouldn't Play No More for Money!"*

With his head in the runner's bread basket and his arms around his middle, Branahan half pushes and half lifts him backward. Talbot's interference is of no avail.

Meredith's gripped so tightly that he can't even let loose of the ball, and both it and he are shoved through the goal posts for a touchback just as the whistle blows ending the first half.

*Continued on Page 66*

# THE COVERED BRIDGE

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

*We Drove Through the Long, Dark Tunnel of the Bridge. As Always, the Passage Gave Me a Dim Sense of Fear, Not Unpleasant*

IT WAS an ugly thing to see. Neil Tarvey was the strongest man in all our hill country, and the bound boy, although a few years older than I, was not much better grown. Tarvey could have killed him, I thought, with a blow that had his full strength behind it, but this one seemed to me to be all the meaner and more cowardly for the careless contempt that was in it, a sweeping swing of Tarvey's huge, open hand that struck the boy on the side of his jaw and flung him, stumbling helplessly, against the open red gate of Tarvey's barnyard. He lay there, half stunned, his hand nursing his jaw, his eyes, small and black and hard, watching Tarvey with the very look of a kicked, sullen dog.

"Maybe you'll remember to shut the gate next time," Tarvey chuckled. He turned back to resume his talk with my grandfather and Enoch Royce, his red, weather-bitten face wearing a kind of self-approval, as if he expected praise for what he had done.

I watched my grandfather and it disappointed me dimly that he held his tongue. Cruelty he hated, and he had no fear of Neil Tarvey nor of any other man; once, when we came upon a farm hand abusing a stubborn horse I had seen him use his hands; for all his years and the whiteness of his beard, he could have stood up to Neil Tarvey, and I half hoped that he would do it.

But he had no word, and his face, stern and grave, was touched, I thought, with concern for something apart from the mean brutality of Tarvey's deed.

"Only way to handle that poorhouse rubbish," said Tarvey.—"One good clip side o' the jaw does more good than all the talk in the world."

"It is a habit, then?" My grandfather spoke quietly. "You make it your practice to strike first and speak afterward, Tarvey?"

The huge man's laugh rumbled in his throat.

"Start the day off with a belt in the mouth and I don't need to speak twice," he said. "Make a good hand out of that scum before I'm done with him."

"Take care," said my grandfather, "that you don't make something else of him, Tarvey."

Tarvey laughed again. "You mean, he might do me a mischief, MacNaughten?" The thought seemed to amuse him. "That rat? Look at him!"

The boy had risen to his feet. Without a word he shut the gate and moved on about his work.

"Even a rat can bite," said my grandfather. "You live here alone with the boy. Abuse him enough and you will teach him, perhaps, to think of other things than his work. He wouldn't use his hands, Tarvey; the blood in him would teach him to look for a knife."

Enoch Royce struck in upon the talk. He was Tarvey's kinsman and lived a mile or two beyond him, a timid, meaching man, given to soft, appeasing words and a wide, frequent smile that showed all his teeth. He had a trick, too, of sweating without the provocation of heat or labor, and now, as his voice drew my glance to him, I saw little beads glisten on his forehead, although he sat idle on the baled hay in his wagon and the morning, gray and overcast, was sharp with the breath of winter.

"You will waste your warnings on Neil, MacNaughten," he said. "It will need more than words to make him afraid of that slinking rat, and it will need more than a blow or two to give the boy grit enough to lift a hand against Neil Tarvey."

There was a kind of eager fawning in the voice, as if Royce sought earnestly to flatter the big man. I did not wholly blame him; Tarvey could have broken him between his hands if the whim should take him, and yet the sound and look of him somehow made me ashamed on his account. It was indecent, I mean, that a man should make a willing show of cowardice.

I could see that Neil Tarvey saw his fear and despised him for it; contempt was in his voice as he finished the talk that grandfather and I had interrupted, and when Royce drove on, his wagon wheels chattering on the frozen ruts, Tarvey spat in the road after him and turned to my grandfather with frank relief.

"Makes me sick," he said, "to see a man sweat that way when there's no call for it."

My grandfather's glance followed Royce; I saw his white brows draw together and knew that he shared Tarvey's aversion for the man, but it was his fixed habit to speak ill of nobody, and he came, reluctantly I thought, to Royce's defense.

"There may be a call for it," he said slowly. "A man will sweat for other reasons than work, Tarvey, or heat. He will sweat for fear, for example, or when he sets his wits to a sore task."

Tarvey chuckled. "Well," he said, "then Royce has excuse enough. His liver goes white, MacNaughten, when he sees me." He told some tale of schoolboy bullying and cowardice to prove his point. "Made him lick dirt right in front of the whole school and he's been doing it ever since."

My grandfather brought the talk to his errand. We had driven up to pay for certain white-oak timbers that Tarvey had sold us for a new sheep barn and, after his habit, my grandfather had brought gold. Tarvey tossed the pieces lightly in his huge palm, as if the clinking sound of them pleased him; I saw the bound boy, mending harness in the stable doorway, lift his head. I remember noticing the glint of the knife blade and the way the boy's hand lowered a little, so that the blade seemed to me to change, suddenly, from a useful tool to a weapon.

He held it beside him in that queer fashion while Tarvey went into the house to write out his receipt, but when the big man came out, waving the paper to dry the ink, the boy was again at his work. My grandfather put the receipt in his wallet and turned the light buckboard skillfully in the narrow road between Tarvey's retaining wall and the stake-and-rider fence of the barnyard. As we drove away I heard the big voice boom out in some harsh order to the boy, a dirty epithet at the end of it.

The road was very rough, a sudden freeze having turned to stone the deep-channeled mud of the fall rains, and we drove slowly, and after my grandfather's habit, in silence. It seemed to me, however, that he was troubled, and when we came to the covered bridge over Alberson's Gully he let me see that my guess had been right.

"We'll keep on to the village," he said. "I must see Calvin Tupper before this thing goes farther."

I was pleased. Calvin Tupper, as sheriff, was in charge of the county poor farm and it lay within his power to take the bound boy out of Tarvey's keeping. I knew that he would listen to my grandfather, for the two were old, fast friends, for all their points of difference. The affair, therefore, seemed settled; Tupper would take the boy back to the county farm and find him another home. There was an end of it, and I should have, besides, the unexpected excitement of a drive down the long hill road to the town.

We drove through the long, dark tunnel of the bridge, the horse's feet loud and hollow on the planks. As always,

the passage gave me a dim sense of fear, not unpleasant; there was something strange and mysterious about a covered bridge, and this one, spanning the deep gorge in the shale, with the spatter of the brook sounding far below, had a special fascination for me. As we came out at the farther end my grandfather had one of his queer words.

"It is like a lie," he said, "that bridge."

I twisted in the seat to look at him. He had a way, always, of finding a brief, homely sermon in some familiar thing; he rarely took that word, however, on his lips; a lie was so hateful to him, I think, that even its name left a bitter taste in his mouth.

"I mean," he said, "that a lie begins in truth and comes back to it again, like a bridge, and the man who trusts his weight upon it travels through the dark." He laughed softly. "It is a childish thing, but I was minded, almost, to take the old road this morning, so that we could cross the gully by the open bridge instead of using this one."

I pointed out that the old road would have been longer by a good mile, and even rougher than this one, and that the old bridge was hardly safe, even for a light rig like ours. In the old days, when men traveled mainly by horseback, the highway had crossed our farm to reach the gully at a narrow point; long before my day, however, this had been abandoned, and the newer highway followed an easier slope, passing Neil Tarvey's farm and leading around and upward to Royce's lands and the Widow Lowten's place.

We used the old road as a farm lane to reach our woodlot and the farther pastures; the old bridge was almost at our boundary and there was no need for us to keep it in repair; beyond it the disused way led through Enoch Royce's woods and reached the highway again near his house, but he used it only as we did, and drove to the village over the covered bridge.

My grandfather nodded at my reasoning and relapsed into his thoughtful silence. We skirted our lands and drove slowly down the long slant toward the town; the hills were naked now, and ugly, brown and gray except for green patches, here and there, of winter wheat; the bare trees that lifted against the sky line made me think of a frowzy growth of stubble on an unkempt face.

I hated this season between autumn and the first snowfly and sniffed hopefully at the wind. It smelled of snow, and there was a promise, too, in the low, heavy clouds. I would have enough, to be sure, of our deep hill drifts before the March sun melted them, but just now I looked forward impatiently to the lowering storm and thought of the cheerful creak of sled runners and the clean white surface of the fields.

Neil Tarvey and the bound boy slipped easily out of my mind. I had forgotten all about them by the time we crossed the railroad, halfway down the hill, and saw Enoch Royce unloading his wagon beside the box car on the siding. He lifted an arm as we passed him, and I saw his teeth show in his wide smile. I remember that I felt an unwilling stir of pity for him as Tarvey's talk came back into my thought; it must be hard to be a grown man and still to live in fear, so that you must speak soft and smile, even when the effort of it brought sweat out on your face.

In the village I waited by the stove in the hardware store while my grandfather went in search of Calvin Tupper. There was a group of lounging men about, as usual, and their talk pleased me because they were agreed that it would snow before tomorrow.

I was warmed through when my grandfather came for me and we started on the long drive back. Enoch Royce had unloaded his wagon before we came to the railroad and I could see him ahead of us, on his way back for a second load; I noticed that his car was almost filled. He would ship it, I thought, by the way freight in the evening.

I waited for my grandfather to tell me of his talk with Calvin Tupper; he did not love to be questioned. We had come to the end of our lane before he said abruptly that the sheriff had promised to take the boy from Neil Tarvey and find him a better home.

"Neil Tarvey," I said, "will be in a fine temper over that."

"He will take less harm," said my grandfather slowly, "from a fit of temper against me than from a harness knife between his ribs."

He would not say more about it, and there was work, after our wasted morning, to give us both something else to think about. I found a kind of pleasure in the haste of it; there was excitement in these final preparations for the long siege of snowdrifts and, as the afternoon darkened into early dusk, I could feel the sting, now and then, of a hard pellet against my cheek to tell me that my weather sense was true. There was a steady sift of tiny flakes by the time we finished at the lower barns and were coming back toward the beckoning yellow windows of the house. A wagon clattered toward us through the darkness and stopped in the light of my grandfather's lantern. I could see the white of Enoch Royce's teeth in the shadow of his face.

"MacNaughten," he said, his voice touched with excitement, "that boy of Neil's has run off. I saw him climb into an empty box car just as the way freight pulled out."

My grandfather said nothing. Royce waited for a moment and went on.

"I was in two minds what to do about it," he declared. "It was my thought at first to go into the station and tell Charlie Greider so that he could telegraph to Mount Heber and have them hold the young scamp there till Neil could fetch him back." He paused and I could see that he passed his hand across his forehead; I was dimly sorry for him in spite of my contempt. He gave a little tittering laugh.

"Well?" said my grandfather. "And did you?"

"No," said Royce. "And if I have trouble with Neil because of it, you will be twice to blame, MacNaughten—once for telling Neil that I let the boy go and once because it was your fault that I did it. I was on my way to tell Greider when I remembered what you said to Neil this morning, and reflected that if he would knock the boy down for leaving a gate open he would surely all but kill him for trying to run off. And if you were right about the boy"—he laughed again; the same unsteady titter—"why, to fetch him back might be to murder Neil. So I let him go, MacNaughten."

"And why," said my grandfather, "are you telling me about all this? Why not hold your tongue and run no risk of stirring Neil Tarvey's spite against you?"

Royce answered quickly. "I'm not afraid that you will talk, MacNaughten, and I wanted your opinion. If you say that I did right I will be satisfied."

My grandfather did not speak at once.

"I had arranged a better way out of it," he said at last, "but perhaps this one will serve as well. At any rate, it is done. But I would not tell anybody else, Royce. Neil Tarvey would be an angry man and in anger he would be an ugly neighbor for you."

"No fear!" Royce tittered again. "I would go a long way to keep the peace with Neil. I make no secret that I'm afraid of him."

My grandfather did not answer this; Royce, with another giggling laugh, clicked to his team and the darkness swallowed him; the clatter of it came to my ears as we went on to the warmth and welcome of the house. They seemed the friendlier to me for the thought of Enoch Royce, alone in the night and the rising storm, and sweating, as he shivered, from the ague-fever of his fear.

By our early bedtime there was a little drift at the corner of each windowpane and the snow hissed and spatted harshly against the glass. Looking out as I locked the door I could see the ground thickly covered in the slant of lamplight and the air was filled with the sullen, marching drive of whirling flakes. In the morning, by lantern light, we shoveled our way to the cow barn through drifts that were thigh-deep. The storm had died down and the late dawn, as we came back with our pails, broke through the mask of clouds.

I remember a mild regret that it was Sunday. There would be no school, to be sure, and no work except for the inevitable chores, but neither would there be any coasting

(Continued on Page 126)

"Bare Ground Under Him," He Said.
"Yes," Said Royce. "It Didn't Start In to Snow Till I Was Pretty Near Home, and I Saw the Boy Climb Into That Freight Car a Good Hour Before That"

# SWORDS AND ROSES

## Gold Spurs—By Joseph Hergesheimer

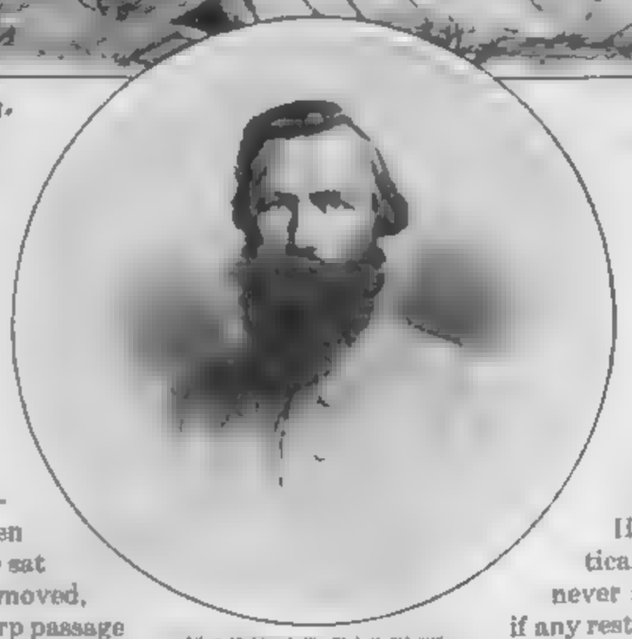
GEN. J. E. B. STUART wore gold spurs and a rose with his war jacket. Ladies in Maryland gave him the spurs and ladies wherever he chanced to be gave him the rosebuds. It was not uncommon for him to have a girl—but always lovely—mounted on one of his finest horses, galloping beside him over the roads that led to battle. Naturally he was in the cavalry. He was different, in everything except ability, from the other great cavalry leaders of the South—Jeb Stuart was without the black fury of General Forrest; he had none of the illogical severity of Jackson's spirit. Stuart wore a brown felt hat looped up flat with a gold star and sweeping black plume; his double-breasted jacket was invariably open, buttoned back on a gray waistcoat; his boots in action were heavy, but afterward he changed them for immaculate boots of patent leather worked with gold thread; but he danced as well as fought in his spurs.

*Manassas Junction, Showing the Evacuated Confederate Fortifications, Abandoned Camps and Wagons, and the Ruins of the Railway Depot and Other Buildings Burnt by the Confederates*

On the march he wore a graceful cape, lined in brilliant red, his arms were a light French saber and a single pistol in a black holster. He kept strapped on the pommel of his saddle an oilcloth poncho for rain. In rain, curiously enough, his spirits were always highest. He sang continually in all downpours. Stuart wrapped a beautiful yellow sash around his waist—he arranged it so that the tassels would fall in full view on the left side—and over that his belt was buckled. He never moved out of the company of a bright red battle flag, ignoring the fact that it might and often did draw the enemy's fire, and he was never without the presence of his banjo player, Sweeny. Sweeny was an inmate of the general's tent, he rode behind him in the field and accompanied General Stuart upon all social occasions. Stuart wrote practically all his important dispatches to the rattle of Sweeny's strings; often he would interrupt the most serious concerns by singing, in a loud, sonorous and correct voice, a sentimental or robust chorus.

The songs preferred by Sweeny and General Stuart were Our Bugles Sang Truce, for the Night Cloud Had Lowered; The Dew is on the Blossom; Sweet Evelina, and humorous catches: If You Get There Before I Do; The Old Gray Horse; If You Want to Have a Good Time, Jine the Cavalry. Stuart led his men at Chancellorsville singing, "Old Joe Hooker, will you come out of the Wilderness?" Sweeny himself took especial pleasure in Oh, Johnny Booker, Help This Nigger and Oh, Lord, Ladies, Don't You Mind Stephen.

In winter quarters General Stuart's tent was a large affair; there was a good chimney with a cheerful fireplace; but in summer, on more active service, he had an informal piece of canvas hung over a rail and open at both ends. There were a chair and desk, his red blankets were laid on the ground, his two setters, Nip and Tuck, stayed at Stuart's feet. He carried them, whenever it was necessary and possible, on his saddle. Unofficially he was gay, with moments of unaccountable temper. Stuart, in his personal relationships, was both tender and highly sensitive; all misunderstanding made him acutely miserable; but where his position, his authority, were concerned he was adamant. Nothing could change his convictions or designs. He never overlooked or forgot the slightest opposition to his will.



*Gen. J. E. B. Stuart*

His courage was absolute; it was recklessness beyond any reason; he showed no sign of the restlessness exhibited by the bravest men in situations of extreme danger; he sat on his horse with his head up, unmoved, in full sight of the enemy. The sharp passage of bullets—at Fredericksburg they cut off locks of his hair and pierced his clothes—did not even distract his attention. Bravery, rather than the result of a strong will, in Stuart seemed to be the product of indifference. An immense animal vitality danced in his brilliant blue eyes. He was not tall; rather his frame was low and powerful, closely knit and capable of enormous endurance. He had a broad high forehead, instinct with imagination, a heavy nose and large delicate nostrils; a chestnut-brown mustache was curled up at the ends above a great brown beard.

His mind was active and determined, rather than learned; his education and preferences were those of a gentleman rather than of a scholar—Stuart read very little. He was familiar with the volume of Napoleon's Maxims and with a translation of Jomini's Treatise on War. When he read at all, it was in the subject of his profession. He was a born, an ideal, leader of cavalry. His perceptions there were faultless; he was never known to make a tactical error. His plans were formed instantly with no more than a single sweeping view of a complicated battlefield. At times, however, nothing but his unconquerable resolution, a cold desperation, saved him from destruction. General Stuart was often forced to depend upon sharpshooting, but he enormously preferred pure cavalry fighting; but when his men were dismounted in skirmishes he remained stubbornly beside them, buoyant with encouragement and songs.

His great ability was in raiding, in rapid flank movements, charging and falling back with horse. His extraordinary energy was practically inexhaustible; Stuart almost never slept. He needed, it seemed, little if any rest. On the night of the second battle of Manassas he gave comprehensible orders when he was asleep. After days and nights without interruption in the saddle, he would stop by any roadside and lie down, safe or in the enemy's country, without pickets or videttes. He did this at Carlisle, Pennsylvania; wrapped in his cloak he rested for an hour against a tree, and then he remounted, completely refreshed. Through moments of extreme peril he sat with a leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle, drumming with his fingers on a knee. He was often begged not to expose himself so recklessly; he must, it was pointed out, be killed, but his invariable response was that he reckoned not. His life did appear to be charmed; he lived untouched in a rain of shell, canister, round shot and bullets until he was hit fatally at Yellow Tavern.

He died, happily, at the moment of his greatest glory, at the last glorious moment of the Confederacy; he suffered none of the ignominy, the poverty and sadness, of defeat. For that reason he was the most satisfactory, the most wholly romantic soldier of the Civil War. Nothing about him, nothing in his career, was disappointing; it was all handsome, all ingratiating, like his yellow sash with its graceful, fringed ends. He had the immense good fortune to be born at the right time, at the right place and to the right manner; his ancestors were both distinguished and honorable. The first member of his family to reach America was Archibald Stuart, in 1726; he left Londonderry, Ireland, to escape religious persecution, and settled in Western Pennsylvania. His second

*The Schoolhouse in the Mountains, Used by John Brown as an Arsenal*

son, Alexander, was commissioned an officer in the Revolution; and his son—again Alexander—was a judge in Richmond and member of the Executive Council of State. Judge Stuart's son, Archibald—the family kept its own names—J. E. B. Stuart's father, was an officer in the United States Army in the War of 1812, he sat in the Virginia Legislature, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829 and 1831, and of the Convention of 1850.

Archibald Stuart married Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, and she brought him a beautiful estate and plantation called Laurel Hill in Patrick County. Her family—four sons and six daughters—was born there—James Ewell Brown on the sixth of February, 1833. The house he first knew was set in a deep lawn of oak trees and surrounded by beds of flowers. He spent his childhood in the shadow of oaks and in a garden with his mother. Beyond he saw against the sky the high, serene beauty of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

In 1855, when Stuart was twenty-two years old, he was appointed regimental quartermaster and commissary at Fort Leavenworth. He had been second lieutenant in the First Regiment, United States Cavalry. Fort Leavenworth was the most western of the forts begun in 1816 to protect the territory of the United States from foreign menace beyond. It was built in 1827, and when Jeb Stuart was ordered there, Leavenworth was the most important military post in the country. It controlled the hostile prairie Indians; it was a point of departure for the Santa Fé Trail and the trails to the North; and, as far as possible, it preserved a comparative order in the preliminary and local Civil War that took place in Kansas Territory. In Kansas the North and the South met in a bitter and destructive struggle.

Senator Douglas, in 1854, presented a bill that resulted in bringing to an end the Missouri Compromise, an agreement and a line dividing the states where slavery was permitted from the states that were to remain free. Kansas Territory was now given the right to decide if it would become a free or a slave state, and in consequence of this there was a lawless and bloody strife. Elections were no better than battles.

An organized immigration of anti-slave forces was sent from New England; armed bodies of men crossed the Missouri border—the Border Ruffians—in the interest of slaveholders. The Southerners declared that the Massachusetts Aid Societies were composed of the lowest class of rowdies, hellish emigrants and paupers whose bellies were filled with beggar's food; men of black and poisonous hearts; they were riffraff, scoundrels and criminals. The citizens of Missouri, the North asserted, were low and degraded beings, armed to the teeth and reveling in cruelty—in brief, fiends incarnate.

FROM "CAMPFIRE AND BATTLEFIELD." COPYRIGHT 1894 BY JONES BROS. PUB. CO.

*Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Raid Around McClellan, June, 1862*

The result of such extravagant opinion was both immediate and serious; there were, among other things, two legislatures, two territorial governments; the ballot was soon given up for the more decisive effect of bowie knives and Sharp's rifles. That was the scene which witnessed the entrance of John Brown and his sons into history. John Brown had been living on a farm in North Elba, New York, and in August, 1854, he decided to remove to Kansas and oppose what he held to be the fatal iniquity of slavery. He was delayed, however, in starting; nearly a year later—in April, 1855—three of his sons, Owen and Frederick and Salmon, with eleven head of cattle and three horses, entered Kansas; in May they were at Osawatomie, and there two more brothers, Jason and John, joined them. John Brown reached Osawatomie in October, bringing with him, for the extending of liberty, several cases of guns belonging to disbanded militia companies of the state of Ohio, a gift of broadswords from General Lucius V. Bierce, and an assortment of carbines, revolvers, swords, powder and caps. Personally he was destitute—he owned only sixty cents in money. His sons, burning with fever and ague, had neither been able to build cabins nor cultivate their scant crops. No better than tents protected them from the local bitter winds. They had no meat, almost no sugar, the bread was made from corn laboriously ground by hand. This did nothing to reduce John Brown's fervor. "God," he wrote, "has not deserted us; & we get day by day our dayly bread; & I wish we had a great deal more gratitude to mingle with our undeserved blessings." His sons eagerly attended free-state meetings; he was ready to meet violence with violence, to do, he declared, to the Border Ruffians what they were doing to Free-Soilers. He was ready to take from the proslavery men their chattels, living or immobile, and even their lives.

In November, 1854, Lucius Kibby, a Free-Soiler, killed Henry Davis, a Kentuckian, with a knife. Then William Phillips, a Northern lawyer settled in Leavenworth, was warned by a proslavery vigilance committee to leave the territory. He declined and the committee tarred and feathered him near Rialto, Missouri. One side of his head was shaved, after he had been stripped and the hot tar applied, he was ridden on a rail for a mile and a half, and then he was sold for a dollar by a negro auctioneer. The Reverend Pardee Butler, of Atchison, was put on a raft in the Missouri River by Southern sympathizers and there stoned. His forehead was marked by the letter R, and flags on his raft bore the inscriptions: Greeley to the Rescue, I have a Nigger; Eastern Aid Express; and, Rev. Mr. Butler, Agent to the Underground Railroad.

John Brown, who considered himself to be the weapon of a transcendent justice, lost no time in entering the struggle—three days after his arrival in Kansas he went with his sons, fully armed, to the election of a free-state candidate, but no enemy appeared. He organized a company called the Liberty Guards, with four of his sons, Frederick and Owen and Salmon and John, and others, and for the first time he received the title of captain. His fervor increased; with the assistance of four of his sons, a Henry Thompson, Theodore Weiner and James Townsley, he deliberately killed five proslavery men. They began that practical expression of the spirit by sharpening the cutlasses General Bierce had supplied. Young John Brown and Jason held them while the grindstone was turned by a boy named Bain Fuller. George Grant, who saw the operation, remarked to Frederick Brown, "This looks like business." Frederick replied, "Yes, it does." Near sundown a James Blood saw a wagon accompanied by a mounted man going toward Pottawatomie Creek. As it drew near to him John Brown rose up in it and called halt. The men in the wagon, Blood recalled, were armed with rifles, revolvers, knives and the sharp cutlasses.

"John Brown's manner," Colonel Blood wrote long afterward, "was wild and frenzied, and the whole party watched

(Continued on Page 119)

*The Second Battle of Bull Run. From a Wartime Sketch*

# DYNASTY

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

XIII

IN A LETTER to Professor Witmer, Hiram Bond referred to the social qualifications of his wife. The letter was written in the spring of 1893, when society assumed sudden important proportions in his plans.

"Bessie," he said, "is of an extraordinary simplicity, and of a gentleness which is at once gracious and dignified. I do not think she is equipped either by nature or by education to be what one hears referred to as a great hostess. There seems to be but one social distinction to her—that between myself and the remainder of mankind. Nevertheless she acquits herself to my perfect satisfaction either in our own home or abroad. She would entertain with equal placidity and lack of embarrassment the King of England and the head bookkeeper. She is not, thank God, one of these showy women, either in appearance or in conversation; but because she is at ease, she puts others at ease also. And if she has no observations to make, she maintains a courteous and very sensible silence. She is not, you will gather, a woman to arouse the emotions of pride in her husband, but she does fill him with a most affectionate satisfaction and contentment. I find myself fortunate."

It is, perhaps, regrettable that Bessie Willets Bond never saw this letter, for it is doubtful if Hiram ever paid her a like compliment in words.

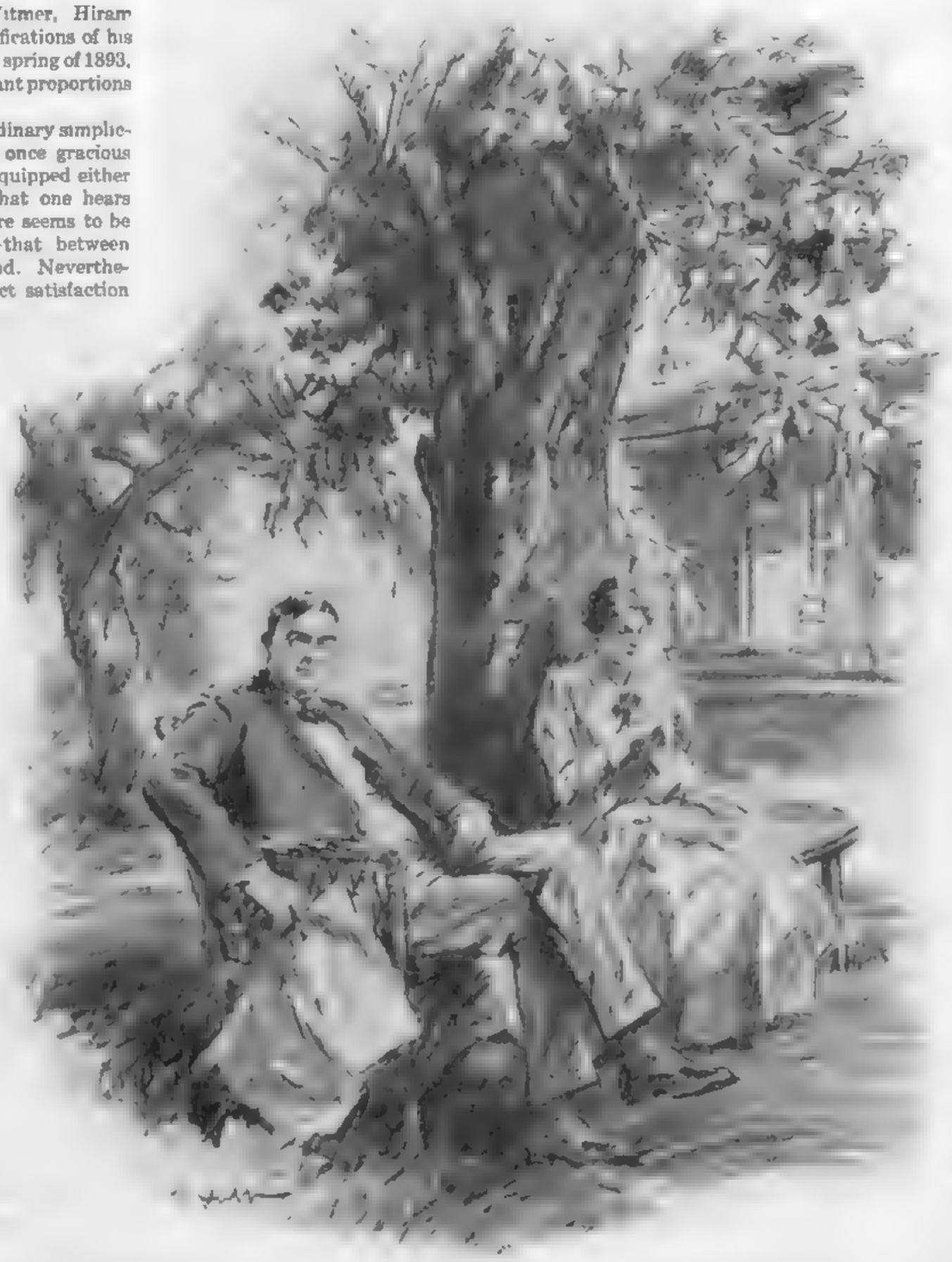
On the other hand, it is wholly possible she knew, for she was a sensitive woman where Hiram was concerned, and read his moods with a precision which was almost uncanny. If a woman gives up a lifetime to the study of one man, it is inevitable that she will come to know him surprisingly well.

The social emergency arose upon the return of J. Steele Worthington and his Woodbury wife from their prolonged honeymoon. Marion Woodbury had been brought up in a social atmosphere somewhat more sophisticated than that of Carthage; it was her intention to dominate the society of that region, or, if there were no society as she understood it, to create one. And the dawn of this new day was to be ushered in by an entertainment to signalize their home-coming.

Mrs. Amasa Worthington, whatever her vindictiveness against Hiram Bond, had not included his wife. Perhaps there resided in her the willingness to make social war against the Bonds and so have her revenge against Hiram for his ascendancy over her husband, but a modicum of good sense had prevented. She hated the man, but also she feared him. This was not true of Marion Worthington, who did not know Hiram at all, but who, having listened for months to the complainings of her husband, and to his fulminations, had come to believe that her mission in life was to fight a battle which her relations by marriage had shirked. She was ambitious. It was not enough for her that she was daughter to Peter C. Woodbury and daughter-in-law to Amasa P. Worthington. She wanted to be somebody's wife as well. It was Hiram Bond who prevented J. Steele from occupying the high place to which his birth entitled him. Therefore she returned in open warfare.

Her first overt act was to be a deliberately administered snub of such public character as must set the town to buzzing; the names of the Hiram Bonds were to be omitted from the list of guests at the home-coming celebration. She spoke of it openly, with reasons affixed.

"One must draw the line somewhere," she said, "if there is to be a decent society. I shall have nothing to do with this man or his family. A sort of ex-drunkard, I hear. It is as well to draw the line first as last—put him in his place once for all."



*He Read or Stared Before Him Into Nothingness, and Bessie Sat, Placid, Contented, Never Interrupting. Her Life Was His*

Thus the matter came to be talked of before the event, and as was inevitable, filtered its way to Hiram, who was very much occupied with other matters and gave it scant heed. He had just engineered a delicate transaction whereby he had secured control of the principal bank in Bolton, where were Willard Latham's chief offices and mills. It was a matter in which neither he nor the Worthington interests appeared upon the surface—a sort of sapping operation, a tunnel driven under Latham's fortifications to be equipped with high explosive—a mine ready for the match.

The year had opened as he had foreseen. In February the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad became bankrupt and a stock panic followed, and the gold reserve threatened to fall below the traditional point of safety. In this crisis a New York bank loaned the Government on call six millions in gold. And in this state of affairs the national Government was turned over to Grover Cleveland on March fourth. There was vacillation. The President hesitated to sell bonds to strengthen the reserve, and on April fifteenth Secretary Carlisle suspended the issuance of gold certificates for gold deposited in the Treasury. Public anxiety became acute and disasters followed one another with overwhelming rapidity. New York banks refused to rediscount notes offered them by inland bankers and there were bank failures in the South and West. Then the dangerous expedient of clearing-house certificates was resorted to, and within a brief space there were in circulation fifty-five million of these dubious tokens. The Erie Railroad failed in June and silver dropped to thirty and a half pence an ounce. . . . The times favored Hiram and his project. He foresaw some governmental curative action and determined to push his war to completion before it should throw a ray of hope through the financial night.

It is not to be wondered at that a young woman's social ambition should receive scant attention from him in this crisis, but on a Sabbath which he was spending in rest at the farm with his family and his creatures the thing became suddenly worthy of his notice. Bessie spoke of it.

"Hiram," she said, "we are not to be invited to young Mrs. Worthington's party."

"So I hear," said Hiram abstractedly.

"She must not put such a slight on you, Hiram," said his wife with gentle firmness. "I cannot sit by and see my husband snubbed by this young woman."

"Your husband, Bess? What about yourself?"

She smiled and nodded. "I know, Hiram, I am only your wife. It contents me. I love being your wife. Sometimes I am very proud that a man like you should have married me. It is enough for me. I know, too, Hiram, that a snub from this child seems only as a flea bite to you. But I am jealous for you, Hiram. I cannot bear to see you made little of by those who owe you so much."

Hiram stood little Jason on his feet and leaned forward. "I follow you," he said, "but to me it seems the slight is to you. Aimed at me it may be, but the arrow strikes you."

"They are not thinking of me," said Bessie.

"Then," said Hiram, "it would be well if they did. The young fools! So you're jealous of your husband's dignity, eh?"

"Yes, Hiram."

"But not at all of your own social prestige?"

"Only for your sake, dear."

He walked to her and laid his huge hand upon her ordered hair—a rare caress which brought a smile of beauty to her upturned eyes. "And I, Bessie," he said gently, "care something for yours."

She saw lines form about his mouth and the muscles at the corners of his jaw grow hard. "I'll attend to the matter," he said grimly.

That the thing troubled Amasa Worthington was testified on Monday, when he referred to the event in evident embarrassment, clearing his throat and tugging at his whiskers uneasily.

"I hear," he said, "that my son and his wife are planning a considerable entertainment."

"Indeed?" Hiram appeared scarcely to hear.

"Those things are for the younger folks, eh? I suppose we must expect to sit back and watch the children play. More and more we find ourselves omitted from their pleasures."

The line of thought, the explanation, almost the apology, was not difficult to perceive. Amasa was endeavoring to take the biting edge from the slight.

"Ah," said Hiram, "it is to be a party for the younger people?"

"That is the idea," said Amasa.

"The men in four of Willard Latham's mills went out on strike this morning," said Hiram.

Amasa felt a sudden great relief; Hiram considered the party negligible; he seemed scarcely aware of it. So he accepted the new subject of discussion gratefully.

"A singularly unfortunate moment for labor troubles," he said.

"For Latham, not for us," said Hiram; nor did he disclose at what expense of trouble and of money had come those strikes, organized by his agents and directed by him—those strikes, timed to the instant so that Latham would be prevented from filling certain vital contracts. "Latham made a mistake selling stock in his concern to pay for expansion. He should have bonded. Now he is hampered with stockholders and a board of directors—a restless minority interest. News of this trouble will send the price of his securities down to nothing."

"And we profit by his misfortune," Amasa said with manifest distaste.

"The stock, which was sold at a hundred, has been falling steadily for a year. It touched fifty in January; it passed through forty. I am surprised if this news does not send it down to ten."

"But the physical worth is there, Hiram."

"A frightened public does not think of physical worth. I think I can break it to five—or lower. Then I shall buy."

"Very well, my boy," said Amasa, "the matter is in your hands."

That evening after dinner Amasa referred to the conversation of the morning.

"Hiram doesn't seem to have noticed this caper of Marion's," he said. "I was worried. He might have been affronted."

"And he isn't?"

"I tell you," Amasa said a bit impatiently, "he's unconscious of the whole thing."

"Sometimes," said his wife, "I think I know this man Bond better than you."

"What do you mean?"

Her only answer was to shrug her shoulders.

Newspaper readers of that day were grateful for any event which had not to do with currency, business failures, the silver issue, and the possible blunders of the next Congress, summoned to meet in August. Therefore it made much of the tour of a youthful Italian duke, a relative of the King of Italy. His arrival was chronicled, his landing at the Battery and his reception, the ball given for him by Mrs. Astor, his clothes, his suite, the battle of hostesses in the metropolis for his possession. This charming young man was to tour the country from coast to coast, investigating the country's natural resources, its manufactures, its railroads and its pleasures. So simple and unaffected were his manners and so handsome his face that he became a popular idol and the social lion of the year. Of this phenomenon Hiram Bond took notice.

He wrote a great international banker with large hazards in Italy—a man under no slight obligations to Hiram. He was brief, without preamble and without pretense:

"I want the duke to visit me in Carthage. This is important. A situation has risen which makes it necessary. Attend to this matter for me, notify me of the date of his arrival, and you will not find me ungrateful."

The next issue of the Carthage Enquirer, laboring under great excitement, announced that the duke would break his journey in their city, having a tremendous interest in the business of lumbering. The date of his arrival was not known to the editor, nor the duration of his visit, nor other particulars of interest to all. But he was coming. Carthage was to entertain a real duke—the duke of all dukes! It was a fact and verifiable, as Mrs. J. Steele Worthington discovered upon inquiry of the editor, for he had a notification on the letterhead of the Italian Embassy to offer as proof.

It was enough for Marion. Of course the Worthingtons would entertain him! She besought Amasa to bestir himself to that end, and wrote her father to exert his influence. There was social prestige for one—to be remembered as the hostess of that young nobleman over whom New York had squabbled and to whom McAllister and the Four Hundred had done homage.

Various maneuverings were maneuvered; letters written, influential personages approached. Then fell the blow in a brief note from the secretary of embassy giving Mrs. J. Steele the information that the duke was to be entertained during his stay in Carthage by Mr. Hiram Bond!

Marion ran—actually ran down the hall to her mother-in-law's bedroom with the note.

"Look!" she cried, thrusting it into Mrs. Worthington's hands. "Look!"

Mrs. Worthington looked and then very slowly refolded the paper and placed it in its envelope before she spoke. Then she nodded.

"I despise the man," she said. "He is an impossible bullying brute, but one never mistakes him for an idiot. I've been expecting something."

"But what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"This," said Mrs. Worthington, "is so completely perfect there seems nothing to do. My dear, for a dozen years I have tried to find some way to hurt the man, to get the better of him. I've thought up a number of ways—but none I dared use. When he is abolished, it must be permanently. Half measures or petty annoyances such as yours are dangerous. But you would have your own way about it."

"After all he has done to Steele!" cried Marion.

"After all he has done to all of us."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes—tears of exasperation and defeat. "But something must be done—it must be."

"What would you suggest?" asked her mother-in-law.

"Can't Papa Worthington do something about it?"

"He never has," said Papa Worthington's wife dryly.

"But don't you see? I've snubbed him and his wife. Now, even supposing papa made him invite us to the entertainments for the duke, we couldn't go. We—we've put ourselves on record."

"Do you suppose Hiram Bond didn't think of that? And do you suppose he'll not take means to have the story get out? The whole state will be laughing up its sleeve at you."

"At us," said Marion.

"No, my dear. He'll take good care of that. He'll not hurt Mr. Worthington. It will be, if you can forgive the expression, a spanking of the children."

"But can't papa do something—anything?"

"I doubt it, but we'll see. When Hiram Bond decides to make a point, he makes it thoroughly. At any rate, from now and henceforward nobody in this part of the state can deny that he and Bessie have the entrée!"

When Amasa came home the crisis was laid before him while he listened grimly.

"You are well deserved," he said with little show of sympathy. "There was no call to affront Hiram or his wife." Then he chuckled a little. "Never," he said, with one of his rare efforts to be facetious, "try to shoot a tiger with a popgun. . . . However, I'll think about it. Possibly there is some way out."

His way out was characteristic of his unimaginative, decent, straightforward mind. "Hiram," he said in the morning, "you've got my daughter-in-law in a state of mind. Serves her right. But after all, she's young. Isn't there some way you can let her down out of the tree without breaking an arm?"

"Is she satisfied," asked Hiram unemotionally, "that Bessie is fit company for her and her friends?"

"I rather imagine so. I may go so far as to say I am quite certain of it."

"Permanent condition or liable to change with the weather?"

"I don't think she loves you, Hiram, but I think she's learned her lesson."

Hiram nodded. "Can't have the womenfolks pick on Bessie," he said. "So long as that's understood we'll get along. Tell the young woman the matter is in my wife's hands. But she'll have to go to Bess. That's the price. It's time she learned you don't get something for nothing."

Amasa nodded his head. "You're justified, my boy. I'll tell her."

So that crisis was passed. Bessie was gentle and sympathetic with a young woman compelled to humiliate herself, and the Bonds consented to go to the Worthingtons' party. But Hiram found himself with two enemies in the Worthington family, both vindictive, both bent upon his undoing, both seeing J. Steele as the weapon with which he might be brought low. His one friend was Amasa—and Amasa was drawing toward his sixtieth year.

*Marion Ran—Actually Ran Down the Hall to Her Mother-in-Law's Bedroom With the Note. "Look!" She Cried, Thrusting it Into Mrs. Worthington's Hands. "Look!"*

### XIV

IN NOVEMBER a new factor appeared in the affairs of the Worthington interests in the person of a grandson, who was named neither Amasa for his paternal

(Continued on Page 109)

# JONAH

## By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THEY said unkind things about Finlay McCraber for the simple reason that unkind things came first, easiest and most frequently to mind.

They implied, for instance, that Finlay had sprouted suddenly from nowhere and had blossomed doubtfully on the side of a tree or under a damp stone, and had been plucked too soon.

They drew a conclusion from Finlay's nose, which sprouted somewhere up toward his hair line, swooped outward on a sharp arc of curve and laid a general course of east by southeast for three and one-quarter inches by actual measurement, until it arrived at an inquisitive bight, whereupon its helm was thrown down hard a-starboard, and the lines of the septum made port on a south by southwesterly course, where his upper lip should have been. Unfortunately, the upper lip cared nothing about the nose, but with an utter disregard for it and for Finlay, began one inch and three-quarters farther south, and search as you would, there was no chin; for the rest of his face, fatigued, no doubt, by the extensive navigation involved in the problem of the proboscis, shot off at a sudden tangent from the reef of his buckteeth and grounded emphatically on his Adam's apple.

*Finlay Jumped Across Him to Gus Mastick and Yelled, "You Been Foolin' Me About How Venus!" And He Tapped That Man Down Also*

Finlay's cranial measurements were very carefully taken with calipers during the first three days; after which Hoke Evans, being a motor machinist and therefore a man of some scientific attainments, was prevailed upon to look into the matter of Finlay's feet, for a theory was very solemnly entertained that if Finlay wore his shoes aboard, or even brought them in the immediate vicinity of Genevieve, the old girl, being a sensitive female pig boat, would assume that the shoes were bigger and better boats of some new and mysterious type, and would sink into the morbid slough of professional jealousy.

None of which things ever hurt any first-hitch man in his first week aboard, for it is written that many an admiral started his official career on a still hunt for a left-handed monkey wrench. Nor would they have had any permanent effect on Finlay, his nose or his feet, if Finlay had forgotten his past and his secret sorrow. But there you have Finlay—Finlay was by way of being an earnest seeker after truth. He wanted to be a gob and see the world through a porthole, but on the other hand, he knew that he had fumbled his past. But the novelty of his new estate had taken the thought from his mind and would have kept it from bothering him, if his shipmates had been kinder to him. They weren't, so he brooded in a mild, pulpy way, and from the depths of his brooding he spoke of his previous condition of servitude, and from that day he was damned.

"Yep," he said, "the great times were in the winter out home. I'd usually be staying up at nights with Joe and Mac; they worked for pop, you see, and we'd take our suppers to the parlor an' play three-handed euchre maybe right through till pop came in in the morning—sometimes nine o'clock—or maybe we'd just sit around and swap stories."

He said that to Hoke. Hoke looked at him for a moment with infinite sadness in his eyes. Then he slowly shook his head.

"Finlay, my boy, I'm grieved to hear you say things like that right out in public. You gotta remember you ain't home now, an' them things is bad for the reppatation of the Navy if they git out. Suppose a thing like that got inta the papers now?"

"Aw, hey," said Finlay.

Buck Gallagher touched him on the elbow confidentially. "And I guess you an' Joe an' Mac useta get pretty wild in the summertimes, too, di'n' ya? I mean git real, sorta cuttin' up like, an' maybe take girls to the strawberry festival at the First Methodist Church over in Jabb Switch Four Corners an' smoke corn silk right out where everybody could see ya, and say 'Gosh, all hemlock' in front of the minister?"

"No," said Finlay. "Pop's a Presbyterian an' I had to be pretty careful about going always to the Presbyterian Church."

"Oh," said Hoke, "but you wouldn't stop playin' three-handed euchre even if it broke your poor old man's heart, though, would you?"

Finlay laughed easily. "He didn't mind. He knew we had to do something to keep awake."

"If he'd done right by a dirty little stay-out like you, he'd 'a' taken your measure for a coupla good swift slaps on the wrist an' sent you ta bed."

"But we were workin'! We wasn't just sittin' up to play euchre. You have to stay up in the wintertime."

"Sure—I forgot—you fellas had to stay up to see no one stole the sidewalks. We useta have ta do that once at home. We had a lot of paint stealers around, an' at night, if ya di'n' watch for them, they'd come an' steal all the paint offen the house."

"Aw, hey," said Finlay, "it wasn't that! We wasn't out at the house at all. We was down in town at the parlor."

"Sure ya was. But if ya'd been onta your jobs them slickers wouldna got even that far away with your pop's parlor. You'd 'a' heard 'em takin' it outa the house, an' if you wasn't all wore out stayin' up at night, you'd 'a' brought it back an' nailed it on again."

"Aw, hey," said Finlay. "It wasn't that kind of a parlor. You got me wrong. It was an undertakin' parlor."

"An undertakin' parlor!" Buck jumped. "Say, I ain't got you at all. So ya bin an undertaker an' ya never told no one?"

"Aw, hey," said Finlay. "I told the recruitin' officer. It's on the papers."

"An' ya got sent ta the pig boats!" Buck Gallagher stood up. "Well, you're gonna git offen this tin can or I am. How'd ya get ta be a cook if ya was an undertaker—tell me that?"

"Aw, hey, anybody c'n cook. They asked me could I do a lot of things at the base which I couldn't, except cook. Ain't the food all right?" he asked anxiously.

Hoke Evans whistled and stared at Buck. Buck crossed the first two fingers of both hands and spit fiercely over his left shoulder.

Hoke stood up.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad this didn't go no farther. An' you better lissen pretty close to what I say, kid. It's bad enough as it is, but they's two guys standin' right here before you that'll jus' natchally eat your heart out if the bad news gits around the division, so don't you go tellin' no one else about bein' an undertaker—'cause besides bein' unlucky, it ain't what you'd call tackful."

"Yeah," said Buck, "an' I guess the best thing ya c'n do is ta ask for a transfer to a battle wagon where they's more room an' more guys ta share the bad luck."

To do Finlay justice, he took them at their word and kept a very tight lip for a week, during which a strange thing happened. Buck Gallagher bought himself a ring. It cost him three dollars. It had an Indian lucky sign on it and the word Mizpah. Two days later, four more rings identical to Buck's showed up aboard Genevieve. On Thursday a box containing three rabbits' feet arrived from a mail-order house, and a horseshoe appeared on Friday morning on the bulkhead of the forward torpedo room. Saturday was the last of the month and nobody seemed to remember that Genevieve had only done twelve dives, and the loss of the other three dollars apiece was pocketed by mutual consent.

Mind you, this was all very insidious and quiet. But Sunday morning it broke out into violent storm.

Sparks started to shiver and chatter and thrash his arms when he passed through the battery room. He blew on his

fingers and stamped his feet. He rubbed his ears. Buck leaned out of his bunk.

"Say," he said, "what's eatin' ya? Ya got the itch or St. Vitus's dance?"

Sparks looked at him solemnly. "No; I'm almost frozen to death. They's seven pairs of cold feet in here, and when the wind's right you get a draft fit to blow rivets out. I guess it won't be long now—no, sir, not very long now before a few bright boys decide that swabbing decks on a wagon at fifteen less plunks a month is a pretty good job compared to a submarine. Well, s'long. I got to see about an issue of ear muffs." Whereupon Sparks got under way from a standing start in a fraction under nothing flat and dove through into the C. O. C. at an angle of forty-five degrees to the horizontal, followed by three shoes, a copy of True Stories of Love, a tin of brass polish, a small leather accordion case and a web duty belt. As the miscellaneous assortment of gear cracked on the bulkhead and clattered down on the deck, Sparks' head reappeared and with his lips pursed and his cheeks puffed out, he made a sound as of a raspberry calling to its mate in the desert, and went his way.

From then on, Genevieve's company was as a house divided against itself on the basis of two diametrically opposed schools of thought. On the one side stood the men of science, staunchly buttressed by a small group of bold, fearless fellows who took life as it came and believed that blowing on dice was merely an ancient tribal custom and had no real bearing on the number of naturals that were rolled.

Johnnie Collini crystallized the thesis quite pithily. "Say, I knew a guy oncet who, every time a spanner dropped, he thought the forward turret had blew up or mebbe we ripped out the bottom, so he thinks mebbe the best thing is to get himself safe while the gettin' safe is good, so he grabs himself a job pushin' a pen on shore, and three days later he gets knocked down by a buzz wagon and breaks a leg. If a thing's gonna happen, it's gonna happen, ain't it? No rabbit foot ain't gonna stop it, is it?"

"Yea?" Buck Gallagher answered for the opposing school. "Is 'at so? All right, be a wise guy, fella. Be a wise guy! That don't prove nothin', see? They was a wise guy just like you out home at the saw mill, see? He useta talk loud, just like you, an' one day he got foolin' about walkin' under ladders and spillin' salt an' lettin' black cats walk in front of him. Well, we missed him along about dinnertime an' we been missin' him ever since, see?"

"Yea; what's 'at prove, huh? Mebbe he just went away"

"Yea? Well, he di'n', see? If he'd just went away he'd 'a' took his hat and his false teeth with him, wouldn' he?—instead of sorta leavin' 'em lyin' aroun' loose in the splinters when the smoke cleared up after the dynamite shed took off, see? An' I don't like no undertakers on no submarine!"

Somehow, after that Finlay felt himself drawn into the fellowship of the Predestination Party. It warmed his heart and he had no idea that he was merely being used to taunt the Rabbit's Foot School. Instead of being sent around for kegs of starboard tacks, as of yore, he was now earnestly encouraged to talk about his past, and in all seriousness he complied. He always spoke of his late profession in a most solemn and respectful way, and he only went into details because he thought his listeners were scientifically interested.

Or again, time falling heavily, Skunk Macready would get Finlay to talk of intricate problems in his father's business. Skunk's mind ran to morbid details.

Now it is hard to say just when it was that Finlay got the idea that he was looked upon as a freak by all hands and used merely as a butt by the men who seemed most friendly. But the idea came, and when he dismissed it, it came again. To be just to Finlay, he knew his facial contours were somewhat unique and he had accepted the fact with resignation, but in the Navy he could see no reason for that to be an obstacle to his career. He was a trifle self-conscious about being merely a cook and wished he might go sometime to a torpedo school to rectify the matter. He liked nothing better than to squat in the battery room on practice shoots, to pass the word, watching Mr. Middleton hunched up at the periscope and listening for the whining metallic screams to echo aft from the forward torpedo room as a hot shot was fired. During the first month he believed that he was hazed merely because he was the cook. After that, it occurred to him that there must be some other reason, and he developed the formula of "You ain't foolin' me now?" whenever anyone told him to do anything. It hurt him down deep inside to think that he had to doubt the sincerity of his fellow man. But as time wore on he was forced to admit the sad fact. For days it lay heavily upon his heart; then almost imperceptibly it changed from grief to annoyance and from annoyance to mild anger at times.

It was after things began to happen to Genevieve, and the Buck Gallagher Party redoubled its efforts to drive the Jonah off, that the mild anger changed to a fierce but sullen fire.

There was the gasket first, on the bridge hatch. In a crash dive Jardine leaped down after Mr. Middleton with the bridge compass and slammed lustily at the securing gear, then he slid into the C. O. C. just as he always did.

"Crack A Vent!"

"A Vent cracked, sir."

"Secure A Vent."

"A Vent sec "

A torrent of water gurgled delightedly down the conning-tower ladder, twelve mouths dropped open and twelve faces went fish-belly white as the skipper yelled:

"Surface!"

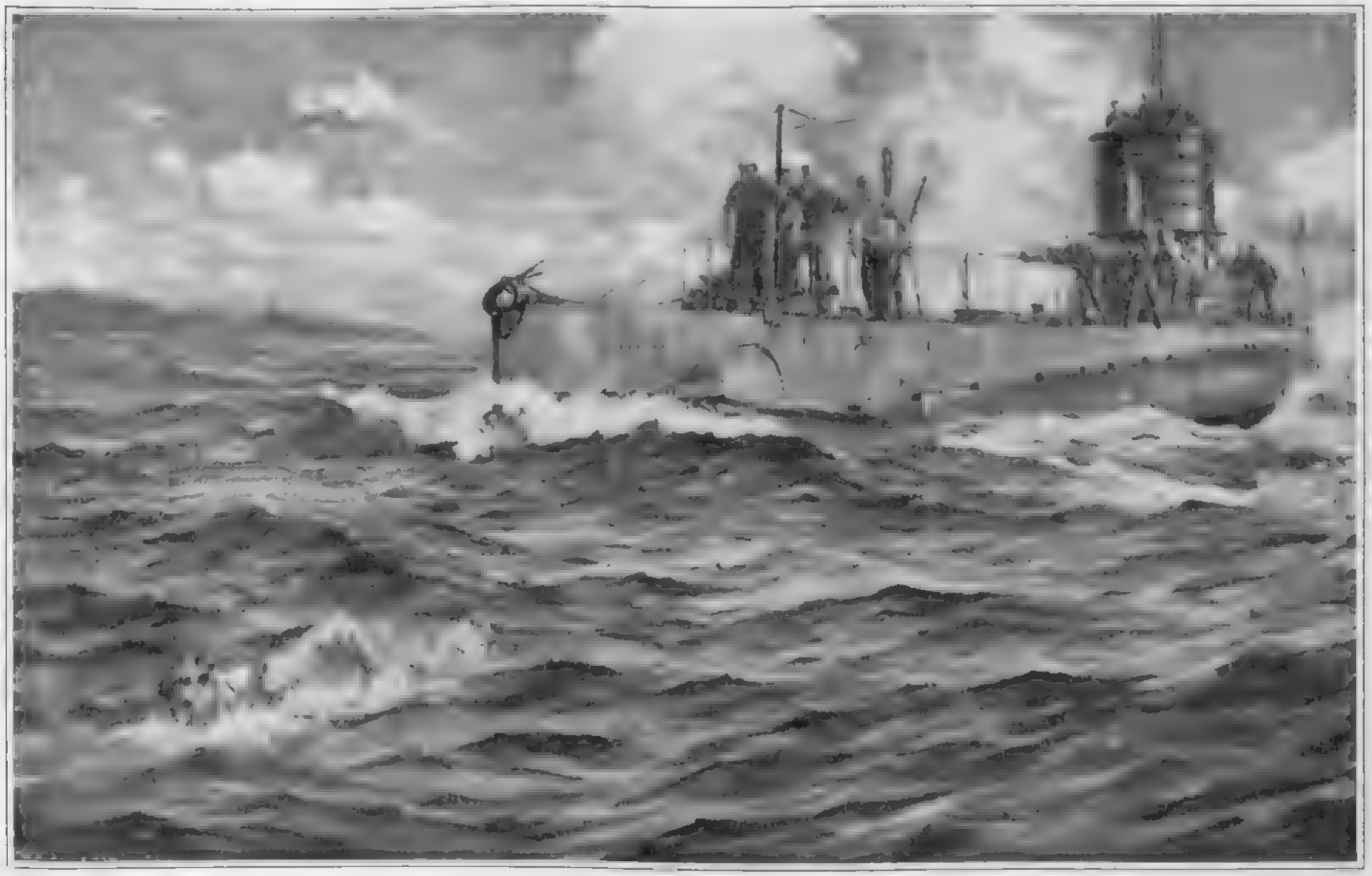
The rubber gasket was broken out of its groove for all of five inches and bent over the hatch lip.

"And a new gasket too," said Buck Gallagher. "Wha'd I tell ya!"

A week later, as Genevieve pulled out of her berth, she veered sluggishly to port and almost took off the pilings. A frayed end of wire cable broke water aft, thrashed angrily and disappeared just as Hoke, not knowing what was up, threw off both Diesels. They warped her back in and found sixteen feet of old cable wound onto the port shaft and the screw done for. And at four o'clock, when her stern went up on the derrick, some precious swab had failed to secure the battery-room hatch and a goodly chunk of the river leaped aboard her. Luckily no one was below, for you could whiff chlorine as far away as the Marine Barracks.

Buck Gallagher's hair began to turn, and three weak sisters went over to the Rabbit's Foot School. Consultations were held secretly in hoarse whispers and everything from kidnaping to mayhem was considered *re* Finlay McCraber the Jonah, during which time Johnnie Collini came down with infected tonsils and Hoke Evans got a green-stick fracture of his right thumb catching a hot grounder in the second game for the division against the Marines, and the division lost the series.

*(Continued on Page 135)*



*He Floated for a Second; Then He Turned Over and Started Furiously for Devil's Point Light*

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## Between Reparations and War Debts

A COMMISSION has been set up to meet in Geneva to discuss the feasibility of definitive settlement of the reparations question. On the commission are representatives of the countries directly concerned. The origin of the present commission lies quite as much in political as in economic circumstances. Two things are involved in the projected definitive settlement of the reparations question: The fixing of the capital sum and commercialization of the payment.

Fixing the capital sum means determining the cash value of the program of annual payments. Under the Dawes Plan a long series of annual payments is due from Germany to the recipient countries. It is sought to determine the present cash value of the series of annuities and to pay off the reparations obligation with a lump sum. Safety assured, the present cash value of the series of annual payments is readily computed. But when safety depends upon international relations over half a century, less than the computed present cash value would commonly be regarded as acceptable. Certainly the taxpayers in Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy would be willing to have their grandchildren receive less if the present generation could receive more. The present generation of Germans is prepared to assume the greater immediate burden of a cash settlement, not to spare its grandchildren but on account of tangible and intangible advantages that would be expected to follow settlement of the entire question. Considered purely as a fiscal and economic problem—involving Germany on the one hand, and Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy on the other—it seems quite certain that agreement could be reached on the figure to represent the cash value of the annuity obligations.

With the figure for cash value agreed on, commercialization of the payment would be the second problem. By commercialization is meant getting the transaction out of the hands of governments into the hands of nationals. In one way or another the government of Germany would obtain from her nationals securities based on private property or on commercial resources, to be paid for out of taxation. These securities would then be transferred to the governments of the recipient countries, to be sold by them to investors in those countries, whose payments would cancel the claims of the governments of the recipient countries on the government of Germany. The final result would be that investors in the recipient countries would make investments and own private property in Germany to the extent of the capital sum agreed upon.

Important practical internal questions relate to the fiscal and commercial problem of raising the required securities in Germany and to the fiscal and commercial problem of selling these securities in the recipient countries. The internal problem of Germany need not be further considered here, but the internal problem of the receiving countries represents an important angle in the question.

It is agreed in Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy that investors in those countries have not now the liquid capital enabling them to absorb German securities in the volume required to cover a definitive cash settlement of the reparations obligation. In part—possibly in large part—these securities would need to be absorbed in outside capital markets. Such outside capital markets would be Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal in Europe—disregarding the succession states of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—the United States, the countries of South America, and possibly the dominions of the British Empire. Of these the United States is, of course, by far the largest source of liquid capital.

The proposition, therefore, might be resolved as follows: A gold figure would be set in definitive settlement of the German reparations obligation. A part might be provided for through payments in kind; the larger fraction would be provided in the shape of negotiable German securities. These would be divided between the governments of the four recipient countries. They would then be disposed of on the open security markets, or by private sales, to investors in the four recipient countries and to investors everywhere else in the world. Other things being equal, investors in the United States would be expected to absorb a large part of the securities, just as Americans have made heavy investments in Europe during recent years. The Government of the United States would not be involved. The German securities would have to be sold on their merits. The settlement would be largely a banking problem in the appraisal of the ability of capital markets to absorb a large volume of new securities, in themselves admittedly sound.

Such a settlement ought to be the objective of the new commission. But we may be sure this is all too simple and aboveboard. One of the countries whose nationals would be expected to participate in purchasing the German securities is at the same time a country whose government holds debt obligations of Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy. That country is the United States. The attempt will be made to define and regard the United States not merely as one—the most prominent one—of the security-absorbing countries, but as a creditor country, to be brought into the definitive settlement of the reparations obligation.

The four recipient countries will say to Germany that the present gold value of the annuities due from her under the Dawes Plan is to be determined not only by the resources and commercial possibilities of Germany but also by the debts due from the recipient countries to the United States. If the payments to the United States are so-and-so large, the German cash payment must be so-and-so large. If the payments to the United States were to be reduced one-half—below the present already reduced figures—then the gold sum due from Germany would be correspondingly reduced. If a settlement of the gold figure due from Germany fails because the recipient countries refuse to regard the United States merely as a source of investment capital, but insist on hanging the name of the United States on an empty chair at the conference, it will then be heralded to the world through organized propaganda that the United States is to blame for the continued occupation of the Rhine by foreign troops and the breakdown of a definitive settlement of reparations. This deal is in the deck of international cards, and this we must expect.

This would still leave unsettled the debts of Belgium, France and Italy to Great Britain. Great Britain still clings to the position that any arrangement for liquidation of German and interallied debts must give her as much as her obligations to the United States. France holds to the position that she must receive as much as she pays. If what the Germans can offer does not meet the sum of such demands, then there can be no early decision on fixing the German reparations and commercializing the payment.

What must be the American position seems to us perfectly plain. For their own sakes, the five European countries involved should make a definitive settlement of reparations. Once a farsighted and fair-minded settlement is arrived at, the bankers and investors of the United States may be counted on to play the part that naturally would belong to the country with the largest fund of liquid capital. Since the war we have shown no hesitancy in foreign investments; indeed, the tendency has been to the contrary. Once such a settlement is consummated and the capital sums apportioned to them in their agreement with Germany are in the possession of the recipient countries, the governments of the countries that are debtors to the United States will be in position to request a rehearing on capacity to pay the annual sums denominated in their debt agreements. It would be up to them to show that the reductions already embodied in the funding agreements are not enough; it would be up to us to show that they are equitable, and we feel that they are equitable. It would also then be in order for them to suggest that cash payment would be preferable over a program of annuities and propose discussions to fix the figures for cash payments, these subsequently to be commercialized. If such discussions should lead to definitive results, securities based on resources in or under the control of the debtor countries of Europe would be transferred to the United States Government, to be thereafter absorbed by American investors.

It seems to us that these are the logical steps in the settlement, and that they must be taken in the order indicated. So long as Europeans insist on reversing the order, that long they defer the settlement of the reparations problem.

## British Farm Politics

AS IS well known, the British have a land problem which, if less extensive, is quite as intensive as the farm problem in the United States. Land went from grass to grain during the war, the number of domesticated animals was controlled and feeding operations were curtailed. This one-sided overexpansion could not be sustained after prices declined in 1921. Latterly the land has been going back to grass. There are substantial reasons to be advanced in support of the older doctrine that grazing should be the chief operation of British agriculture, the animals to be later finished on imported feeding stuffs. There is, however, a movement in favor of a balanced agriculture. Also there are social and political objections raised to the older policy. It is interesting to contrast with the situation in this country the proposals being set forth by the three parties in Great Britain.

The Conservative Party, the Tory Party in power under Baldwin, is pledged to the safeguarding of essential industries and to no tax on foodstuffs. Apparently all that the Tories offer agriculture is tax relief under the Churchill scheme of lower taxation for productive industries. Taxes are high, and such a relief would be welcomed, but it sounds like rather a narrow program.

The program of the Liberals is to import less and export more, as a formula for reconstruction. To import less of agricultural products means to produce more at home. As an essential to increased domestic production a vague scheme of nationalization of land is broached, something suggested some time since by David Lloyd George. The Liberals have the same view as the Conservatives on food taxes, so tariffs for agriculture are not in their mind. Again, the policy is narrow for a political program.

Lastly, the Labor Party offers agriculture a scheme of price control. A state monopoly would be set up for agricultural staples, especially wheat and meat. These would be imported and combined with the home supplies in such manner as to eliminate the price fluctuations that are regarded as especially inimical to the farmer at home. In short, a price stabilization is suggested in aid of agriculture.

The British landamen want higher prices for home produce, the townsmen wish lower prices for imported produce. How to promise the latter and protect the former is indeed a difficult political problem.

# THE RICH MAN'S SON

## By Albert W. Atwood

NOW that we have become a rich and prosperous people, it is necessary to consider the effect which this new-found wealth is bound to have not only upon those who have been active in its accumulation but upon their children. What of the rich man's son, and what of the millions of young folks whose parents are in no sense millionaires, but who possess incomes large enough to remove from their offspring the discipline of hardship, which, whatever its worth, is seldom imposed except by the force of circumstance and sheer necessity?

One often hears it said these days that the rich man's most serious problem is his son. Will the son be able to carry on his father's business despite the tendency of inherited money to kill the nerve of initiative and endeavor? Time and again splendid established family businesses find themselves in the hands of banking syndicates, after the founder has retired or died, because the second or third generation is unable to carry on. But even if there is no family industry to perpetuate, and long before the younger generation has actually inherited the property, the question arises whether these supposedly favored sons and daughters are not really handicapped by the lack of poverty.

A couple's income need be but a few thousand dollars a year above the subsistence and comfort line before a relaxing and even demoralizing effect makes its appearance in the younger generation. Poverty still exists for multitudes, even in this country, but it is a simple statement of fact that one group of people after another find themselves free from the shackles and handicaps of privation and necessity.

The costly new buildings to be found all over the country, the widespread holdings of stocks and bonds, the colossal sums in life insurance, the number and variety of small as well as large industries, and the presence in colleges and universities of a million young men and women, most of whom could not be there at all if their parents did not have some surplus above the bare necessities of life—all these facts point to a prosperous and comfortable middle class, the extent of which is one of the most striking phenomena of the age in which we live.

To these people a few pennies—even a few dollars—mean nothing. The parents do not suffer if they give their children a dollar instead of half a dollar to go to the movies. From this great class chores have been removed. The young people are not compelled to cut wood, carry water and perform a score of other manual duties so common in earlier days. Creature comforts, modern improvements, have done away with all that. It may be that young people suffer from too much garage and too little woodshed.

This is not the crabbed plaint of an older man; it is a simple statement of fact. During the greater part of the history of the race we have been under the discipline of poverty, hardship and adversity. To these stern masters we owe our system of standards, values and morals. Races do not persist without moral discipline, and the question is what new system of discipline can be developed to equip us for a life of prosperity. Prof. T. N. Carver says that this emergence from poverty into prosperity is very much like the migration from one physical environment to another.

"The previously acquired habits, moral disciplines, emotional attractions and aversions may, and very likely will, prove inadequate. That they have proved inadequate is evidenced, if not demonstrated, by the fact that no very considerable body of human beings has ever avoided being extinguished after attaining prosperity."

Toward the end of his life, President Eliot wrote a graphic piece on the advantages of being the son of a poor family. He described in detail how a strong young lad of fourteen, in order to help his family, plowed, harrowed, sawed and split wood, fished and carried water. The son of such a family, such a boy, has securities against laziness, selfishness and self-indulgence, and inducements to diligence and helpfulness.

He knows from the beginnings of reflective life that he will have to work, that he has his own living to make and

(Continued on Page 158

THE BIG PARADE

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

*Tremendous Moments: A Member of the Lucy Stone League Refuses to Enter the Breeches Buoy*

*The Artist Who Specializes on Dogs Unthinkingly Draws a Portrait of a Cat*

## *Thanksgiving on the Farm*

"AND are you thankful, sir, today?" I asked of Farmer Green. "You bet your life!" he answered, with a smile of joy serene. "The spring is mighty fine, of course, and summertime is great, but with them comes a yearly pest to every fertile state. The folks in cars begin to range about the first of May, and pick and steal the growing stuff along the fair highway; from early radishes and peas to orchard blooms and roses, they help themselves, and we're supposed to smile, as meek as Moses. My apples, melons and termats they sneak, in spite of bars; they tear the vines from off my house and stick 'em in their cars; they eat their lunch and scatter trash and dirty up our brooks, and strip the woods and burn the trees, and, gosh, how mean it looks! They act like herds of animals that trample, rob and spoil, without a care about the rights of folks who till the soil; we plow and plant and cultivate, and work with honest pride, and then the vandals come along and wreck the countryside. The motorist who tears around and plunders what he can is just about as welcome as the beetle from Japan. If I should motor into town and camp in someone's yard, and mess it up and steal the hedge, he'd take it pretty hard; then why in tunket can't he see, unless he's mostly fool, that one's as bad as t'other, and observe the golden rule? Yes, sir, we're glad that autumn's here, and peaceful lives we're living; the landscape pirate's gone, and that's one reason for Thanksgiving!

*—Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

(Continued on Page 75)

*Tabloid Editor: "Ah, What a Joy it is to be Alive on Such an Ideal Day!"*

*The Way of a Maid With a Movie Mirage*

# Tomato Soup!

## *Eat it often..it's so healthful and delicious*

HOW OFTEN do you and your family get the benefit of the famous health-giving qualities of fine tomatoes? That's a question every housewife should ask herself. Turn the pages of books on correct eating. Glance at the food articles in the magazines. Ask any doctor or food expert. Everywhere, on all sides, you get the same opinion—that tomatoes are rich in tonic goodness and healthfulness. And Tomato Soup is an ideal way to eat them!

* * * *

You enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup, of course. And everybody does. But do not overlook the fact that the *oftener* you enjoy it, the more you are contributing to your good health.

So wouldn't it be a good idea for you to plan to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup in more of your meals? You know it's always welcome—it has such a refreshing flavor and it is so invigorating. The family never tires of it. It gives a happy sparkle to the meals.

* * * *

Campbell's Tomato is the most popular soup in the world. And its use is growing by leaps and bounds because millions of families demand it more frequently. For in this soup are blended only the choicest of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. It is the smooth puree of the valuable tomato juices and the tender tomato "meat". These are enriched with golden country butter and the seasoning by Campbell's French chefs brings out the most tempting flavor.

* * * *

Cream of Tomato Soup! Do you realize how quickly and easily you can prepare this favorite with Campbell's Tomato Soup? Just add an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating, but do not boil. Serve immediately. You'll agree it's the best you ever tasted.

All Campbell's Soups are just as strict in delicious quality —and just as convenient. There are 21 different Campbell's Soups listed on the label. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

Healthy, wealthy, wise you'll be,
In happiness continue,
If this lesson you will learn:
Have Campbell's Soup within you!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# A SON OF ANAK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVII

THE ship was a well of dark and Bram and the girl were at the very bottom of the well. Between them and the moonlit night high overhead intervened steel decks, half-open bulkhead doors, ladders which, for all the steel that was their fabric, seemed precarious and frail. The weight of the ship above them, the weight of the still blackness which was its only cargo seemed to press down upon them; when Bram's light was extinguished they might have been deep in a pool of ink so deep that the pressure throbbed against their ears. Bram had known such a sensation when he dove to greater depths than his habit was; the girl, as familiar as he with such matters as diving, knew it too. Their first instinct, when the light was gone, was to strike out with flailing arms; to kick themselves upward to the surface of this stifling flood of dark.

But as for Bram, precaution held him. He had not the wit to wonder why Emily refrained from screaming; why she kept silent at his shoulder while he stood with straining ears just inside the bulkhead door. They were between the boilers and the engine room; above them steep ladders zigzagged through the dark, invisible, an impalpable net and skein over their heads waiting to enmesh them. Bram, his mouth open and himself on taut tiptoe as though thus he might the better hear, found himself remembering inch by inch the way down which he had come. Down one ladder, around it to the right and down another, a few steps astern through the belly of the hulk, then down again to where they stood. He listened, thinking to follow the progress of the one above by sound.

*He Turned Like a Rabbit, Scuttling at the Sheer Face of the Rock, Tried to Climb It. He Reached a Ledge Six Feet Above the Level, But Bram Had Him There*

But almost at once he understood that there were at least two individuals in the hulk above where he and Emily stood. For he heard the murmur of their voices, faint and sibilant as though even in this solitude they went a-whispering. At the same time he realized that these others were no longer moving; their feet shuffled now and then upon the plates of the deck on which they stood, but they were certainly not walking to and fro, nor even descending the ladders. There was no reason why honest men should come aboard this lonely steamer and descend into its bowels to discuss their honest business; and Bram, recognizing this, was acutely curious to hear what these men might say. He forgot the girl behind him and he began to climb very gently up the ladders in the engine room, leaving her below.

But he had ascended only a little way when he heard those above descending, and he retreated in some precipitation. Bram was willing to fight, but a man hanging like a fly on a web of steel midway between decks is in no posture for battle. He retreated, stepping hurriedly downward; he backed down the ladder and his feet reached into the dark for the rungs below.

Thus reaching, his foot descended once on something soft; before he could, in his haste, check himself, his whole weight rested on that foot. He understood that Emily, for all the fact that her wrists were bound, had sought to climb after him, and knew that he had stepped upon her fingers. Yet she had made no sound, nor even any hasty movement that might have betrayed them.

When he came to the bottom he reached out for her in the darkness and touched her arm; followed her arm down to her wrist and, as though to atone for her hurt, loosed the handkerchief which bound her wrists together. He tried to find some word of amendment, but was dumb; and she made no sound. Only he could hear her chafing her wrists in the darkness. Above them, movements became more distinctly audible.

The two men, Bram guessed, had reached the level of the next deck above; it suddenly occurred to him that the odor of his cigarette must linger here and might betray them. Pushing Emily behind him, he backed into the boiler room with some vague thought that, if they were discovered, or if their presence here were already known, he would at least have there the advantage over his attackers, since they must come through a single small and narrow door. Feet were thumping, not cautiously, somewhere above their heads, and he heard the low murmur of an occasional word. Then came the unmistakable sound of the scratching of a match, and in the darkness in the engine room there was a flicker that was not so much light as it was a pulse in the blackness. It vanished, but Bram had recognized its significance. Thus, when a smoker draws the flame into cigarette or pipe or cigar, does light rise and fall. One of those above was smoking. This would cover the odor of Bram's cigarette. To that extent at least they were secure. He understood, a moment later, many things.

Someone said, "Be careful of the match. There is much oil and grease below here."

And the voice was the level, mechanical voice of Lee Wing.

And the answer came in a husky whisper: "Got to smoke to kill the stink in here."

That husky and ferocious whisper, full of a swaggering braggadocio, was familiar too. Bram remembered well enough, as he would remember every detail of those hours from the time he found Thad's body, through the long trail across Spectacle, the journey to Rockland, the vigil on the wharf there, and the affray with the pugnacious whispering man. He whispered here again—that man—then. The speed-boat man! Bram eased his shoulders almost happily—that man and Lee Wing ——

Lee Wing seemed to have been halted by the other's last word.

"Stink!" he repeated tonelessly. "So! But, my dear Mr. Lagune, the odor of a white skin is an offense to Chinese nostrils."

His gentle voice was somehow ominous; and the whisperer, whom he called Lagune, made haste to peaceful overtures.

"Now, Lee, come down," he protested. 'I'm not starting anything. It's the dope—the smell of it—that's what gets me." The Chinaman suffered himself to be placated. "Come," he agreed, without further comment. "You will see, and go." And the well of the engine room was suddenly full of dancing shadows as a light flashed overhead. "Here is the place," said Lee. "Along this ladder after me."

Bram and the girl, crouching twenty feet below them, hidden from their easy view, could hear without least hindrance.

Bram thought he could almost detect the chattering teeth of the man Lagune. The pugnacity, he thought, had been frightened out of that man. He was protesting even as he followed Lee across the ladderway.

"What's the use of coming down in here?" he argued. "I don't want to see it."

"I have scrubbed it very clean," Lee Wing assured him comfortingly. "There was no time for them to do it, else I would have made them. I was in haste to get them away and into your hands. But I came back and scrubbed it clean that night, and the spots along the decks below here. There was rain after that, and when the rain stopped today I painted out what marks remained."

"I didn't figure on getting roped in on anything like this," Lagune protested. "You hired my boat, and that's my end of it. This isn't up to me."

Lee Wing spoke gently. "But it is up to you now, my friend," he replied. "You will find it so. Perceive, your hand has touched the bulkheads, the ladders, the doors left its clear mark everywhere. When they come to discover what it was that happened here, they will find those indications. Oh, it is quite up to you."

"What the devil did they kill him for?" Lagune whimpered. "There wasn't any need of that."

"It was his destiny," the Chinaman said gravely. "He came to meet it. They were here, stowed away securely, making no sound, waiting. They knew patience. I saw the sloop enter the cove. I know these white young men; they will be forever peering, prying, questioning what is not their concern. I was at the house upon my own affairs. The girl had gone to swim, and the captain slept soundly, as I had arranged, so that he might not come to walk to and fro upon these ships of his at an inconvenient time. I saw the sloop in the cove and I came hurrying to warn that young man away. I did know what the gods had planned."

Lagune made a mirthless sound like laughter. "You gave him some warning!" he commented bitterly.

Lee Wing silenced him in a chiding tone. "Spilled milk sours quickly," he reminded the other. "It is not worth bewailing. See how the matter chanced. The day was warm, and for the sake of air for those below here I had left the hatch cover open. The girl came early from her swimming and passed this way, and wandered out upon the ships and found the hatch open so. She was curious to know the reason for that, and she is without the wisdom of fear, so she descended."

Bram groped behind him to touch the girl's hand, but he could not find her in the dark and he stayed still to hear.

"I made haste to call her back, if I might do so in time," Lee Wing explained. "The sloop was near, but the young

(Continued on Page 38)

# Sunbrite for woodenware—

## *sweetens* as it *cleans*

Woodenware needs something to *sweeten,* as well as to scour it. Something to rid its tiny pores of the food particles you cannot see. Something to destroy odors and taints left by strong foods.

"Double-action" **Sunbrite** will do both cleaning and purifying in one process. Just a rub with **Sunbrite**—and your woodenware is spotless, fresh, odorless.

Let **Sunbrite** keep all your kitchen equipment free from staleness—easily. Because of its two-fold power, **Sunbrite** does your work in half the usual time. **Sunbrite** is economical, too. Doesn't hurt the hands. Order a supply for all your household cleaning—*today.*

Swift & Company

*Cheerful and bright are City of Sunbrite kitchens.*

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS DISSOLVE STUBBORN DIRT

(Continued from Page 36)

man would not easily reach the deck; and she was my first concern. But she was quick, and she came upon them sleeping here below. She came to where they were while I was still on the ladder above; at her cry the young man made haste aboard. He tumbled down the ladders among us here."

He hesitated for a moment and Bram imagined his bland, explanatory gesture.

"They had been startled, those simple ones," Lee explained. "It was to them an attack, danger; and when he came among them, striking, their knives slid into him."

Lagune said explosively, "You balled it up fine!"

Lee Wing answered lispingly, "Do you admonish me?"

And Lagune cried in abject apology, "No, no! What happened then? Go on!"

"I would have caught their hands," Lee Wing asserted, "but I was too late for that, and while I sought to do so she fled past me. I gave them two words that hushed them, and hurried to overtake her. I am too old for haste, yet I, Lee Wing, ran like a deer to the house and then to the village, and I found her there and brought her home again."

"You must have choked her," Lagune guessed, "to keep her still."

"I stilled her," Lee Wing agreed. "I told her it was her father's affair; that if she spoke he must endure the consequence."

"She wouldn't swallow that," the other jeered.

"She believed me," the Chinaman insisted. "Also I told her the young man would not be harmed. There was no time for long persuasion. There was that here which must be removed."

Bram heard Emily faintly stir behind him. He wished to reach back and touch her hand; wished to turn his head and speak to her; wished to make peace with her. But this was not the moment for that. Above them Lagune had moved, now spoke impatiently.

"All right," he said. "You covered it up pretty good. But you might have known they'd find him."

"I meant that the sloop should break upon the rocks," Lee Wing explained. "A storm was rising. But where she hit there was gravel, like a bed, that held her little harmed."

"You didn't tell me," Lagune complained. "You let me in on it blind."

There was a soft warning in the lisp of Lee Wing's tone. "That is so; that is very sad," he agreed. "But I did not wish to be lonely, Mr. Lagune. And I was already in on it, you see, alone."

"I saw them take him ashore at Rockland," Lagune confessed. "I had a hunch then that there was some dirty business. I was a fool to come back here."

"But I would have come to find you," Lee Wing reminded him mildly.

"Oh, I don't mean I'd have crossed you," Lagune protested. "I wouldn't cross you."

"No?" Lee Wing inquired.

"I'm a square shooter," Lagune assured him. "I'd have brought you your share, anywhere you said, any time. But damn it, what made you drag me in here?"

"For the sake of the little imprints on the walls," Lee Wing complacently confessed. "So that I might not be too much alone in my dilemma. Also, because I need you."

"Well, you've got the money," Lagune exclaimed—"your split. The big end of it too! All I get is day wages, but I don't begrudge it to you. You've got it, and I'm through."

"Not quite through," said Lee Wing.

"Yes, sir," Lagune insisted. "Yes, sir, I'm through."

"But listen, Mr. Lagune," Lee Wing urged humbly. "Listen, and you will then understand. I might fall into official hands. I should have to say things, in order to defend myself, which might not be wholly true—which might somewhat extend the truth. I might suggest that if they found you and checked your fingerprints with certain markings here—you have gone groping in the dark—the prints would correspond. So you see it is important to you that I go safe away from this place?"

Bram heard Lagune's feet stir; he ventured to peer upward at them, but he could not see Lagune. The man must be standing within that semicircular compartment that housed the steering gear. Lee Wing was on the ladderway outside the door, barring the other's passage effectually. Bram drew back soundlessly to safe hiding again.

"Why, sure," said Lagune at last; and his whispering tones were full of a hollow good will—"why, sure, I'll give you a lift out of here."

Lee Wing spoke evenly. "You are supplied with gas—full tank and extra cans?"

"Enough to make Boston," Lagune agreed.

"We will go the other way," Lee Wing told him. "International boundaries somewhat confuse pursuit, and I know a maze in which to hide myself—eastward."

Lagune weighed this. "All right," he said at last grudgingly. "But for God's sake, let's go!"

Bram heard Lee Wing stir as though with relief at this. "That is generous," he said mockingly. "And we will go presently. But, Mr. Lagune, when we go, be sure you set me safe ashore. If anything seeks to happen to me on the way something will surely happen to you."

Lagune uttered a low exclamation; and Bram guessed that Lee Wing had drawn a weapon, shown it to the other man.

The air was electric with death, but Lagune said in an irritable tone:

"Put it away. I'm a square shooter. Let's go."

Lee Wing stood silent for a moment. "I have first some small farewells to make," he said then lispingly—"the good captain. I have robbed him of one servant—my respected uncle, who dined so unwisely of my cooking. Yes-s!" The word was a gentle hiss. "Now I take my own services away. Captain Goodell would be quite helpless without me. It is better that I do not leave him to his suffering."

Lagune whispered desperately, "Hey, no. What are you going to do? Leave him alone, Lee."

"He has beaten me with words," said Lee Wing in a singsong tone. "The big young man came and the captain more than half believed him; he has beaten me all this two hours with words."

"The girl will see you," Lagune urged. "Come on, let's go."

"She went early to her room," Lee Wing replied. "She sleeps very soundly. I poured her cup of tea."

(Continued on Page 41)

*"You've Got More Sense Than I Have, Probably; But if You Get Me Mad Enough I'll Grab You, and Then Where Will You Be?"*

# When zero days threaten your lubrication, remember these facts about Mobiloil Arctic's cold-weather

# Quality

**In winter you demand two things of your lubricating oil: fluidity for quick starting, and rich, oily character for complete lubrication of all moving parts. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets both these demands.**

## 1

Mobiloil Arctic's fluidity facilitates quick starting, but unlike most "winter oils" Mobiloil Arctic has a rich, oily, piston-sealing *character*.

## 2

In special cold rooms Mobiloil engineers make engineering studies of cold weather lubrication. Nothing is left to guesswork.

## 3

The Mobiloil engineers study every make and model of car. They recommend for each an oil which gives you the greatest lubricating value, and greatest protection against gasoline dilution.

## 4

182 automobile manufacturers approve the recommendations for their cars in the Mobiloil Chart. For most makes, the Chart specifies Mobiloil Arctic in winter.

## 5

Some cars which require Mobiloil Arctic in winter are: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Dodge, Essex, Ford (Model A), Hudson, Hupmobile, LaSalle, Marmon (8 cyl.), Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland and Overland-Whippet, Packard, Reo, Studebaker, Willys-Knight. For others, consult the Mobiloil Chart.

## 6

Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for winter driving in more automobile instruction books than any other oil on the market.

GARGOYLE

**Mobiloil**

Look for the red
Gargoyle trade-mark
on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

## 7

Mobiloil Arctic is the favorite lubricating oil in such cold weather countries as Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Denmark.

For the complete list of cars and their winter recommendations, see the Mobiloil Chart. Mobiloil dealers have it. You are always sure with

## The World's Quality Oil

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

*The complete satisfaction which is created by*

# A New Kind of Motor Car Value

*. . . . value which is measured not only by the dollar but by the finest of fine car standards, as well*

Whenever a man or a woman thinks of any General Motors car, it is perfectly obvious that he or she thinks of it as the finest car in its field. Back of this attitude toward all General Motors cars is the fact that they actually bring you a *new kind* of motor car value—value which money alone cannot measure.

For this new, different value is largely the result of superb designing and fine, artistic craftsmanship; of unexampled success in attaining the intensely desirable advantage of surpassing beauty and comfort.

Such value can result only when practically limitless resources are placed at the command of engineering and artistic genius of the highest order—as is the case with the Fisher Body Corporation.

It is Body by Fisher which has enabled General Motors cars to triumph over the obstacles which formerly restricted to highest priced cars, the finest in motor car style.

You see the result in the superb style, comfort and value of every Body by Fisher. So evident to all are these superiorities that each month new thousands of men and women are attracted to ownership of the General Motors cars listed below.

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET

(Continued from Page 38)

"Her too?" Lagune stammered.

"She will awake in the morning," Lee Wing reassured him.

"Aw, leave them alone," Lagune pleaded. He added argumentatively: "You can't blame the old man, anyway. It's that big boy that busted things. If it was him now ——"

"Alas," said Lee Wing, "the big boy must wait another time, when these matters are forgotten in the mists of the days. I will recompense the big young man another time. But the captain who speaks so many words is here at hand."

"He'll nail you. He must be in bed by now; he'll hear you come in." Lagune was almost beseeching.

"I go only to the pantry," Lee Wing explained, and he lisped again—"a little something in the sugar bowl. There need be no haste in these affairs, Lagune."

Bram felt Emily's fingers tight upon his arm; he touched her hand. They were for the time quite helpless; could only await the moment that would serve them.

"Spose he does wake up—come down on you?" Lagune argued; and Lee Wing said in that singsong tone:

"Then I will pleasantly watch him while he dies."

A long silence fell between the two; it hung trembling upon Emily and Bram.

Then Lagune stirred helplessly.

"Well, for God's sake, let's move!" he cried.

And when Lee Wing replied, it was in tones of decision, of swift direction. "Good," he agreed. "I go to the house, Mr. Lagune. Your boat is at the bow of this ship. I will return to you there. I had meant to take the captain's little boat if you did not come; I have it all ready by the float beside the house. But I will go with you. Await me here till I come back again."

"All right," Lagune agreed. He added: "But I'm coming on deck. I'm not going to stay down here."

"That is wise," Lee Wing assented in a sardonic tone. "The air is damp here. It might chill you. Be patient, Mr. Lagune; do not go without me. If you did I should overtake you by and by."

"Oh, I'll wait," said Lagune.

Bram looked up once more. Lee Wing's flash light was leveled, he saw, at the other's countenance, as though the Chinaman appraised the man. Bram heard Lee whisper, "Yes-s!"—a little hiss of a word. Then the Chinaman turned and Lagune followed him; the two crossed the steel ladder to the solid deck again; the plates thumped beneath their feet. Bram, with Emily upon his heels, began to climb the ladders after them.

When they reached the first deck Lee and Lagune were halfway up the second ladder; the two below moved soundless in the dark. Lagune and the Chinaman emerged from the hatch above to the open air. Bram heard Lee say:

"I will put the cover back. So."

The hatch cover slid across the opening, dropped into its place secure.

Bram, at that, went leaping up the ladder till his head was just below the hatch; he listened tautly. Above him the two spoke together another word or two he could not hear. Then the footsteps of one man departed, and Bram knew that one was Lee Wing, gone toward the house upon his deadly errand.

He heard Lagune move a few steps away and stop there. And Bram understood that Lagune would wait where he was, not three paces from the hatch. There was a moon, the man could see clearly, and he must be armed.

Bram heard Emily whisper, "Hurry—hurry—hurry."

And he considered, desperately, what to do.

### XVIII

BRAM'S instinct was to trust, in any emergency, to the driving force that dwelt in his stout shoulders and great arms. But there had been occasions when a too impetuous attack delivered him into the hands of the enemy, and this recollection taught him caution now. So even though Emily urged him on, he waited, took time to consider what the next few minutes were like to bring.

Where he clung to the steel rungs of the ladder, it was dark as the pit, but a foot above his head above the closed hatch - he knew bright moonlight lay. And Lagune waited there. His own first movement to lift the hatch must be instantly discovered, and as soon as he emerged upon the open deck he would be bathed in light. What was Lagune likely to do?

The man, Bram decided, must be desperately frightened. There had been terror in his tones while he talked with Lee Wing, and now that he was alone those tremors must have seized full hold on him. Bram imagined him trembling and alert, crouching, his eyes darting this way and that, as dangerous in his fears as a cornered rat may be. It seemed probable to Bram that even now, when there was no foe apparent anywhere, the man might have drawn a weapon to hold it ready in his hand.

Thus he recognized the possibility that the moment he raised the hatch, and even before he had time to scramble to the deck above, a shot was likely to greet him, and though he knew one shot might be disabling or deadly, he was ripe to risk it. But more than his own life depended on his movements now. He formed in the end some fragment of a plan.

On the ladder below him Emily was whispering bitterly, "Go on, or let me go."

But Bram ignored her scorn. He began to descend the ladder, careful that he should not again tread on her fingers; he lowered one foot and then the other, forcing her downward till they stood together on the deck below. She would have thrust past him then to climb, but he held her arm, whispered:

"Wait. Listen."

She stood passive. "Quick, then," she said; and her tone was full of trembling scorn.

"I'm going up," he told her, "quick as I can. He's there. He'll have a gun. I'll try to grab him. If he shoots—if there's a shot—you run after Lee Wing; do what you can. If there isn't—if I get hold of Lagune—wait a minute. I may get his gun. If I do we'll get Lee Wing with that."

"If Lee Wing hears a shot he'll come quickly," she whispered.

"We want him to come," he reminded her. "And he won't hurt your father now. There's time."

"I won't wait," she said impatiently. "You come after if you can."

And he agreed to that by a moment's silence, then climbed the ladder again. He came to the hatch; and he gathered hands and feet on the upper rungs till he crouched just beneath the covering. He set head and shoulders firm against it. It might be secured, perhaps weighted down; he meant to break it free at the first lunge. Emily's hand touched his foot, and he would have warned her to get down, lest he himself slip, or the ladder break and drop them both into the well of the hold, but there was no time.

He made ready and he buckled his shoulders, hurled them upward against the heavy hatch cover in a tremendous lunge.

His thrust would have broken any but the stoutest fastenings, but the hatch was not secured. He had only its own weight to lift, and his heave flung it upward and aside. With the same movement he leaped out on the deck; the hatch fell clattering. It struck his head a glancing, dizzying blow, but he scarce felt this. Lagune must be toward the bow, not far away; Bram swung that way.

But Lagune was farther off than Bram had calculated. He saw the man half crouching near the forecastle companion, and he went scrambling toward him. The moon was bright and there was something in Lagune's hand. But Bram did not swerve to make aim difficult, rather he drove home. It would need a heavy bullet to stop him now. Behind him he heard Emily go running toward the shore.

Lagune did not wait to meet Bram's charge. The eruption of the hatch cover and the appearance of this gigantic figure on the moonlit deck combined with his own fears to shatter all his resolution. He crouched a moment, staring; then, as Bram raced toward him, Lagune turned to run. He whirled with a squawking cry; he dove toward the farther rail, went over it like a monkey. When Bram came to the rail he saw Lagune whirling against the vessel's high side; saw the lean shape of the fast motorboat in the shadows far below.

Bram stood a moment. A rope dangled from the rail, knotted there securely. Lagune was sliding down this rope, spinning like a top; and Bram swung one long leg over the rail and twisted it into the taut rope. He started down. The rope went slack as Lagune reached the deck of the speed boat, and Bram could not wait longer. He kicked free and dropped straight toward the other man.

Lagune had time to jump aside from beneath that descending figure He did so, scrambling forward over the hatches that covered the engine. Bram fell into the after cockpit. He fell on his side, half across his left arm. His head snapped down and rapped against the deck. The fall shook him so that he was sick with the impact and with pain; it slowed his movements, but it did not stop him. He crawled after Lagune; and Lagune, trying to retreat still farther toward the bow, slipped and went overside between the speed boat and the steamer's hull The pistol he had held lay forgotten and abandoned on the curving slope of the deck; as Bram lurched to that side to look down where Lagune had gone, the weapon slid slowly to the edge and dropped into the water. Bram snatched at it too late. Then Lagune came to the surface near the prow of the steamer, and Bram went in after him.

He remembered in time that the tide must be not much past low water; so he made a shallow, splashing dive. When he shook the water from his eyes Lagune was half swimming, half wading toward the shore, twenty feet ahead. Bram threw himself into a crawl; he took a dozen strokes without a breath, then raised his head. He could not see Lagune.

Bram stopped at that and groped with his feet for bottom. The water was deeper than he had supposed, for he could not touch. His head slid under and emerged again at his stout kick; and while he cleared his eyes Lagune came to the surface farther inshore. The man, seeing himself about to be overtaken, had dived and swum under water; he made haste now with clumsy overarm strokes, and Bram flung after him. The water boiled.

Lagune reached the beach and waded clear as Bram's knee struck bottom. Bram came to his feet, and like a moose that plows through shallow water to the shore when a hunter disturbs it at its evening feast of lily pads, he plunged through the shallows. There was here a narrow strip of beach made of shards of broken granite covered with seaweed, slippery and treacherous. Lagune, in his haste, fell to his knees; Bram, in his greater haste, fell, too, and a knife edge of rock slit his knee. Lagune ran and Bram ran. Lagune looked over his shoulder and saw the big man close behind him; his destruction imminent. He turned like a rabbit, scuttling at the sheer face of the rock, tried to climb it. He reached a ledge six feet above the level, but Bram had him there.

Bram caught Lagune's ankle with his hand and plucked the smaller man off the face of the low cliff as one plucks a spider web off a wall, but Lagune, in his descent, wrapped himself about Bram's shoulders. Bram's foot slipped on the seaweed and they went down together, rolling painfully among the rocks. Lagune wriggled free, but he could not run; he knew the uselessness of flight. As Bram scrambled to his knees Lagune fought back at him, as even a rat will fight. His blow caught Bram by the ear and sickened him, but the big young man got heavily to his feet for all of that, and shook his head to scatter the spinning flames that danced before his eyes. Lagune hit him again, upon the jaw, with a cracking sound; and Bram groped for him and Lagune struck once more, but gingerly. Bram, cool enough now, thought the fighter's hand might have been broken by that punch which caught Bram's jaw. Lagune's left caught him in the body, bowed him. He was battered by a rain of blows, but his arm curled across his face; he bent to protect his body; he wavered forward and Lagune danced away. Lagune was content with the defensive, suddenly; his blows had failed to check this mammoth of a man.

Bram struck at last, and Lagune swayed his head clear of the blow, but Bram's arm slid across Lagune's shoulder and he curled his elbow so that he grappled Lagune around the neck. Lagune writhed and twisted, but Bram would not let him go. Lagune was all arms and legs, fists and elbows, feet and knees. Bram was hurt, fair and foul, in many ways. But his groping left hand got Lagune's throat and pushed him back; he endured the shocking agony of Lagune's kick and he struck with his right hand at that which his left hand held. Struck pitilessly, once, twice, three times. Lagune dangled there: Bram struck him again and tossed the thing away.

He stood above Lagune and he swayed; he wiped his eyes; he drew his elbow across them. Somehow, his head was cut, for there was hot stuff that flowed down to obscure his vision. He was sore, cut and bruised and shaken. But his man was down and did not move at all, and Bram thought Lagune would not move for a while. He wished to rest, to sit down, to lie down and sleep in some peace here, but a vague memory tormented him. There was something he must do.

He waded into the water and dipped his head in it. The salt stuff burned his hurts, but the shock of it cleared his thoughts. He went back and began to climb painfully up the rocks to the level turf above. Once or twice he slipped back when a foothold gave way beneath his weight. But he reached the level and dragged himself out on the grass there, and without pausing, clambered to his knees. The trees confused him; he wandered to and fro among them, knowing dimly that the path must be somewhere near, yet unable to discover it. He crossed it once without seeing it, crossed it once again. The third time he blundered into it he recognized the beaten ground beneath his feet, saw an opening among the trees that must lead toward the house. He started that way.

At first he walked carefully, then he made stumbling haste. After a little he began as best he might to run.

The branches slashed at him, for he was unsteady. He was forever blundering off the path, half blind as he was. The boughs cut at his cheeks and at his hands; he pushed them gropingly aside. The night was still, but his ears were ringing. They were slow to clear, and it was also hard for him to see, despite the moon. His thoughts cleared before his senses did—Lee Wing—Emily—the captain ——

He came out of the wood by the barn and saw the house, and he was racing now. He ran toward the kitchen door.

(Continued on Page 96)

# PACKARD

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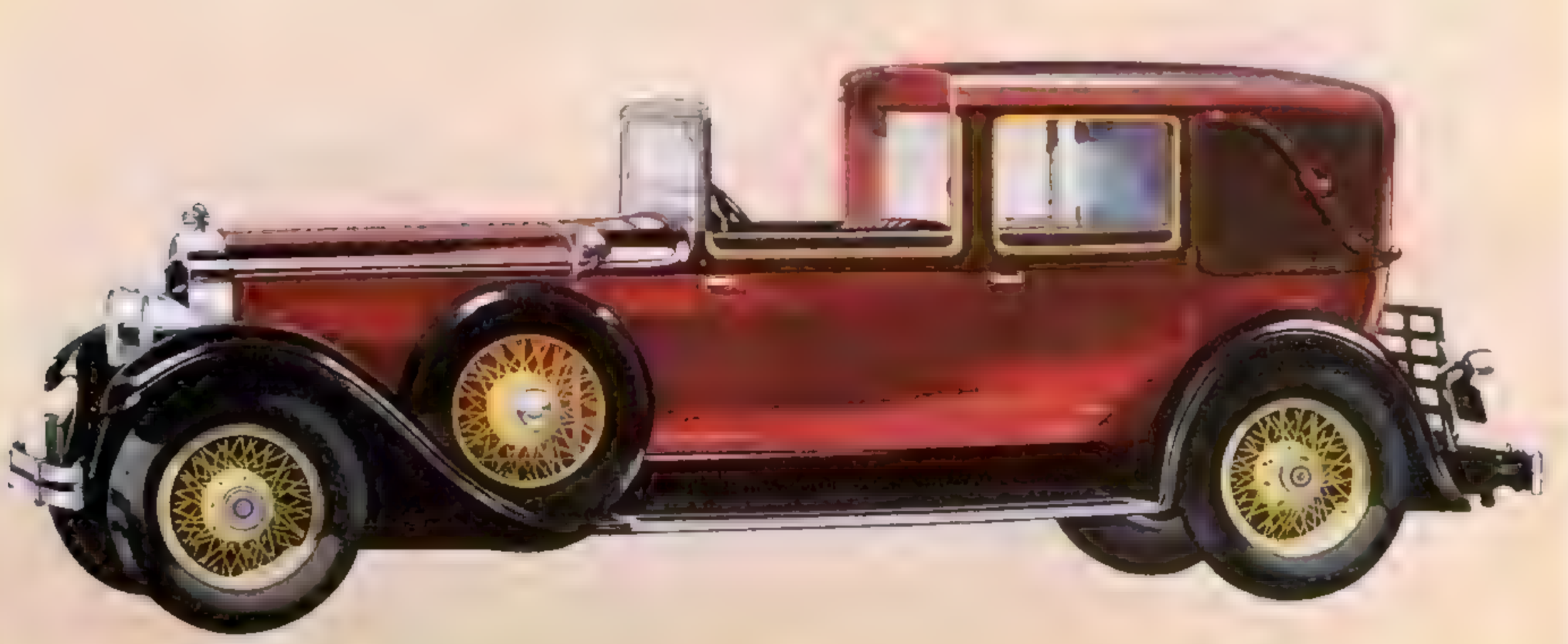

# A FLIGHT OF FANCY

*Whang! The Blade Sang Again in a Vertical Arc Which Left Half of the Phantom Honeytone on Each Side of the Great Divide*

## By Hugh Wiley

*ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD*

THE Wildcat, promoted in a nonstop flight from New York to San Francisco by Honeytone Boone, aided by an airplane at each end of the trip and a transcontinental railroad ride, had enjoyed for one brief moment the acclaim of a small and select black-face multitude in San Francisco.

Then the tumult and the shouting of The Sunkist Vision Club had died. "Dat vox popular ain't nuthin' but a echo. Lot of diff'umce between three cheers an' three meals a day. Seems like my stummick is deaf to cheers. Craves me dat cash prize whut Honeytone dangled in my ears so loud. Seems like dat boy's been gone a mighty long time afteh dat cash prize."

To lighten Time's leaden feet the phony flyer let his memory sag down as deep as his shadowed days in the A. E. F.

*Got grafted in de Army when de war begun,*
*Got a hon'able discharge f'm a sentry's gun.*

"Ev'ybody had coonyak money in dem days. Neveh was broke no time. Boy need money, all he had to do was take de gallopers an' reap hisself rich. Wish I had dat prize money right now. Craves my rations."

The Sunkist Vision Club's prize check had been delivered to Honeytone Boone without much ceremony. Later that night the promoter displayed the interesting slip of paper to calm the Wildcat's eagerness for hard cash.

"Banks don't open till Monday, Wilecat. Dis is Sat'day, you mus' remember," Honeytone explained.

"I knows it's Sat'day. Dat's why I wants my wages. Why didn't you git de money fo' dat check yesterday when dey give it to you?"

"Friday's a mighty unlucky day. You knows dat."

It seemed to the Wildcat that Honeytone's look of care deepened over Sunday, but on Monday a new enthusiasm animated the flight promoter.

"Nemmine 'bout yo' measly ol' twenty-five hund'ed dollahs, Wilecat. Don't botheh me now wid details," he protested, an hour after the banks had opened. "Lemme tell you de big news. Us is got a good-will job!"

"On'y good will us craves is twenty-five hund'ed dollahs."

"Fo'git dat trifle, boy, an' lissen to me. Whut's a ol' twenty-five hund'ed dollahs compared to de grand prize whut de King of Mexico is put up fo' a good-will flyin' trip f'm here to de palace whah at he lives?"

In a sullen tone the Wildcat asked, "Well, whut is it?" Who is dis good-will king man? How big a prize is he got?"

"He's de biggest king in Mexico. Dat's who he is. He ain't put up no measly li'l' ol' five thousan' dollahs. I got private info'mation f'm a friend of mine whut works fo' de king dat de prize is a even hund'ed thousan' dollahs fo' de fust flyer whut leaves Sam Francisco an' 'rives at de king's house. Yo' Soul of Africa plane is all ready fo' dat trip. Boy, dat hund'ed thousan' dollahs is jus' de same as our money right now!"

"Mebby de Soul of Africa is ready, but like us is told you befo', Honeytone, us don't do no flyin' up in de sky."

"Dat's de main thing, Wilecat; you don't have to do no sky flyin'. I got a couple of carpenters fixin' up dat airship right now wid whut dey calls pontoons. Dey's jus' like boats. Got a li'l' boat nailed onto each one of dat Soul's front laigs, an' all you does is git in it, head 'round in de right direction, turn on yo' enjine, an' next thing you knows, dere you is shakin' hands wid de King of Mexico an' takin' his good-will prize money."

"Naw, suh, Honeytone, not me. Ain't gwine to take no mo' flyin' prizes. Us told you de fust flyin' us does is gwine to be wid my own wings afteh Gabriel toots his horn."

"Lissen, bullhead, dat's whut Ise tryin' to tell you. Ain't nobody's bizness whetheh you goes up in de air or not. Wid dese li'l' pontoons, gittin' down to whah de King of Mexico got his palace is jus' as easy as rowin' a boat, on'y de ol' enjine in de Soul of Africa does de heavy rowin'. All you does is start out in de bay an' if you puffers to skid in secret acrost de wateh in dat airplane it's all de same. Thing fo' you to do is keep yo' mouf shut an' lemme do de talkin'. I puts out all de propaganda an' makes all de 'rangements. Don't try to load yo'self down wid too many things to think about, Wilecat. Fix yo' mind on dat hund'ed thousan' dollahs an' fo'git all dese otheh agitatin' mattehs. Dat's my part of de bizness. You's de hero in dis firm an' you got enuff heroizin' to do to keep you busy. Right now git yo' hat on an' us rides down de bay so you kin see does de new rig on dat Soul of Africa suit you. I floats wid you on de trial trip an' shows you how easy you kin win dat good-will prize of de King of Mexico."

Honeytone and the Wildcat, journeying to the shore of the bay ten miles down the peninsula, found the Soul of Africa standing up stiff-legged on a pair of rowboats which the promoter had added to the plane's equipment. With the divided burden the rowboats drew a scant six inches of water, and to the Wildcat there seemed to be no question as to their ability to transport the Soul of Africa as far as the King of Mexico's front yard.

"Looks all right, Honeytone, as fur as us kin see."

"Sho does! On yo' prize trip all you does is head up de bay, den out de Golden Gate, turn south some, an' de next thing dat looms up is de solid gold house whah dis king man lives. Mighty rich man. Dis hund'ed thousan' dollahs don't mean nuthin' to him. De chances is he boons you wid all de diamonds you kin wear an' a fine gold watch an' ev'ything else. Dem things is mere trifles to dat king. Git up in dere an' start yo' enjine an' let's float 'round de bay fo' a ride whilst you sees how good kin ol' Soul travel on de water."

The trial trip left nothing to be desired, and after an hour's journey, during which the Soul of Africa once attained a maximum speed of ten miles an hour, the Wildcat became enthusiastic about his craft's performance.

"Honeytone, us makes it all right! Bring on yo' southbound ocean!"

"Dat you will!" Honeytone agreed enthusiastically. "You makes it easy as walkin'. Dat prize money is jus' de same as in yo' pocket right now. C'mon back to de boardin' house an' remembeh whut I tells you—keep dat gabble cave in de front of yo' face closed up tight as fur as flyin' is concerned. Talk about ennythin' else you wants to, but lemme orate all de aviation. I 'ranges ev'ything. An' by de way, de fust thing I got to 'range, f'm whut I seed, is to git two good mechanicians fo' you, so one travels in each skiff an' bails out whateveh water leaks in. I notice dem pontoons leaks a li'l' bit. You's de gin'ral of dis trip an' dey kin be yo' corp'rals."

"Cain't say us needs no corp'rals." The Wildcat was thinking of divided honors in the palace of the king.

"Sho you does. You got to have somebody to shine yo' shoes an' keep yo' raiment brushed up. Like as not de king

(Continued on Page 45)

"STANDISH"—*A Colonial Plank design with 3-inch boards. Sealex Linoleum No. 3082.*

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JUST a glance at these two new designs in *Sealex Linoleums* and you are whisked away to early New England scenes . . . stately white mansions, huge rooms, old banister-back and Windsor chairs . . . and rough-hewn floors of time-mellowed pine planking.

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(Continued from Page 43)

gives you a full unifawm, wid badges an' ev'ything else. You gwine to be too busy at de royal banquets to botheh wid shinin' shoes. I gits you two good corp'rals an' in de meantime all you got to do is git a good night's rest an' not mingle 'round none wid all dese hero worshipers whut's tryin' to keep yo' mind off de main event. You got to be 'sclusive. Exclude yo'self, right heah in dis boardin' house, whilst I militates 'round an' gits dem corp'rals."

The harvest of corporals yielded a more bountiful crop than Honeytone hoped, with the result that by working overtime his labors had netted him a total of twenty paying candidates within the week.

The first payment exacted from each corporal varied with the glory seeker's finances, but in each instance it approximated the total available cash possessed by the victim of Honeytone's eloquence. In rough figures, working at a general efficiency factor of around 90 per cent, Honeytone greeted the dawn on the day of the good-will flight with more than twenty-five hundred dollars in cash to show for his week's work.

The flight was scheduled for Saturday. "Dat gives you plenty of time to go home an' clean up afteh work," Honeytone had explained to his several converts. "You gits to Mexico an' takes part in de gran' celebration an' dat ol' ace brings you back heah to work by Monday mawnin'. You won't lose no time f'm yo' job. Fo' dat matteh, as fur as yo' job is concerned de chances is de minnit you lands de movie scouts will crave you to sign a contrack fo' a thousan' dollahs a week. Dat's a lot mo' dan you earns right now, but de main thing is not to say nuthin'. You knows how de Guv'ment is. One word f'm you an' de Guv'ment would be hoppin' in to win dis prize wid all dem big Army planes—you knows how de Army needs money eveh since de war. Main thing to do is not to say nuthin' to nobody. Don't even tell yo' folks nuthin'. Jus' git yo' 'quipment an' report to de ace about a quarteh to six on Sat'day evenin'. He takes off at six o'clock."

On Saturday, when, in Honeytone's judgment, the field of corporals had been reaped, the master of events revealed the starting hour to the pilot of the Soul of Africa:

"Six o'clock tonight you an' yo' corp'rals starts de gran' hund'ed-thousan'-dollah hop. Git ol' Soul hummin' a li'l' befo' dat time, so you gits down to Mexico in time fo' a late suppeh wid de king."

"Ol' Soul be hummin' all right. Whah you gwine to be, Honeytone?"

"I gwine to be dere. Gwine to be right dere to give you my immoral suppo't."

"Honeytone, us don't need immoral suppo't half as much as us needs money."

"How I know you ain't gwine to take dat money an' start out on some wild ruckus wid it an' disappoint de nation an' lose dat prize whut de king is put up?"

"Don't aim to start no ruckus. All us wants is to take it along, so when ol' king tells de bartender to set up anotheh cheering round fo' us boys, us kin tell ev'ybody de next round is all paid. All us got right now is two dollahs. Got to have some mo' likker money."

"Dat you does, Wilecat. Dat sounds mighty reasonable. I ain't thought 'bout dat. Glad you 'minded me of it." Honeytone reached in his pocket and drew out a voluminous wallet from whose folds he extracted the uncashed five-thousand-dollar prize check which had been won from the Sunkist Vision Club. "Tell you whut I does. I goes out an' cashes dis check some place an' brings you de money down to de Soul of Africa. I been so busy wid dis projeck 'bout de big Mexico good-will prize dat I ain't had me no time to botheh wid triflin' mattehs like dis li'l' ol' check fo' five thousan' dollahs. I meets you befo' you hops off, ol' ace. How you puffer yo' money?"

"Make no diff'umce, jus' so us gits it befo' us leaves. You bring it down dere, Honeytone, else Ise mighty apt to disappoint dis Mexico king 'bout winnin' his prize."

"I minds whut you says. You betteh git yo' mind on de race, ain't you, 'stead of dis triflin' financial matteh?"

Honeytone replaced the check in his wallet and stored his wallet in an inside pocket of his coat. "You betteh leave heah 'round fo' o'clock, Wilecat, so as to git to de Soul of Africa in plenty of time to train yo' corp'rals whut you wants 'em to do whilst you is settin' up in de cabin runnin' dat enjine."

"Us gits dere in plenty of time."

Honeytone faded out of the room, and an hour later the Wildcat baled his goggles and his helmet inside of his flying suit.

He tied up his equipment with a stout cord and began his trip to where the Soul of Africa floated on its two supporting rowboats.

At his craft's mooring place he slid into his flying suit and donned his helmet. He adjusted the goggles so that they fitted comfortably across the flat bridge of his nose and then, casting off, he climbed aboard the machine and indulged himself with a short trip out into the bay.

"Enjine workin' smooth as enny autobeel us eveh run," he decided. "Dis gwine to be mo' of a pleasure trip dan a race."

Turning around, he saw on the shore near his landing place a pair of brunet pedestrians. Each of them carried a grip and in his left hand one of them bore what the Wildcat judged to be a sword.

"Dem's my corp'rals." The ace shut off his engine and coasted gently to the shore. When the inner rowboat grounded, "You boys my corp'rals?" the Wildcat inquired. It developed that the hero's helpers had arrived. "Git aboard. One of you git in one skiff an' one in de otheh. Whut dat sword thing you got, boy?"

"Dis my regalia. Honeytone Boone said de Mexico king gwine to give us a big parade de minnit we gits dere. I brought my lodge unifawm wid me."

"Mighty glad you did. Nemmine 'bout dat sword. Us carries dat sword fo' you in de parade. Lemme see it."

The Wildcat's inspection of the sword was interrupted by the arrival of two more corporals.

Before the hero's surprise had given way to a feigned affability, four more corporals had joined the group.

Thinking back into various shadowy enterprises which had marked Honeytone Boone's checkered past, the Wildcat was not long in guessing the truth.

His guess was confirmed by the arrival of an impatient group of six more corporals. The Wildcat smiled upon the throng, but there was no sincerity in his smile.

"You corp'rals pack yo' baggage in de stern of dem pontoons an' divide yo'self equal in each one," he directed.

The flying suit which he wore had suddenly become a jail. "Nobody kin outrun nuthin' in dis raiment," he reflected. "Don't like dat mumblin' dem corp'rals is doin'; got to git 'em pacified some way, else a ruckus gwine to start whut leaves me barbecued into mincemeat."

Six more corporals laden with baggage entered upon the scene; whereupon, without knowing how many more were to come, the Wildcat stored away his borrowed sword in some haste and started his engine.

"Get ready, boys, in dem pontoon skiffs. Shove off of dat bank," he said, and then words were drowned in the roar of the motor.

The good-will flight to Mexico had begun.

The Wildcat headed out into the bay and swung the plane toward the wider reach of waters. As he lined out for open water he pulled the Soul of Africa's throttle wide open.

(Continued on Page 92)

*The Wildcat's Inspection of the Sword Was Interrupted by the Arrival of Two More Corporals*

# FASHIONS IN FISH

(Continued from Page 15)

chef is often an insult to a Maine cook; a Boston housewife consigns to the garbage can the same fish, or piece of fish, that is honored by a housewife on the East Side of New York City—who knows how to flavor it properly—and at the same time is utterly unknown to the dark-skinned sovereign of a Louisiana kitchen. Why? Many reasons. For one, the law of laws—custom. Popularity of fish changes almost unaccountably. For another, rarity. If you live where a certain fish is easily obtainable you treat it as an ordinary item of your menu. If it is dying out and hard to get it becomes a rare and costly delicacy. If it is overabundant you treat it with disdain.

A third reason—appearance. And a fourth, name. Yes, name! Many a grayfish, for example, has been eaten by a human, while a dogfish, keeping the name of its fathers, has continued to swim without that honor. In Cape Breton, dogfish, they tell me, is "Japanese halibut," and in Nova Scotia, "ocean whitefish." A dogfish is one of the smaller sharks, an unpopular marauder with a piratical reputation. It's a trim fish, with a rough, spiny hide, useful for making tennis rackets and polishing ivory, and is swift as a streak of lightning, destroying gear and eating other food fish.

When the Bureau of Fisheries was asked to do away with dogfish, the first thing they did was to use a different name—grayfish. That gave it a market! It began to earn a reputation as a food fish. True, it is coarse-grained, but it can be made very appetizing. "Grayfish gigolo" was the way it appeared on my wife's menu, and many a family enjoyed it who would have exclaimed, "Eat shark? Ugh!" She would parboil slices of eggplant, then spread flaked grayfish, moistened with cream sauce, on the slices, cover these with sliced tomatoes sprinkled with bread crumbs and grated cheese, and bake the whole business for about twelve minutes. Good? Say!

But although my wife's little sea-food restaurant was modestly successful during those first five years, my own venture proved something of a disappointment. I had counted on our handling an increased amount of fish as the steam trawlers began to bring in more ground fish, but I had guessed wrong. After the Spray, not another steam trawler was built for five years! The annual take of ground fish ran along about the same from year to year, and in our best season we only handled 11,000,000 pounds. My share of the partnership, even that banner year, netted me only about $2500, while the year following I got less than $1500.

### With the War

In 1910, however, two more steam trawlers were built for the owners of the Spray, three in 1911 and three in 1912. Those nine boats were the beginning of the slow but inevitable development of the real American trawl fleet. The number of otter-trawl trips out of New England ports tripled in 1911, as compared with 1910, and increased by more than 100 the next year, while the haddock take climbed steadily.

In the early days of the haddock industry only a small portion of the grounds were used, but as the trawler fleet grew, of course, fishermen took their nets farther and farther afield. At that time, however—1913—they were still calling monkfish and skate "unmarketable," and most of them were shoveled overboard.

Then came the war. The demand for fish increased rapidly. The building and using of trawlers jumped ahead. In 1915 we collected commissions on 12,000,000 pounds of fish at two and one-quarter cents a pound, and in 1916 on nearly 14,000,000 pounds at two and a half cents. Our overhead went up several thousand dollars, too, but at that the business showed a profit of almost $12,000 a year, which ran my end up to $4000. That was better. During this time, too, the Bureau of Fisheries showed renewed activity in searching out new fishing grounds and including new species of fish in the edible and marketable groups.

The work of the bureau covers a wide range. It includes tagging fish to discover their migrations. It supervises the distribution of some 5,000,000,000 fry, fingerling and eggs a year. It includes research into the utilization of fish waste into by-products—soap, paint, oil, glue, leather, pearls. The bureau investigates refrigeration that will get fish safely from captor to consumer before decomposition gets in its deadly work. It looks into copper-oleate and copper-paint methods of preserving nets. It works toward the popularization of unknown fish through publicity. It concerns itself with the plea of a passing species. It maintains patrols to prevent pirating—robbery from trap and scow—and poaching—fishing in prohibited areas.

### The Bane of Dory Fishermen

When it comes to popularizing little-known or discarded varieties of fish, some of the species they turned the spotlight on were kinds I could handle. About ten years ago, for example, the bureau got after tilefish, a species of flounder with a very strange history. In 1879 a fishing schooner south of Nantucket took several thousand pounds of a fish nobody had ever seen before, and sent specimens to the Fish Commission—as the bureau was then called—where it was baptized with a long name meaning: "Crested Tilus with a head like a chameleon."

In 1882, a Gloucesterman sailed sixty-nine miles through dead and dying tilefish, floating on the surface. Other vessels reported that the dead fish covered an area 170 miles long and 25 miles wide. It was estimated that something like 1,500,000,000 tilefish expired. No one knew the cause of the wholesale killing, but various possibilities were suggested. The most plausible was that a sudden chilling of the water—perhaps a slight receding of the Gulf Stream—had killed the fish, which is a bottom dweller, but accustomed to warm water. At any rate, not one single tilefish was seen for the next ten years. In 1892 the Gulf Stream again swung a bit farther inshore, and that year a few tilefish were taken. The number has since greatly increased, and it has now become a modest but steady item of each year's catch.

Adverse criticism of steam trawlers in America continued as the little fleet grew. I remember hearing them discussed, one year, while I was making a trip to Gloucester.

"Dragging heavy nets along the bottom of the ocean!" snorted a blue-eyed, white-bearded old dory fisherman, sitting on an upturned box in the sun and puffing mournfully at his pipe. He shook his head at the little group, much like himself, who were listening. "Kills the fish spawn. Then where's your fish next season? Kills the undergrowth ground fish eat. How're they goin' to live? Come messin' in among the other fishermen, interferin' with lines and nets!"

The others nodded their heads in sorrowful agreement.

But the Bureau of Fisheries had already investigated these problems. As for killing spawn, they pointed out, the eggs of all important food fish of the New England coast and banks, except herring, float at or near the surface, where the trawl doesn't disturb them. Growth detached and brought up by the net can be thrown overboard again, to fulfill its purpose as food for cod and haddock. Bits of starfish become new starfish, and bits of sponge, new sponge. Divided anemones develop into whole new animals. As for interference with other fishermen, that's merely a matter of developing a set of customs that observe the other fellow's rights.

"For one day," I said to my partner, "I'm going to forget my vow to keep off the sea. I'm going to find out what it's like on a steam otter trawler."

So one morning a week later I went aboard the Drake, a rusty-red steam trawler, long and narrow, low in the water, her deck cluttered up with all kinds of fishing gear. When we were about a hundred and fifty miles out the men lowered one of the two trawls.

For an hour and a half we towed the great bag over the ocean's floor, thirty fathoms below, at three miles an hour. Then it was hauled in. As we bent over the rail we could see the cod end—the small cone end—of the net floating above water, buoyed up by the air bladders of the fish it held, while the rest of the net was still invisible. If the cod end had not floated, it would have meant that the catch was small—a skunk haul.

If we had dragged again and got only a couple of hundred pounds, we would have decided that bank was a flivver and shifted. But that wasn't the case this time; it was a good, 10,000-pound haul.

When the huge, dripping net came inboard we all crowded around, everybody as eager as I was to see how big a catch we had and what curiosities it contained. A man in oilskins crawled underneath, loosened the draw strings and retreated hurriedly from the shower of wriggling fish.

The mainstay of the catch was haddock. Pounds and pounds of fat, flapping, dark-gray haddock, gleaming on the deck. Besides these, there were quantities of the greenish common cod, large and small, with pale lateral lines, large mouths and dark fins; pollack, or green cod; silver hake, dark, rusty-brown flounders, white on the underside; skate and wolf fish.

### Up From the Deep

Then the miscellany—monkfish, lumpfish; spiny, great-headed sculpins, with broad mouths; sea urchins, very hard-shelled with a soft mussel-like body; biscuits—flat, round, shellfish; lobsters, a small octopus, a silver salmon, a ferocious marine catfish, that had to be rendered harmless immediately and tossed into the scuppers before its relentless teeth and powerful mouth could take vengeance on us. John Day, a fisherman I have known for years, told me once of a trip when, his eyes blinded with slashing wind and rain, he wasn't quite quick enough with his gaff, and left the small finger of his right hand in the mouth of an enraged catfish. Finally, there were the tentacled squid, and corals, shells, sponges, sea cucumbers and other ocean vegetables.

On this trip we hauled up, also, a little iron trunk, a couple of boxes, an anchor that looked as if it had been in the water twenty or thirty years, and a little, water-worn chair. On subsequent trawler trips I have seen some strange objects raked up out of this gruesome lost-and-found department of Davy Jones' locker. Once I watched the great net bring up a mass of human bones.

Just last January a steam trawler, fishing south of Sable Island, got her gear foul of a sunken vessel and hauled a fishing schooner to the surface. For a moment she hung there, a tragic apparition. Then the cables parted and she sank back. No one could say positively who she was, for the glance the trawler's crew had was a brief one. They guessed her to be the Gloucester schooner Columbia, that went down in the gale of August 24, 1927, with Capt. Lewis Wharton and twenty-one men.

But at the moment, looking at the Drake's haul as it flapped on the deck, the question was, how many of these miscellaneous sea dwellers were valuable to these commercial fishermen? Which were to be sorted and dressed and iced, and which thrown back overboard?

Although there are more than 1000 species of American food and game fishes, only about 106 varieties are handled in Fulton Market. The bulk of the trade, moreover, depends on some thirty varieties, and 70 per cent of the total sales of fresh and frozen salt-water fish in Fulton Market are in only twenty-four species.

Haddock, cod, pollack, hake and flounders went to the hold. Small cod and baby haddock were also kept. Some small cod are salted, while others, together with baby haddock—one to two and a half pounds—become Boston scrod. In other cities scrod is more likely to be the extreme hindquarters of a large cod, greatly inferior to the bluestocking specialty. Haddock also understudies for fillet of soles. Wolf fish is good eating; that, also, is kept.

### Mother Abigail

Among the cod and haddock, we came across a few that were curiously tagged. That meant the Bureau of Fisheries was following the wanderings of these particular fish. They were originally caught, probably, at their feeding grounds, where one of the biologists scraped a few scales from their backs, which he pasted in a book opposite a number. Then he wrote the same number on a tiny aluminum tag, clamped it on the tail of the fish and threw it back into the water.

The Drake had blanks to be filled out and sent to the bureau, telling where and when the fish were captured. Then these fish, having fulfilled their governmental obligations, could accompany the untagged majority to the frying pan.

Two things you may be sure you'll not keep long in a trawl net—eels and lampreys. Small fish, too, of course, escape.

One of the crew chuckled.

"My, my!" he said. "Here's Abigail again."

Abigail was an old female lobster. She managed to get herself caught by some fisherman or other about once a week. Nearly every fisherman in those waters knew Abigail by her tail flippers. A little hole punched in a lobster's tail flipper means "I am a mother," and she is handed on from catcher to dealer to state collector, and finally returned to the water with a reminder that she has a duty to the state. The alizarin in her shell must never be reddened by boiling. But some collector has punched holes in both of Abigail's tail flippers, so she is recognized and saluted.

The sea scallops were served on board ship that day for dinner. The squid, too, was saved. A basket of colorless, jelly-like squid is one of the least attractive sights in Fulton Market, but whereas squid was formerly shoveled overboard without hesitation or saved only for bait, nowadays there is around a 2,000,000-pound holding of frozen squid in a winter month in this country, ready to be bought up by Latin-American housewives. Sea urchins were saved; once regarded as valueless, they now bring as high as three dollars a bushel in New York's and Boston's foreign quarters.

It was forcibly impressed upon me in that first steam-trawler trip I went on, that there had always been any number of fish so apparently useless, so ugly and repulsive to look at, that it seemed nothing would ever save them from unpopularity unless somebody invented a marine beauty parlor. Goosefish was among these. Retailers can't display repulsive-looking fish; they might taste as good as planked shad, but still no housewife would touch them. And many of the flat skates and rays didn't look as if they could possibly be edible. I've seen catches of seven or eight thousand pounds of barn-door skate shoveled overboard, years ago, when there was no market at all for them. I wondered if anybody

(Continued on Page 48)

**BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Often as many as 300 would eagerly wait at Dr. Jenner's door in Berkeley, Gloucestershire, to receive protection against smallpox.

# "Will Dr. Jenner vaccinate us, pray?"

Smallpox prowled through London streets in 1796, taking its toll of 3500 human lives. But in that very year its doom was sealed. In a sleepy little village a hundred miles away a young physician and a plucky country boy conspired against the terrible disease—and won!

It was on May 14, 1796, at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, that eight-year-old James Phipps was given the world's first vaccination by Dr. Edward Jenner. Six weeks passed. Then the doctor exposed the lad to smallpox. But, as Jenner had predicted, young Master James remained perfectly well.

Jenner's discovery had made the boy immune to smallpox. And while the good doctor was for months subjected to ridicule, the time eventually came when long lines of people waited for vaccination before his door.

### Vaccination is vitally important today

The greatest of all fortresses of health is the modern protection against smallpox. Before Jenner's discovery smallpox killed one out of every fourteen persons. Today, wherever vaccination is the rule, smallpox is practically unknown.

Yet your doctor will tell you that the rarity of smallpox is itself one great source of danger—for it sometimes leads people to grow careless.

You may remember that in 1925 there were 1610 cases of smallpox, with 163 deaths, in a certain American city. Not a single one of these 163 who perished had been successfully vaccinated within ten years preceding the epidemic.

Why take unnecessary risks? Wise parents realize the urgent need for vaccination today. They ask their doctor that every member of the family be adequately safeguarded against smallpox.

* * *

The efficacy of smallpox vaccine depends, of course, on the care with which it is prepared. Like every Parke-Davis product, Parke-Davis smallpox vaccine virus must pass all the accurate tests of science for purity and potency before it is placed at the disposal of physicians.

Your doctor is equipped today to guard you and your family not only against smallpox but also against many other once-dreaded infectious diseases. The story of the safeguards provided by modern preventive medicine is told simply and clearly in a booklet called *Fortresses of Health*. To receive a free copy, just send a request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

**A PERSONAL NOTE**

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your pharmacist about them he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

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# Watch This Column
## Our Weekly Chat

*Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.*

Youth and Beauty! They are like sunshine to flowers. And that's why we have so much of both in Universal pictures. I hope I never produce a picture that hasn't one or both. Do you agree with the thought?

*Carl Laemmle, President*

*Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.*

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City


*(Continued from Page 46)*

would ever invent that beauty parlor. It would certainly increase our business a lot if certain of the discards could be popularized in some fashion and some further use could be found for the enormous supplies of cod and haddock.

Then, one day in 1921, I happened to be in a Massachusetts port and saw a man distributing to retailers samples of what appeared to be pieces of fish wrapped in waxpaper envelopes. I asked him what they were.

"We're sending around samples," he said, "of the new way we're marketing fish. This is a haddock fillet. Not filet—fillet. We've just installed machines that bone, skin and clean strips of fish by the hundreds, and wrap them in waxed paper, so that they go to the dealer ready for the frying pan. It's going to revolutionize the industry."

When he said "revolutionize" I winced; my partner was always making fun of me for saying something new was going to "revolutionize the industry." But just the same, I went over the plant with him.

"First of all, we wash the fish," he said, "here on the dock, hand sort them, load them into 500-pound boxes and send them off on that tractor. Come on; we'll follow their route."

### *Ready for the Pan*

At the main plant he showed me the conveying system that took the fish on chain belts into a tank to be thoroughly rinsed in chlorinated water, then on into the feed bins of a saw that beheaded them.

"Then they're ready for the real filleter. This wheel picks up the fish as it revolves, you see, and two parallel knives strip the two flanks from the backbone. These are inspected, trimmed of fins and ragged edges, and fed to a machine that grasps them by the tail and draws them against the blade of a knife that rips off the skin as clean as peeling an onion.

"In the fillet cutter the boneless flanks are cut to a standard size, passed on into a brining tank, and then to a packing table, where they are laid on wax cards, sealed in wax paper, and packed in ice. And by the time all that's done, that haddock's own mother that spawned it would never recognize it again."

"What about waste?" I asked him.

"Why, there are, of course, a lot of trimmings, but they go, with pieces of tender meat forced from the backbone by a separator, to a grinder to be shredded and compressed into a brick that you can slice and cook like fillets. Try one of them on your wife."

I grinned. "That's an even better suggestion than you know," I told him.

She liked them, of course. "Who invented the process?" she asked. "I bet it was a woman who's been closing her eyes and holding her breath every time she had to cut the head off a fish."

As the demand for filleted fish began to grow, several dealers began to fillet the less expensive fish by hand, and display them in the market.

"We'd better get in on this," I told my partner, and he rather reluctantly agreed. I promptly hired four men at thirty-five dollars a week apiece, and set them to work in a near-by loft on Water Street, doing fancy dressmaking on half a haddock catch that we bought outright at five o'clock for half a cent a pound. My partner stalked in and out while they were working. He stopped behind one of the men once and watched his flying knife disgustedly.

"Can't you put a little lace edgin' onto that one?" he inquired.

But that 40,000 pound catch worked out this way:

It cost $200. We divided it into two equal lots and sold half immediately, 10,000 pounds at a cent a pound and 10,000 at a cent and a half, getting $250. The other 20,000 pounds we filleted. Five thousand pounds were waste and brought us nothing. We had to pay for hauling it away. Five thousand pounds of fillets brought twelve cents a pound—$600—and 4000 brought ten cents a pound—$400. The remaining 6000 pounds degenerated into poultry food; we put on gas masks and dispatched it to a Long Island duck farm for about ten dollars more than it cost us to get it out there. We paid out about $300 on what we filleted—$140 for the men for a week and $50 rent for the loft, with another $100 for extra ice and containers.

On the half of the catch that we sold outright, we cleared $150. But on the half we filleted, even with the waste and the expense of doing the work by hand, we cleared in the neighborhood of $600! We decided to keep on, but with two men instead of four. Gradually we worked up a small but steady market for fillets among the larger retail customers.

The first experiment of ours, however, brought us up against the pressing problem that soon began to confront filleters. The waste that accumulated—especially in thickly built-up areas like New York and Boston—developed into a complicated and highly odorous situation. Casting about for a possible use for all this material besides the usual production of fertilizer, the Bureau of Fisheries began to test, as Europe had already done, the advantage of fish meal as a food for animals. With the aid of public-spirited hens and guinea pigs and white rats, it was discovered that the meal was high in protein and bone-forming mineral value, and a source of calcium; that it was desirable for laying hens, growing pigs and heavy-milking cows. With these tests a whole new branch of the filleting industry opened up, with unassayed future possibilities, and big filleters began to add machinery for making meal as well as fertilizer out of their fish scraps.

In five years our haddock business nearly doubled. The new method of distributing fish in fillet form and the trawling industry acted and reacted and counteracted on each other. Filleting fish in quantity soon just about tripled the need for ground fish and made a large, reliable supply absolutely necessary. And the steam trawler was the only type of craft that could meet the demand. More and more steam otter trawlers began to appear.

### *With All Modern Improvements*

Boston and Gloucester and New York producers set about buying every kind of vessel that could be made into a deep-sea trawler, no matter what her age—sloops, schooners, seized rum runners, trawlers of the war days, which had since been towing and freighting. Every vessel had a different problem for the equipment installer. Notices of trawler construction appeared here and there, and notes about reconstruction:

"The Colonel Rockwell, 125-foot, British, built in Quebec as one of a fleet of mine sweepers and patrol boats, later a towboat freighter in Texas, has been purchased for reconstruction into a steam trawler."

"The former British steel steam trawler ——, seized while rum running, sold at U. S. Marshal's sale for violation of the National Prohibition Act, has been bought to be overhauled for otter trawling." And so on.

The little Spray, built way back in 1905, was in service until she was taken over by the Government during the war. Then she was sold as a tug, while a second Spray was built to take her place in her original company. Now, they tell me, the first Spray has been reconditioned as a trawler and will be good for more work still.

Methods have certainly changed since I left Gloucester! Radios! Nowadays, fish arrivals in Boston or Gloucester are broadcast to fishermen at ten o'clock every morning. Radios report to vessels the situation of the markets and the location of schools of fish, and assure owners on land of the welfare of their vessels at sea. Trawl trips are scheduled as regularly as railroad trains—seven days, say; two to go, two to return, three to fish. Owners know when the ship will reach the Banks, when she will leave them, and how much it will cost a day, almost to the penny, to operate her. Carbon-dioxide ice is being used in shipping frozen fish. Airplanes, on the Pacific Coast, carry directions to vessels on fishing grounds and bring back information to the plants on shore.

Increased demands for fish have sent fishermen farther and farther away in search of new grounds, and it is no surprise to find that a Gloucester schooner has arrived in Alaska by way of the Horn, or in the Mediterranean, or off the edge of the Antarctic. But this has increased the danger of getting home with under-iced, off-color fish, and made a reliable supply of ice absolutely essential, for whereas ripening meat improves the flavor, fish deteriorate in quality the instant they are taken from the water unless decomposition is arrested immediately in a below-freezing-point temperature. Let a spell of warm weather catch a schooner as she starts out, melt her ice, and she runs the risk of losing all her catch before she gets back. New refrigeration machinery is being developed to preserve ice supplies, and individual brine-freezing plants for each ship are looming on the horizon.

### *The Rise and Fall of Fish*

There is probably no industry in which prices fluctuate as widely as in the fish industry, depending, as they must, on so many variable factors—weather, ice, condition, market supply, and so on. You never know what's going to happen to send the price up or down. During the latter part of October and November, 1926, for instance, flounders that I handled from one or two producing points in Massachusetts had a strange odor. Retailers looked askance at them. By the time I learned that the flesh had got that odor from certain vegetation they were feeding on and were quite all right, I'd already lost the fifty dollars' commission I might have made on them. One hour's delay at a terminal may mean only a small price for a whole consignment.

Here, for instance, is the way the market ran, in a general way, for my business last year:

In August, a year ago, threatening weather kept seashore retailers from stocking up for week-ends. Haddock and cod were plentiful and never brought more than four and a half cents for haddock and four cents for cod. In September haddock was still plentiful and never went higher than four cents, and in October prices were still low. In November, however, haddock varied between one and nine cents throughout the month, and cod between two and a half and seven. In December, with bad weather, poor trawler production, and the Italian holiday period just before Christmas depleting the market, haddock fluctuated between three and a half cents and fifteen, and cod between three and thirteen and a half. During the early part of January, when the situation was still worse, with ground fish scarce and poor fishing weather, haddock wavered around ten and fourteen cents, while cod climbed to twenty-three! But toward the end of the month Georges Bank arrivals relieved the pressure and prices dropped. February and Lent left the market short again and prices soaring, but by March the trawlers were coming in with big catches and haddock never got above eight cents or cod above seven. April saw the supply still good and prices normal. By May haddock went down to three cents, and in June and July conditions remained about the same, with ground fish plentiful and haddock running from one and a half to five cents a pound. And round about and up and down, with these fluctuations, panted our varying commissions!

By the time my wife's little restaurant celebrated its twentieth birthday she had a good deal the glow of a successful missionary about her. What with fine cooking and

*(Continued on Page 50)*

*University of Brussels*
*where Dr. Mayer is professor*

DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

*Knight of the Order of Leopold and of the Legion of Honor; Officer, Order of the Crown of Italy; Professor, University of Brussels; Secretary-General, International Society of Surgery; Editor-in-chief, Brussels Medical Journal; Corresponding Member, Belgium Royal Academy of Medicine; Correspondent, National Society of Surgery, Paris and Rome.*

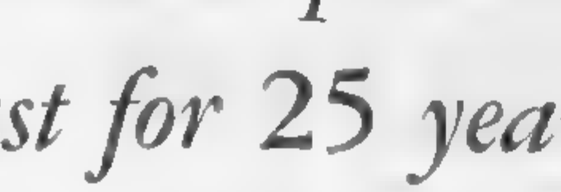
# *Why I have prescribed yeast for 25 years*

by

# DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

## Belgium's Great Surgeon

***"The most recent researches concerning the pernicious influence of intestinal fermentations have established the importance in the diet of products rich in vitamins. From this point of view and by reason of its absolute harmlessness, yeast is a remedy of first rank and its wealth of Vitamin B makes it a food of great value. For more than 25 years I have found yeast advantageous in my practice to regulate the digestion of my patients, especially of those affected with chronic intestinal trouble or with biliousness."***



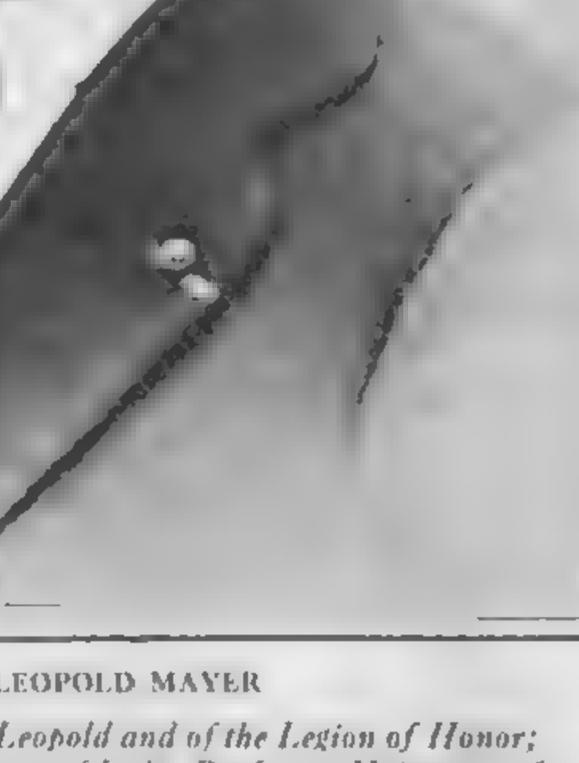
MANY among the exclusive aristocracy of Belgium are patients of Dr. Leopold Mayer of Brussels. Doctors and surgeons throughout the world know him for his scientific writings. He is one of the truly great ones in the never-ending war on disease.

Like thousands of physicians in America, Dr. Mayer finds constipation one of the great handicaps to health. For 25 years, Dr. Mayer states, he has given his patients yeast. And in a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

This is the welcome answer to all those who still suffer from clogged intestines; who have not yet found relief from the headaches, dizziness, colds, sore throats, indigestion, bad breath and bad skin due to constipation.

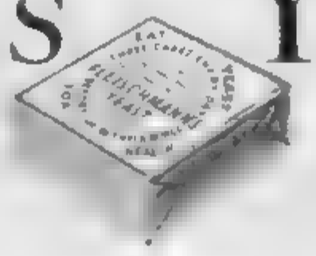
Fleischmann's Yeast is a plant, fresh as any garden vegetable. It helps the colon perform its function almost miraculously

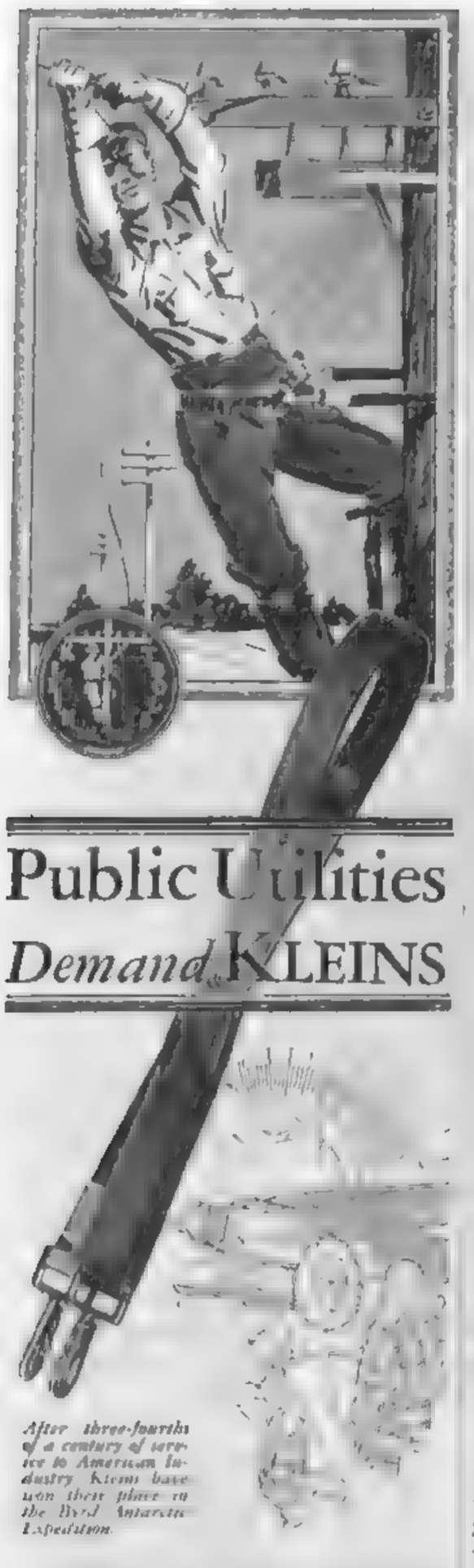
Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before each meal or between meals. To get the benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Start now. At all grocers', and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-75, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



DO YOU KNOW that from throat to colon is one continuous tube? That is why poisons from clogged intestines can spread through the system. 90% of our ailments start here, and here is where yeast works. For a happy, wholesome body, keep your entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy, with Fleischmann's Yeast.

# FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH





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*After three-fourths of a century of service to American industry Kleins have won their place in the Byrd Antarctic Expedition*

SAFETY for the man on the job is the responsibility of modern industry. Public Utilities have accepted this responsibility—they standardize on Kleins.

No job more dangerous than that of the lineman—no greater test of strength and nerve—the best in man power must be protected by the best in equipment. That's why Kleins—safety straps and belts—pliers and climbers—are the standard of linemen—"since 1857."

*Distributed through jobbers*

Four pamphlets of interest to linemen and those responsible for the safety of linemen. Copies will be sent upon request—check the ones you want.

- ☐ Safety for the Pole Climber
- Specifications on Linemen's Belts and Safety Straps
- The safety factor on Linemen's Leather Goods
- Pocket Tool Guide

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Established 1857 Chicago U.S.A.

3200 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

*(Continued from Page 48)*

a clean, cheerful restaurant, a little judicious advertising, occasional free samples, and jobs at local club banquets preparing the fish course, she had made a good reputation and a comfortable success financially, and stood godmother to several new kinds of fish making their debut in our locality. We never tired of watching the vagaries of public preference, and the fish that were substituted, one for another, in the trade, on the principle that what you don't know won't hurt you, if it tastes good.

When you think of caviar, you think of cow sturgeon—Caspian Sea sterlet, preferably—but Mississippi River paddlefish have been smoked and sold as sturgeon, and paddlefish eggs, salted, are good for caviar. So are the eggs of salmon, whitefish, lake herring and carp. "Roe" means shad roe to most of us, but there were more than 70,000 cases of the roe of alewives—a kind of herring—made up in 1926. Finnan haddie is just my own stand-by—haddock. Many years ago, the story goes, in Findon, Scotland, a barn in which there were some split fish took fire and was partially burned down. When the owner could go into the barn again he found that the split fish had been smoked a golden brown.

"We must na' waste thim," said he to his wife. "We'll have thim for dinner."

When they tasted the smoked fish they were enthusiastic. It was Charles Lamb's tale of roast pork over again. Then and there was born the smoked-haddock industry. "Findon" in course of time became "finnan" and "haddock," "haddie," but the fine taste remained.

### *Direct From the Producer*

In 1924 my active partner died and I bought out his share of the business from his widow. Then his brother Tom agreed to let me take in a young fellow who had started in with us many years before. By this time we had runners in the big American producing points, as most wholesalers have, whose job it was to induce the more reliable fishermen to trade through us. Our business had grown, with the enormous increase in ground-fish production that followed steam trawling, to nearly 30,000,000 pounds of fish a year, handled at an average price of around four cents. This gave us a gross on our 15 per cent commission of around $180,000 annually. Against this our overhead had increased from the modest $25,000 or so that it was when I came into the firm, to nearly six times that amount. Still it left us a good $30,000 annual profit, with still further growth ahead.

It seemed to me that the time had come for us to operate a trawler of our own, at least, and bring in our own ground fish to fillet. We watched our chance.

One morning an old Gloucester friend of my father's dropped in to see me.

"Well, what are you doing in New York?" I asked him.

"Why, I just came down to see what happens to the Alice A," he answered. "I've known that little schooner for twenty-five years, and tomorrow she goes under the hammer."

The next day at twelve o'clock the Alice A became ours for $5575. We laid her up for a year, until we could fit her up for trawling, and then we took one step nearer the big fellows that handle 75,000,000 pounds of fish a year and have, by means of such subsidiaries as filleting plants, trawling companies, refrigerating companies, smoking, canning and storing plants, importing and exporting departments, and wholesale stands in the Market, absolutely complete service.

Our lives as wholesale fish dealers are planned in terms of weeks, each week revolving around Friday. On Mondays the market begins to liven up, grows busier each day until Thursday, when it falls into almost complete inactivity

On a Tuesday, for example, a steam trawler will have arrived during the night—direct vessel landings at Fulton Market are increasing—beginning to unload at dawn at one of the two great piers that extend out into the river, accommodating fifty to seventy-five boats. As the trawler unloads, her haddock are quickly weighed and iced and packed, and ready by six or six-thirty. Meanwhile motor trucks, traveling by night, have been hurrying products direct from Connecticut and Long Island and New Jersey, many of them using the new, convenient vehicular tunnel that connects Manhattan and Jersey City, while other trucks and drays edge their way into the crowded street to the unloading spaces in front of the Market, delivering various kinds of marine products to one or another of the hundred-odd wholesalers—sixty or more of us specializing in salt-water fish. These trucks, bringing fish from the terminals to the Market—for Fulton Market has no direct rail communication—are one of our biggest problems. Try as they may to get through quickly, and considerate as the transportation companies are in giving preference in the yards to cars of fish, it's a slow business getting them through the city, and they add twenty cents a hundred pounds for carload or less-than-carload lots to the cost of transportation. Delays drag down the prices, and we try to persuade producers to arrange their time so that the trucking companies can deliver through the night hours instead of struggling with the day's heavy traffic, and by now nearly 80 per cent of the fish gets to the market before 7 A.M.

This means we all begin work in the wee sma' hours, and by six or seven o'clock the market is crowded with several hundred buyers of all nationalities. When a consignment comes in, every container—box or barrel—is labeled. Then, when the customer selects what he wants, the salesman gives word to a clerk who is in the sales office the mark or number, the weight, the price, and the name of the purchaser. If he's a local buyer, we get his fish loaded on his truck for him; if he's from out of town, we get the fish packed—if they aren't already prepared—for express or freight. We haven't much floor space, and the sidewalk in front of the stands is piled high with boxes and barrels, and slippery with melting ice, but speed, after all, is the essential element in our business. The rapid turnover means we don't need a great deal of space.

By ten o'clock the local business is over and the balance of out-of-town orders are filled and shipped. By two or three o'clock the market is empty, and by four the men are ready to call it a day and go home.

### *Brick Fish*

In that one day we sell, perhaps, 95,000 pounds of fish to buyers for steamships, railroads, yachts, chain produce markets, restaurants, hotels, department stores, grocery stores, and so on, besides the regular retail fish dealers. Even yet there is little fresh or frozen fish shipped more than 200 miles away from New York, but what there is, is in my special line—cod, haddock and flounder.

Recent developments in packaged fish have only added to its popularity. Another step has been added to the filleting process: The packages of fish are drawn by metal belts into frosting tunnels 45 degrees below zero and emerge as solid as brick ice cream,

ready for local or long-distance shipment anywhere—New Mexico, Los Angeles, New Orleans. Some filleters print recipes on the wax cards inclosed with the fillet in vegetable parchment. Another quick-freezing process has recently appeared that freezes 2500 pounds of haddock fillets in an hour in brine 20 degrees below zero. In the old-fashioned cold-air freezing, the water between the cells of the flesh expanded slowly, forcing apart the delicate particles of meat. When the fish was defrosted the water ran off and the fine texture and flavor of the meat was lost. For that reason many people are still skeptical of frozen fish, but its use has increased about 50 per cent in the last ten years, and there are more than 175 freezers and cold-storage establishments now in operation.

Still another new device has come along to coöperate with fillets in popularizing fish—an electric grill for use at soda-fountain lunches, that sears fish quickly without smell or smoke, and completes the cooking in eight minutes, catching drippings in a pocket that can be taken out and cleaned.

### *A Safe Existence*

At first only haddock was filleted; now plants are beginning to include cod, mackerel, flounder, cusk, ling cod, catfish, wolf fish and sand dabs. Package fish are put up right at producing points—Boston, Gloucester, New York, and so on—and in one year in these cities more than 17,000,000 pounds of filleted fish were produced, fourteen of the seventeen million being haddock.

"How are the new fillets going?" I often ask retailers. The replies vary.

The poorer class, who run little fish stores in less prosperous communities, shake their heads.

"Still too expensive," they say. "We sell our own halibut fillets for fifty cents a pound, but we have to ask forty cents for haddock. And we can sell three times as much of the halibut fillets. People don't know about filleted fish yet."

The large-store men, on the other hand, who are located in the more well-to-do sections, answer differently. "Fine!" they say. And "Send us more!" comes from the big grocery stores.

The trawler fleet has to hurry to keep up. Since the first days of the Spray the haddock take has multiplied more than forty-four times. In 1926, thirty recorded otter trawlers made 687 trips, bringing in, among other things, more than 50,000,000 pounds of haddock. The Boston steam trawler Harvard made a new record for trawlers for 1927, with forty-four trips and more than 5,000,000 pounds of fish. In all, it is estimated that there are about 2400 otter-trawl nets in use in the United States today, and perhaps 75 steam or Diesel otter-trawl ships. There are also many vessels trawling which are still listed as tugs, or freighters, or something other than trawlers. In European countries, it is estimated, the number of steam trawlers climbs to more than 3000 in a single country. Abroad they have tended to develop along standard lines, while in this country you see anything from a small motorboat to a 160-foot steel steam vessel trawling.

Last year an old uncle of my wife's came down from Gloucester to visit New York. Uncle Jim had once been adrift eleven days in a dory in winter, without food or water. Two of his fingers were frozen off on that trip. Once he had been run down by a liner in a fog, and lived to tell about it. Another time his dory capsized in a March gale and he and his mate were in the water for three hours. He had never forgiven me for abandoning the Gloucester fishermen; he just couldn't understand it. In New York he looked at the busy market; he looked at me in my white apron; he looked contemptuously at a dragger at the dock and scornfully down into the phlegmatic East River.

"Well," he commented finally, of the river, "ye can't get drownded in that!"

# You've got to have a good watch

Hours are crowded into minutes, minutes into seconds, until time itself seems on the wing.

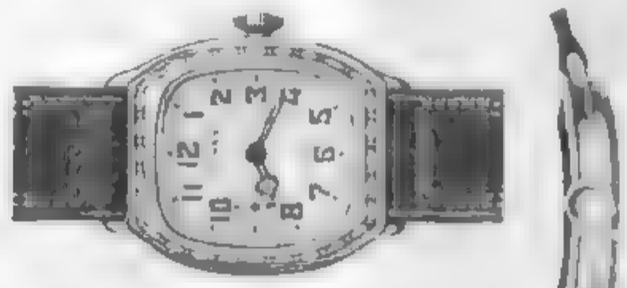
But in a day when regular transportation facilities span the continent in 48 hours instead of four days, there are still just 60 minutes in an hour. The difference is that they are measured in seconds.

Our times beat a quickening measure. Accuracy is the slogan of a civilization. And you've got to have a good watch.

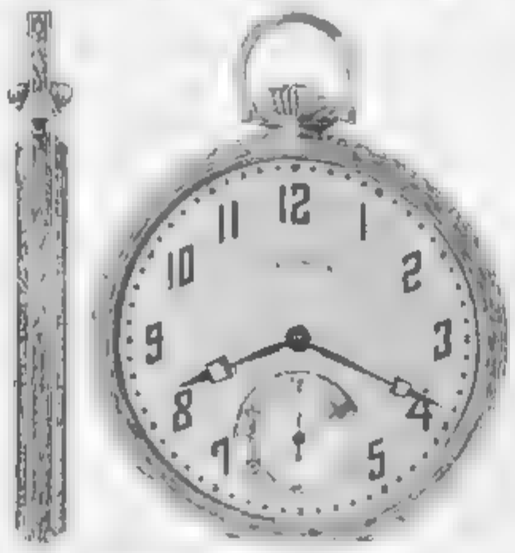
The Illinois is more than a fine watch. It is a great American watch—high honor, indeed, for here in America are made watches which for accuracy, service and value cannot be surpassed in the markets of the world.

Illinois Watches bring to the needs of today a rich experience of more than 50 years in the building of fine timepieces. Among jewelers, who are in a position to know watches, they have won unusual esteem. Ask your own jeweler. He can tell you better than almost anyone else how good a watch it is.

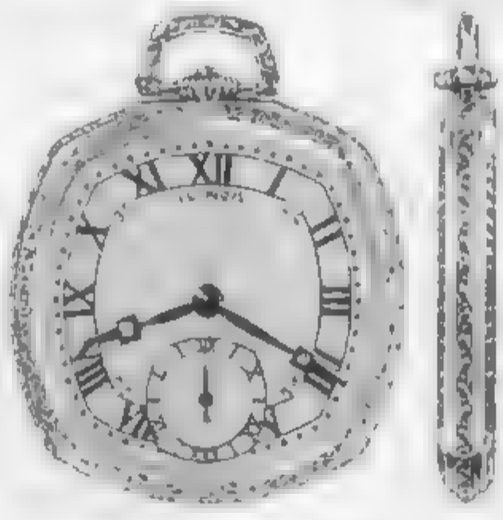
Sturdy, rugged and dependable by nature, the [illegible] is one watch which truly realizes the ideal of [illegible]. At [illegible] a 16-size watch in attractive 14k gold filled cases, [illegible] in design and [illegible] in style. $42.50



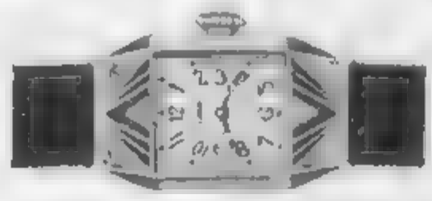
The Beau Brummell is style plus! Tailored to the wrist, [illegible] and accurate. It is one of those watches that explain why the wearing of fine watches is [illegible]. Illinois [illegible] watches as [illegible] 17 jewel movements in [illegible] 14k gold filled case. $50



The [illegible]. A watch of [illegible] and refinement with [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]. A [illegible] watch that [illegible] 16-size, 19 jewel movement, 45 hour [illegible] and [illegible] gold figures. $[illegible]



The Masters Assortment. An [illegible] watch of [illegible] performance and appearance. A fine [illegible] of the [illegible] pocket watch. [illegible] 16-size, 19 jewel movement, 45 hour [illegible] and [illegible] gold figures. $[illegible]



The Master. The [illegible] watch that [illegible] 16-size, 19 jewel movement, 45 hour [illegible] and [illegible] gold figures. $[illegible]

The Berkeley. This charming watch has a [illegible] movement, 45 hour [illegible] and [illegible] 14k white gold case. A [illegible] watch that [illegible] who wants dependable [illegible]. $[illegible]

# The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS
BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

10 years from now . . .

*will you regret that you neglected this knowledge of The Danger Line?*

"She has such a marvelous smile," men said! "She certainly has good teeth," the women acknowledged. . . .

And she was glad that men liked her smile. Proud that the women noticed her teeth. She brushed them regularly, fully certain that this precaution would guard them for her through the years.

Yet all the time, acids, forming unnoticed in her mouth, were carrying on their work of destruction. Lodged in crevices at The Danger Line and in pits on the grinding surfaces of the teeth—out of the reach of any toothbrush—they were attacking the enamel and irritating the gums. . . .

Ten years from now—*will you regret neglecting to guard The Danger Line?*

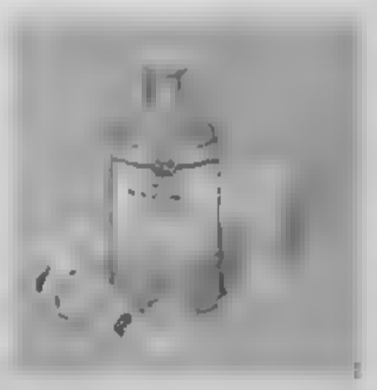
For, if unchecked, these acids can work incalculable harm. Often teeth are loosened and must come out. Pain begins, and soon lines of worry are etched into the face. Frequently, serious diseases develop. . . .

Squibb's Dental Cream was developed to guard against these dangerous acids. It contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice at The Danger Line and neutralize the dangerous acids there.

Nor is this all. Squibb's Dental Cream is a truly scientific dentifrice—safe—effective. It cleans beautifully. It is pleasant to use, delicately flavored. Because it contains no harsh abrasives, strong antiseptics or astringents, it is absolutely safe in the mouths of all.

At all druggists', 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from any earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation*



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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

*The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker*


# OH, AUNTY, PLEASE!

(Continued from Page 19)

tramps who didn't say so much as a "thank you"—well, I got sore, and it seemed to me where Tootie, using the old girl's clothes—even her underwear—and her churchgoing as something with which to get a cheap laugh, was pretty raw. But it wasn't my place to say anything. After all, it was a mighty pleasant house to visit in.

Of course you understand, Doctor Wortle, that this titled, notorious crowd that the Wattses had got in with was not the only society of the Riviera. Even Tootie had commenced to get onto that. There was another crowd that we *sales étrangers* never hardly saw. I mean the real French aristocrats. And one of 'em lived in a château near by, behind Cagnes. This was the Princess Renée de Chalon, a genuine aristocrat, not even one of the famous old family of Bourbon you hear such a lot about, but an even older brand. This lady and her friends come out in public very little, but they was the real thing, all right. You see, I just don't want you to get away with the idea we have no nice people down in this part of the world, for we sure have. And the Princess de Chalon was the prize of the lot. Tootie would have give her eyeteeth to get an invite to the princess' castle, but nothing doing.

What's that, Doctor Wortle? Me go there? Not a chance, my dear doctor, and I should worry over my exclusion! I didn't come to Europe to try to break into real society; I come over here to be happy. But even if Tootie's guests weren't real, they sure were showy, and the scene on the terrace was as good as Ziegfeld could have staged any day. Then, right into the most serious moment of the game of bridge, a bombshell got exploded.

Tootie was dummy, and so M. Farvier, who didn't play, and who had for several minutes been hanging around with a gray slip of paper in his hand, come up and whispered in her ear. Tootie ripped open the cablegram and let out one yell.

"My heavens, she's coming over!" she howled.

Everybody dropped their cards, except the prince, who was winning, and grumbled about proper times for excitement.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Freddie, flopping his blue silk robe anxiously toward his wife. "What's wrong? Who's coming over?"

"Aunt Fanny!" cried Toots.

"Stop her! Stop her!" Freddie hollered in excitement. "She can't come over here! She can't! We simply won't have her. She mustn't sail!"

"She has!" wailed Tootie. "It's too late. She sent this the day she left." And she spread the wire open for all the crowding chorus hands to see.

SAILING BERENGARIA TODAY STOP HAVE TRAIN MET AND BED WELL AIRED AS UNDERSTAND EUROPEAN HOUSES DAMP STOP IMPORTANT I SEE YOU BOTH STOP LOVE AUNT FANNY

"She always does things like that!" complained Freddie bitterly. "It takes her a long time to decide on doing anything, but once she's made up her mind—bam, it's done!"

"Don't worry, old deah," drawled Lady Rindle. "Can't we arrange to divert her mind with Andy, here? She won't be the first old lady to whom you have acted as answer to their Freudians, will she, M. Farvier?"

A mild burst of applause greeted this suggestion, but a look of alarm spread over the secretary's face, and his beautiful big nearsighted eyes opened wide in protest as he went sidling off toward Tootie, kind of supplicating-like.

"No, no!" he implored. "I serve only one goddess, yes?"

Tootie had hired Farvier in a polite sort of way to fill in on dancing, fussing over invitation lists, and dangling after her with the Pekingese dogs and whatever other junk she needed. Coupled with these, he was supposed to act like he was stuck on her, but believe me, if he had made a move to get fresh, Tootie would have come down on him like a ton of bricks. On the other hand, Andy would have passed out cold with fright if Tootie had made a noise like a sweetheart at him. That wasn't any part of his bargain.

And you may not believe it, Doctor Wortle, but Andy Farvier was a real nice boy. I mean he was thorough and conscientious, and even in this crisis, as soon as the rest of the gang had gone off to swim, he stuck around like a sort of anxious poodle dog, willing to help, while Tootie and Freddie consulted me, as their oldest friend on the Riviera. Naturally they felt that way, having known me for almost a year.

"It's a shame, Gladys!" says she, almost in tears. "Aunt Fanny is sure to queer us with our friends, after all the trouble I've been to, collecting the right people. How are they going to stand having her around, disapproving of every blessed thing we do, and censoring the conversation? And the worst of it is, we simply can't afford to offend her, but when she sees how we live ——"

"Well," I come back at her, "if you think the way you are living is all right, why do you worry? You're entitled to an honest conviction, the same as she is."

"Yes, but Aunt Fanny doesn't drink or smoke, or—well, her idea of Europe is sure to be churches and ruins and all that!"

"Just speaking as one ruin to another," I murmured. "Well, dear, try and make her a part of your life here. She may like it. You never can tell."

"Yes," said Tootie, but without much hope. "If only she could be made, by some miracle, to look more like us. But you'd never get her to change, short of chloroforming her. Please promise that you and Eustie will stick by me while the old girl's here! Come back next week-end and stay to see us through. Eustie's aristocratic white whiskers will help a lot in covering up our sins."

He has got lovely white whiskers, hasn't he, Doctor Wortle? That's another thing Eustie couldn't do in peace—back home, I mean—wear 'em like that. Over here he can wallow in whiskers and nobody mistakes him for Santa Claus, do they, sweetie? No one except your own little sugar, eh? And he is a grand Santa, honest he is, Doctor Wortle. But to get back to the Wattses and the siege of their château:

Well, a week later Eustie and I went back to the Wattses' place according to promise, and found the same old gang there. Apparently Tootie had asked all the others to stand by, the same as us, and of course any excuse for grafting a few more free meals was too good for them to pass up. Also, the idea of educating Aunt Fanny down to their own level was a rich one. And naturally a good deal of this impending education was put up, kiddingly, to Andy Farvier. Tootie even begun to get a little sore about it, on account, of course, Andy was her strictly private property, even though she wasn't his at all. And then, like a long-looked-for thunderstorm, Aunt Fanny suddenly turned up and cleared the atmosphere.

Of course she arrived unexpected, having decided at the last moment to step off and see the spot where Joan of Arc was burned. Her appearance was all that the Wattses had foretold—a gored skirt of gray silk, down to her ankles, a washable waist with a jabot, and though she didn't actually wear a jet bonnet with velvet strings, she had done worse. She had on a thoroughly Parisian hat—one of them tiny, brimless, little felt ones that are meant to pull down clear to your eyebrows—and it was sitting on top of her heavy hair like a paper cap at a steamer gala dinner!

With one movement she drew out the two long hatpins that kept the French hat from bounding into space, and hurled it

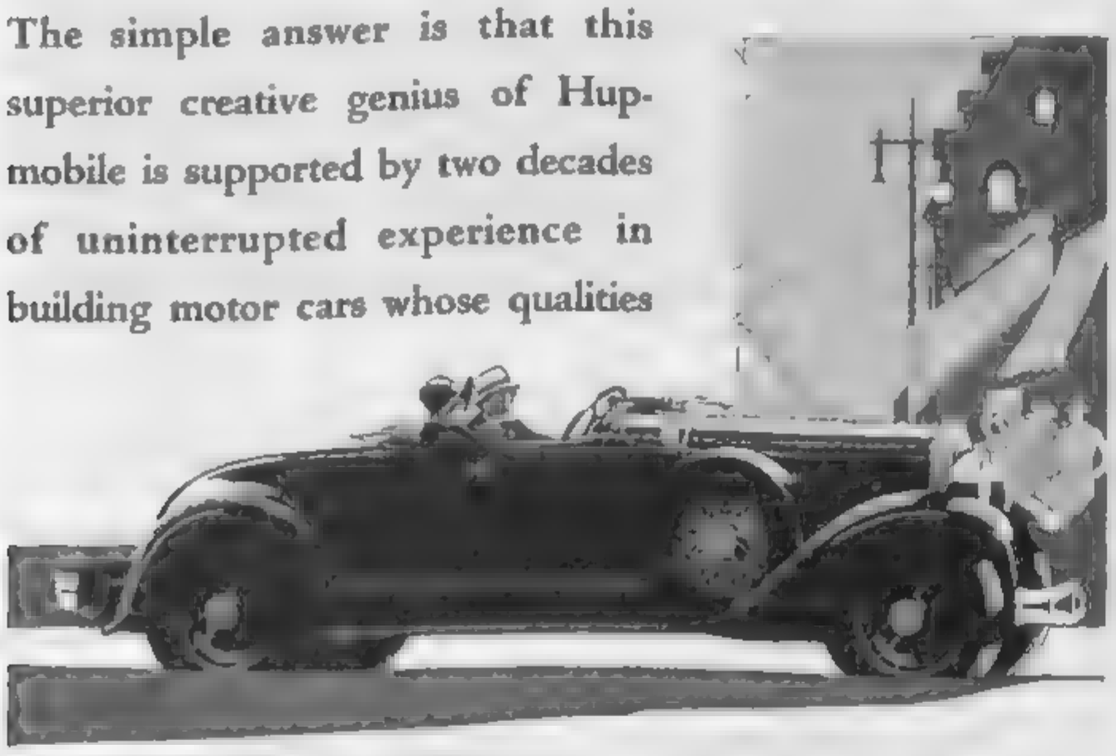
(Continued on Page 54)

# WHY?—
# THE SIX AND THE EIGHT OF THE CENTURY

EVERYWHERE Hupmobile records the same amazing triumph. Everywhere Hupmobile has been thrust above and beyond the competitive horizon with values so great that they have smashed one sales record after another.

All classes of motor car buyers have been won. All motor car markets have been successfully invaded, because Hupmobile mechanical excellence and Hupmobile "metal-tailored" eye appeal have not been equalled. That is why people everywhere are asking, "How does Hupmobile do it?"

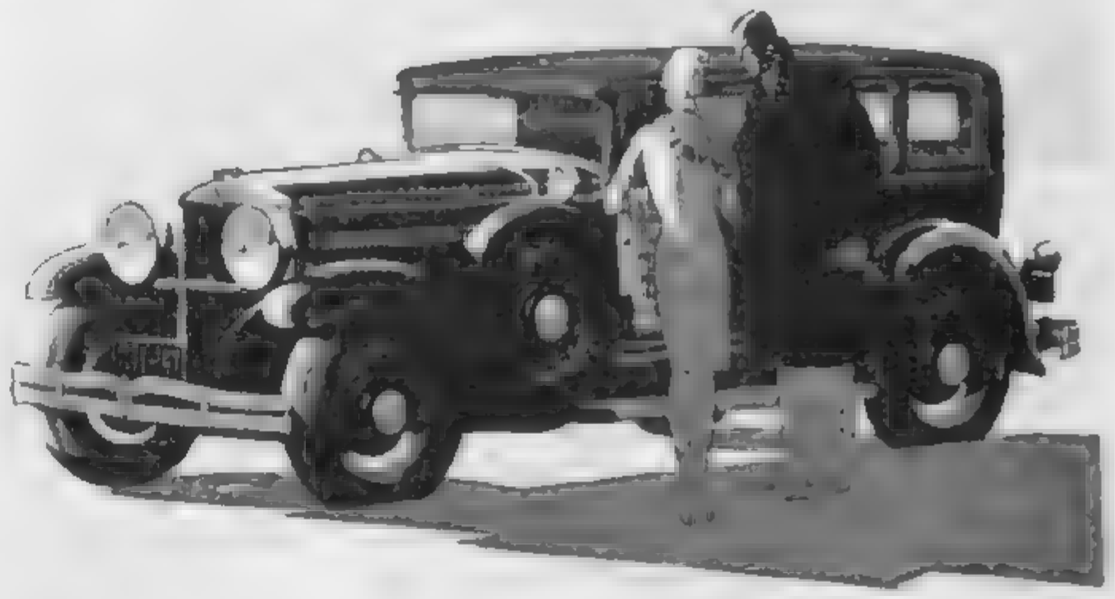
The simple answer is that this superior creative genius of Hupmobile is supported by two decades of uninterrupted experience in building motor cars whose qualities



were never subject to the ordinary measures of value.

A Hupmobile once placed in the hands of an owner always served him as long as he chose to drive it. A Hupmobile was never judged in terms of years of service or of mileage.

This year of greatest success has brought this creditable background into high relief. Under the new outward beauty of the



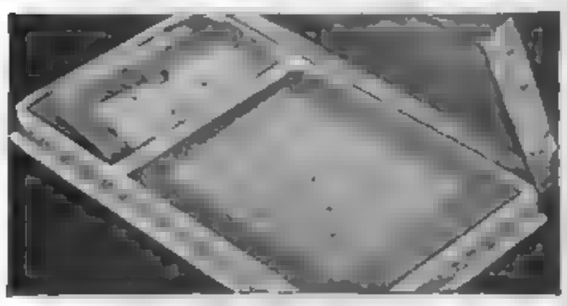
car—and the dashing lines of the body—is still to be found an almost flawless mechanical assembly.

The buyer still gets this wonderful Hupmobile quality—now in six cylinders or in eight, as his fancy determines. These Hupmobiles are known as the Century Six and Century Eight because they worthily represent the finest values of the Century; because they are backed by the best manufacturing experience of the country—and because they possess qualities of life and service, of style and general advancement—which are properly symbolized only by the twentieth century itself.

Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, $1345 to $1645. Century Eight, $1825 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

HUPMOBILE 1929
CENTURY
SIX & EIGHT

A gift he will cherish



Find-ex and Key Kaddy in beautiful sets of matched leather, $7, in a handsome gift box. Find-ex alone, $5. Key Kaddy, $2

AMITY FIND-EX

The New Amity *FIND-EX* is more than just a pocketbook.

It provides a remarkably convenient way of carrying automobile licenses, cards, photos, tickets and memoranda, in clean, removable envelopes that instantly slide into view by means of a self-indexing pocket.

A firm, red divider separates the new, small-sized bills soon to be issued from the present large currency.

*FIND-EX* is made in six beautiful leathers, plain, hand tooled or with laced edges. You can buy it alone in an attractive gift box or in matched sets of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy.

Other Amity gifts include wallets, bill-folds, Key Kaddies, cigarette cases, and ladies' hand-bags. You will find them at leather-goods dealers, drug stores, department stores, stationers, men's clothiers and jewelers.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 8, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

This patented device in the bill compartment of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy keeps the currency separate from the larger bills.

if stamped AMITY it's leather

(Continued from Page 52)

onto the nearest table, and she held out her arms to Freddie, who emerged, staggering with surprise, from the pool. Having kissed him damply, she looked around at the rest of the company in a puzzled way.

"Which one is Tootie?" she demanded briskly. "All you girls look so much alike, with nothing on, I can't tell one from the other!"

Tootie, hastily throwing a scarlet pajama coat over what there was to her swimming suit, made a dive in aunty's direction and welcomed her warmly, while the crowd of chorus people huddled together in a whispering group and looked on as if it had been a show, which it certainly was.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, please!" cried Tootie. "I'm so sorry we didn't know what train to meet! Did you have a hard time paying the driver and all that?"

"No," said the old lady with a reminiscent smile. "I called him an *espèce de fromage* and gave him half of what he asked, so he was real helpful and touched his cap. Frogg—that's our manager in the assembling room—told me always to say that, and it seemed to work. Besides, I do all our French correspondence, you know, so I got along real good, thanks."

"But you must be tired, aunty dear," insisted Freddie. "Come on and sit down."

"Thanks, nephew," said the old girl, allowing herself to be plopped down in one of Freddie's made-to-order, four-quart wicker chairs. "Make me acquainted with your friends, Tootie. Where's your manners?"

Introductions followed then, with Aunt Fanny's eagle eye taking in every detail of the crowd that came up with mock reverence. She listened to the high-sounding titles with an air of reservation and had little to say, further, until Andy Farvier was presented. He seemed to register right away, and she gave him a smile—a kindly sort of smile, as if she had at last discovered a human being among us. She shook hands vigorously and handed him a straightforward look.

"You're working here, ain't you, young man?" she said pleasantly. "I'm pleased to meet you. I guess it's you that's typewritten all those nice long letters home, isn't it? Freddie may sign 'em, but I'll bet it's you writes 'em."

Andy blushed, confused by the laugh that followed.

While I was listening to this I was sitting opposite a long mirror, and in it I got a glimpse of Aunt Fanny, sitting right beside me. I and she were about the same age, only I had on a pair of these cami-pajamas, of pink silk, up above my knees. I had thought they were real cute when I put them on, but somehow, in spite of my neighbor's comedy get-up, she made my rig look foolish. Meanwhile Aunt Fanny was taking a good look about her.

"Must be a crowded season here," she commented, "for you to have to take an old house like this. I suppose all the up-to-date ones were gone?"

"Oh, aunty, please!" says Tootie. "We chose this one especially. It has so much atmosphere."

"So I noticed, the minute I passed the kitchen," said Aunt Fanny, "but don't worry. A little chloride of lime will fix that up. I'll show the help how to use it."

"I think," says Tootie hastily, "that it must be time to dress for dinner. Will you let me show you to your room, aunty? We were going to take you to a nice quiet little restaurant we know."

"Hum!" said Aunt Fanny, arising to her majestic height and holding her bag across her abdomen. "Hum! Don't they have dinners over to Monte Carlo? I'm right interested to see that casino of theirs." For a minute Tootie couldn't speak. Then she gulped and nodded.

"Why, of course, we can go over tonight if you like," she said. "Suppose we all dine here, then, and drive to Monte Carlo later?"

"Suits me fine," said Aunt Fanny. "And now, if you'll just show me where I go to wash and change my shoes ——"

The two of them trailed off together down the terrace, and Freddie let out a groan.

"Stick by me, girls and boys!" he begged. "Now we're in for it! The old lady will probably try to have the casino pinched."

"She is like a great estate owner in Russia before the revolution," murmured Michaeloff, staring after her through his monocle. "How she could have cracked the knout! *Mon Dieu!*"

"Ah, *non!*" says the secretary, his pretty eyes popping out of his head. "She is *grande dame*, that one! Like our aristocrats, the outward things mean nothing to her. But her *esprit! Merveilleuse, incroyable!* How she built up a fortune by good sense, that one, is plain to see."

"Dashed if she isn't a lot like some of our old dowagers," drawled Lady Rindle. "No wonder you ran away from home, Freddie, and it's too bad home had to follow you up this way. But she's very like the Duchess of Windermere—the one who keeps her horse in the guest room, you know."

"Aw, boloney!" said Freddie. "She's just New England let loose, that's all."

Aunt Fanny appeared when the gong struck, in a costume that knocked 'em hot. She had changed her waist and, believe it or not, she was wearing the same skirt she had traveled in, with a blouse which looked like it had been made out of one of Tootie's bed pillows. Yellow lace over bright pink silk! Honest, it took me back to the days I usually refer to as mommer's time.

During the meal I sat where I couldn't hear her talk. Indeed, all I got was an earful from Georgie, the decorator, about the wardrobe he was ordering from London. You know, doctor, just a dash of that superior European culture we crude Americans get such a lot of over here.

The only one of Aunt Fanny's remarks which percolated to my end of the table was when Freddie was trying to explain to her just why he preferred living where he was.

"It's rather hard to make clear to anyone who doesn't get it instinctively," he was saying. "But it's the charm! The café life is so delightful—just sitting around watching the people, don't you know."

"So it's the café life that holds the charm," says Aunt Fanny. "Well, Ed Schultz still has a back parlor on East Street, over home, but I do admit the best people don't sit around it."

Of course none of the chic crowd goes to the casino before eleven o'clock, Doctor Wortle, and so there was a little time on our hands after dinner. Probably you went early, but then you would, on that tourist ticket you bought. But Tootie was too wise to break the eleven o'clock rule even for her rich relation, and so, somehow or other, Aunt Fanny managed to get her and Freddie into the miniature room of the château for a business talk. I think, as a matter of fact, it was Freddie who brought this about. I know he was as nervous as a cat over why she had come, and he wanted to know the worst at once. But the worst must have turned out to be pretty good, because when I passed the door, looking for a book or what else I could find, Freddie urged me to come right on in and look for it. Andy was in there with his notebook and gold fountain pen. Evidently the old lady had insisted on him taking down some facts and figures she wanted Freddie to remember, and Freddie was holding a large typewritten report with which he seemed to be terribly uncomfortable and bewildered. Tootie looked bored and restless, but Andy had an expression on his face like a cat that has just discovered a whole cupboard full of mice.

You see, Doctor Wortle, these young Frenchmen like Andy may be awful lightweights in a great many ways, but when it comes to business they sure know their balance sheets, and it was easy to tell from Andy's pop-eyed expression that he looked upon Aunt Fanny as a kind of saint. She was made of pure gold, from the heart out, in his eyes—anybody could tell that.

"So you see, Frederick," she was saying, "we shall pay a 40 per cent dividend this year, even without the vacuum attachment. I believe it will be the biggest success we have ever had. It will cut out the competition of the vacuum cleaner, by combining the two, and the straight carpet sweeper, mind you, is a long ways from dead. But we are going to need a special sort of material for the sacks, and I strongly believe in putting out a side line of knitted dust rags at the same time. So, with this in mind, I've been looking over the Springboard Knitting Mills, and they are just in the right condition to listen to a very reasonable offer from us. They are right across the street, you may remember, and that will make the amalgamation of the two properties real handy. I'm a great believer in the dust-rag idea—beginning with floor rags of a good strong type, and carrying a full line, up to the softest, dust-absorbing cloths for mirrors and polished tables. I think I can convince you, from my figures, that it's worth while buying the Springboard Mills for the rag idea alone. But of course we'll need one of our own people in there as manager. And that's my principal reason for coming over. You ought to be the man for the job, Frederick."

"But confound it all!" said Freddie. "I don't know anything about the business, and to tell the truth it doesn't interest me. Just why, after all, should I do it?" The old lady's eyes were bright as steel.

"Does this interest you more?" she asked, waving her hand around the room. "Do you want to spend your entire life in a bath robe? Does the business that your father built up mean nothing to you except as money to spend on people who couldn't earn a nickel for themselves? Don't be silly, Frederick! You are a male American, and sooner or later that fact is going to jump up and make trouble for you, if you don't act natural about it."

"Are you trying to threaten me into going to work?" Freddie wanted to know. "Aunt Fanny, please! What is the use of my going back? You have run the show magnificently, and you know you'd rather have it to yourself. It's your life. It hasn't taught you how to enjoy the sort of life I lead, or given you one thing that's of any use outside the business. You apparently can't even get anything out of a trip like this, except criticism of it. Honestly, for the life of me, I can't see your point in wanting me to bury myself in Stoneybrook."

"I wouldn't be doing my duty by my brother's boy," said Aunt Fanny quietly, "if I didn't give him the chance to grow up into a man. As for the business having taught me nothing outside of the work itself—well, young feller, I think you are wrong again. The discipline of a big business teaches people a lot of funny things that come in handy when least expected. However, I didn't come here to argue. I just come to tell you. I need a good live manager for the new concern and I am willing to train you for the job. If you are agreeable to the idea, will you please cable Houston that you will take it up? Or else, failing to hear, Houston will negotiate with Mr. Jameson, of the Cleanbright Company, who is a first-rate business man although he has never been to Europe."

There was a little pause then, while Freddie got uncomfortably to his feet and lit another cigarette.

"Let me think it over a little, aunty, please," he says. "I don't want to do anything rash."

Aunt Fanny left the room then, and so did the Wattses, Freddie dropping the typewritten report in the chair he vacated.

Say, Doctor Wortle, you may not know, but gambling at the casinos is done by practically everybody in France, and of course something like 100 per cent of the players are losers. The worst losers are the ones who have systems for beating the wheel, and most folks have a system, even though they don't admit it. And let me tell you, Freddie Watts was one of our unluckiest

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

little gamblers. He was the kind that loses ten thousand francs in order to win fifty, and then goes around telling everybody how he won tonight, see?

The Monte Carlo Casino was such an old story to most of us that we would have preferred to sit in the Café de Paris rather than face the stuffy gambling rooms while the country relative was handed a thrill. But there was something about Aunt Fanny which commanded attention, see, doctor? You wanted to know what she would do next, and personally, she kind of fascinated me. It was such a novelty seeing an American woman of my age on the Riviera who wasn't disguised as her own granddaughter. The entire gang followed her in.

You probably noticed yourself, Doctor Wortle, that the regular crowd at the casino are a pretty weird-looking lot. Especially in summer, the people who play every day are a terribly tacky crew, made up of human wreckage whom the casino draws like moths to an old fur coat—feeding 'em just enough to keep 'em fluttering. And so Aunt Fanny's funny clothes and gaunt figure weren't as conspicuous as they had been in the midst of the latest whisper as worn by Tootie's friends.

That quick eagle eye of Aunt Fanny's didn't miss a thing. Even in the lobby she was making mental notes of the method of the management, and the pompous officials and plain-clothes men who clutter up the place sort of shrank back from her sweeping glance as if she had something on them and they knew it. Believe me, doctor, a woman who could make those hard-boiled sons of gunmen recoil had something to her.

Well, after we got inside she commenced watching the tables with interest, making Freddie explain all he didn't know about roulette. She didn't say much, but nodded now and then, and seemed terribly interested in the people with systems—the ones with the long lists of figures and the red-and-blue pencils. For a long time she wouldn't play, but kept us wandering from table to table. Then at last in the *salle privée* she suddenly stood rigid and became intensely interested.

"Lookit here, Frederick!" she said. "I am going to play this table for a while. Get me a hundred dollars' worth of chips and one of them system books, will you? I want to try something out." Freddie done as she asked and the prince leaned over to whisper in my ear.

"*Voild!*" says he. "You see, she is human after all. Even the mos' clever women are all fools when they come to gamble."

Meanwhile aunty had solemnly taken a seat near the center croupier—the one nearest the wheel—and spread out her pad, pencils and chips. Freddie leaned across her shoulders to place a bet on seventeen.

"Play twenty-two," his aunt commanded, but Freddie set his money down as originally intended.

"I've a hunch for seventeen," he replied shortly. But his aunt followed her own advice. Five louis she slapped down. The croupier called his warning, spun, and inside of three minutes Aunt Fanny was raking a hundred and eighty louis toward her. Twenty-two had come up.

"Beginner's luck," says Freddie cheerfully. "Better quit before you give it all back, aunty." But Aunt Fanny shook her head.

"No, sir-ree!" she said. "I think I have found out how to beat this machine, and I'm going to make sure before I go home."

Everybody smiled at that and watched tolerantly to see aunty take her flop. But she didn't play the next two numbers. Instead she sat with her head bowed as if listening intently, meanwhile scratching away at the set of figures on her little pad like any old-timer. Then she suddenly reached out and put a stack of tens on thirteen. With obliging promptness the supposedly unlucky number turned up and the whole table became interested.

"Better get in on this next one, Frederick," muttered Aunt Fanny. "Remember, I know what I'm doing." But Freddie preferred his own hunch. Aunt Fanny's pile—the limit this time—went onto zero at the last second of grace, and actually, Doctor Wortle, zero won!

Well, you can imagine the excitement. News of a big winner spreads quickly in that place, and before we knew it, our table was mobbed. Aunty found plenty of strangers to follow her luck, and it seemed she couldn't lose. She didn't play every turn of the wheel by any means, but when she did, she won. Heavens and earth, she certainly had a system! Freddie begun to follow her at last, and of course he won too—for the first time, mind you, in his life! There really seemed something symbolic about it.

Well, Doctor Wortle, all of a sudden, about two o'clock in the morning, Aunt Fanny got to her feet, a hundred thousand dollars winner. Freddie and Tootie, and indeed everyone else, were waiting on her by that time as if she was a kind of goddess, carrying wraps, her bag, her immense lot of chips, and doing exactly what she told 'em. There was a huge sigh of relief from everybody when she decided to leave.

"Well, folks," she proclaimed, getting up stiffly, "it's way past my bed hour and I reckon we'd better be getting along home. What time does this place open in the morning?"

"Ten o'clock," replied Tootie. "Oh, aunty, please—please, don't come back! Don't be silly."

"I'll be over in the morning, first thing," said aunty in a friendly fashion to the croupier. "You can look for me around 10:30."

Then she marched out ahead of us in a kind of triumphal procession, because every one of us was ahead of the game, due to following her luck, and you can believe it was a merry party that returned to the château that night. Andy followed the old lady about like an adoring dog, and Freddie simply couldn't get over what she had done. He handled the cashier's check which aunty had received in payment of her winnings, with reverence, and could scarcely endure to give it back to her before she went up to bed.

"Aunt Fanny, please," said he, "how did you do it? Where did you learn to beat the game like that?" Aunt Fanny gave him one of her piercing looks as she replied.

"Frederick Watts," said she, "I learned it in the carpet-sweeper business. You see, I am accustomed to listening to ball bearings and I can tell by the sound which way they are falling. There was a defective bearing in that wheel and by listening real careful I could tell pretty near just when it was due to stop at a certain number. It was easy, and, Freddie, if you had been in the business half as long as I have, you would have been able to do the same."

And with that she walked up the stairs in the midst of an awed silence, leaving the crowd without a word to say.

The morning after Aunt Fanny's extraordinary performance over to Monte Carlo, I got up real early—about nine o'clock—and decided to have my breakfast on the terrace. Somehow I hadn't been able to sleep good. Maybe it was the excitement of the night before, and then again, it might of been just Aunt Fanny herself, whose presence had kind of brought a lot of things back to my mind.

But early as I was, someone else was down before me. Aunt Fanny and Andy was having breakfast in a little rose bower overhanging the Mediterranean, and Aunt Fanny was raising a howl because she couldn't get what she called a Christian meal and making the Wattses' imposing butler feel cheap because he had never heard of pancakes and sirup. I'm telling you, Doctor Wortle, any woman who could set a Frenchman right on the subject of food and win out had something to her.

Well, at any rate, I butted in on the tête-à-tête in the rose arbor and nibbled a *croissant* with *café au lait* while Aunt Fanny laid off scolding the servant and took up an interrupted thread she had been spinning to Andy before I arrived. And thread is right. She was talking about the proposed knitting mills and how she wanted to get hold of a new knitting stitch for her dusting rags—something soft that could not possibly scratch. She talked in figures mostly, and Andy listened as if it was poetry to his thrifty French soul. What is more, he made a few answers that seemed like intelligent suggestions, and there was a different quality about his attention—not a bit like the polite devotion he gave to Tootie.

"Ah, *madame*," he exclaimed, "you cannot imagine how interest' I am! Over here, since the war, there is no opportunity in business for young men. *Ça n'existe pas!* Mos' job, he pay ten, twelve dollars a week, and no chance to improve. And fear is always on us, because we may lose even such job. As for a new idea in business—well, it is a crime to have one. Me, I long for such chances, but they come *jamais!*"

"But you seem a real smart young man," objected aunty, "and you appear to be acquainted with quite some American business methods."

"I have whole complete business-correspondence course, *Americaine!*" says Andy surprisingly. "One client of mine she run away without paying, *comprenez?* So I get *Huissier*—what you call sheriff—to take her trunk. Behold! There is nothing in it only thees business course. But I am reward' just the same. *Très interessante*, I find heem. And thees new knitting stitch you speak about—maybe I have a good idea for him. I think of this and tell you after, yes?"

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny. Then she turned to me. "Say, Mis' Van Pelt," she says, "you got a car here, haven't you? Want to run me over to Monte Carlo? I got something to attend to and I'd like to have a couple of witnesses along."

Naturally I says yes, never wanting to miss anything that happens on the Côte d'Azur and a better-informed woman than myself you won't find from St. Raphael to Mentone, if I do say so myself, Doctor Wortle! Well, at any rate I packed Aunt Fanny in, and Andy hopped into the rumble like an afterthought, and away we went. I am not a fancy driver, and I like to take it kind of easy on account of these roads being pretty bad and all cluttered up with French, the way they are. So it happened that just before we drew up in front of the casino at 10:30, Freddie Watts overtook us in a high-powered roadster. He evidently had woke up and found aunty among the missing, and so stepped on the gas in order to prevent her making a fool of herself. Laugh that one off, dearie! At least that's what he says when he caught us.

"Don't you go into that casino, aunty, please!" he hollers. "All you'll do is give them back their money!"

"That's exactly what I come over for," says the old girl firmly. "It wouldn't be honest for me to keep that money, so I'm going right in and tell 'em how I won it."

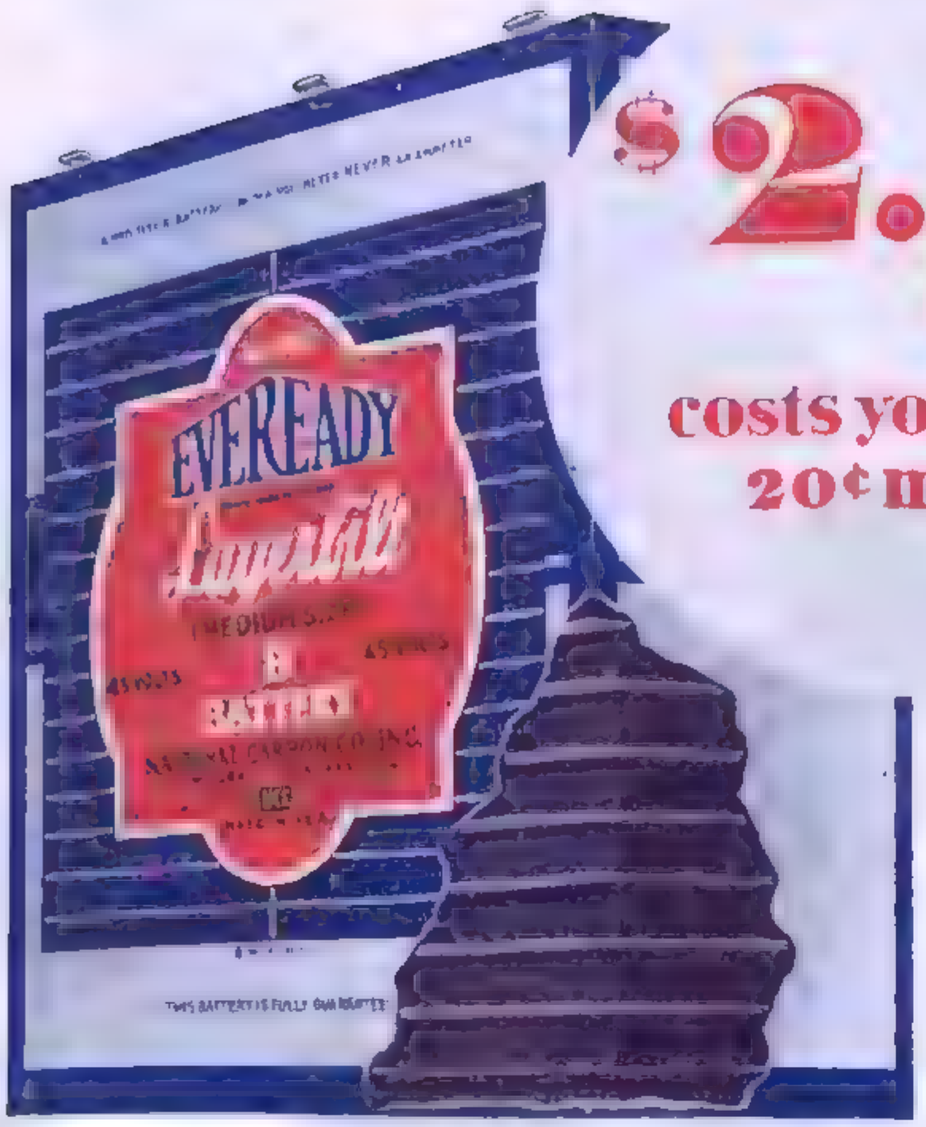
"Oh, aunty, please!" says Freddie. "Why will you be such a nut? Why hand them back that coin after all the money they've been taking off the public for years? Why, I myself have lost half as much right in there."

"That's got nothing whatever to do with it," says the old girl with New England grimness. "I've heard a lot about this casino, but I never heard it was crooked. What's more, I don't believe it is, and if I found out they had a defective wheel they didn't know about, it is certainly my duty to tell them and give back the money I got on false pretenses!"

"You're crazy!" says Freddie desperately. "It's money enough to buy a yacht! Or found an orphanage or buy those knitting mills!"

"Honesty always pays good dividends, Frederick," says she, unmoved by all this shouting. "You just keep quiet, young feller, and I'll allow you to come along with me and learn a little for yourself."

(Continued on Page 59)

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(Continued from Page 58)

Then she mounted the casino steps and asked to see the manager; the rest of us following like a lot of half-baked kids, Freddie still muttering impolite things under his breath.

Well, the manager of the Monte Carlo Casino is certainly a perfect gentleman. We got admitted to see him without the slightest difficulty as soon as he found out it was the lady who had cleaned up last night. And when Aunt Fanny broke the news that she was giving the money back, he nearly had a fit. It may seem funny to you, Doctor Wortle, but the thing which upset him most was the suggestion that the wheel had been wrong. He took that to be a kind of insult to the house, and it wasn't until we had all gone down and examined the insides of the darned thing that he would admit aunty was right.

He then apologized profusely, as if caught in a fault, begged us to say nothing to anyone about the matter, and seemed to have forgotten all about the money. What, after all, was a hundred thousand dollars to that outfit? The manager wouldn't hear of taking it back and Aunt Fanny wouldn't hear of keeping it.

"No," she insisted, while Freddie writhed in silent agony, "it would hurt my conscience." Freddie was by this time stalking the room and mopping his face nervously.

"Madame is too gracious," M. le Directeur declared. "Madame won in our casino and, naturally, the casino will pay. The fault is ours. But since madame insists, perhaps she will accept half, and we, on our part, will put the other half toward the fund for croupiers who have become too old to work. Will you be so gracious, madame?"

"All right, then," says Aunt Fanny finally, "but it ain't madame, it's mam'selle." Freddie collapsed into a chair, groaning, while the director made out a new check. But the affair was far from finished.

"*Voilà!*" said the director, handing over the money with a gallant flourish. "*Voilà*, mademoiselle! The men where you come from must be blind, not to recognize such a charm, coupled with so much business sense." Aunt Fanny ignored this piece of French mahoola and tapped the edge of the desk with her fifty thousand dollars as absently as if it had been a picture post card. Her mind was evidently working busily on something else.

"Looky here, monseer," she says at length. "This is a wonderful outfit you're running. The one time I been in the place I've taken a good deal of notice of your methods, and I must say, there ain't much that's wasteful about it. I can appreciate that, being a business woman myself. I notice, for instance, that you have a box where a tip must be deposited even before you are able to check your hat. Also, that you have to buy the hat check. Then, there's this admission you charge. To pay in order to get in and lose your money is quite a profitable plan. And I notice that you make a little on the exchange when a person buys chips with foreign money. But there's one real important thing you have overlooked. Will you take it kindly if I point it out?" The director was puzzled but polite.

"Well," Aunt Fanny went on, "it's your method of cleaning up. I noticed that you have a lot of fellows running around the rooms with long-handled dustpans and whisk brooms, keeping the place immaculate. Did you ever think of the danger of that? Why, you must lose quite a bit of money that way every year. Suppose somebody loses a jewel, a pearl, a valuable paper, or a chip or two?"

"Ah, mademoiselle," says he, "but we have guards watching constantly for such losses."

"Just the same, I saw one of them indoor street sweepers gather up a hundred-franc chip last night," says the old girl convincingly, "and I can tell you how to avoid all possible waste of that kind, besides saving considerable on guards' salaries. My business is making carpet sweepers. They are the best in the world. Noiseless, thorough, and easy to operate. What is more, I could put locks on 'em in such a way that only your supervisor would be able to open them with his key. He could oversee the dumping of 'em and have the rubbish examined in his presence, and in this way the casino would be able to control every last grain of dust that goes out of it. That's what we call making use of the by-product back in America. Hundreds of firms have made millions by handling their waste intelligently. And with all the rich people who come here, wearing jewels and all that, I'm sure you'd save the price of the sweepers inside six months. Just let me tell you a few figures about what the outlay would be. A lot of the leading jewelers use our sweepers in their factories, and I'll explain how it will put money in your pocket."

Say, Doctor Wortle, you ought to have seen Freddie's face when his aunt begun her sales talk! He just sat there on the edge of his chair fascinated, and I believe the old girl could have sold Freddie a carpet sweeper to clean his teeth with, if she had tried. As for the director of the casino, he was hit right away by the suggestion that there might be a leak in his organization. And believe it or not, before we left, Aunt Fanny had signed him up for two dozen sweepers as a tryout, at a fancy price because of the locking device.

Aunty had hit the very core of the French psychology when she mentioned waste. It's easy enough to buy from a Frenchman, Doctor Wortle, but getting him to buy anything from you takes some selling, and I know what I am talking about. I haven't lived in France twenty-five years for nothing.

As we climbed into our cars to go on back to Cap d'Antibes, Aunt Fanny could not resist one fling at her nephew.

"Didn't I tell you it pays to be honest?" she demanded. "You see, Frederick, it's not only the order and the clear profit of forty-nine thousand and nine hundred dollars that was worth coming for, but think of the ad for the Velvet Sweepers!" But Freddie was as stubborn as a mule.

"Aunt Fanny, please!" he protested. "Of course no one denies that the business has taught you to be very clever about making money. But keeping one's nose to the carpet sweeper doesn't help a great deal in choosing the right people as friends. It doesn't educate one into how to make the proper sort of social connections. And they are certainly far more important when it comes to really living."

"Well, nephew, I'm not so sure it's necessary to sneer at money-making," says Aunt Fanny. "After all, somebody has to pay for all the entertaining that comes with getting ahold of society folks, don't they? Not that I'm any great hand at social connections; I'd just as lief get along with a few friends."

When we got back to the house we found Tootie wild with annoyance. She had wanted Andy to do some fool errand or another for her, and when she saw him trotting home behind aunty, carrying the alligator satchel, the spectacle case and an air cushion, she was like to burst.

"Where have you been all morning?" Tootie demanded, her permanent bristling, but her voice like sugar. "I had to go to the Countess Delemar's beach breakfast all alone."

"Andy has been with me," remarked Aunt Fanny unnecessarily. "We had a job to attend to over to Monte Carlo, and afterwards I made him come and get fitted to a pair of glasses. He's real nearsighted and should of had 'em long ago, but he was scared the ladies wouldn't like him in them. Howsomever, we got shell rims, and I think they make him look real distangay. Put 'em on, Andy, and leave 'em see if you don't look intellectual."

Obediently Andy got out the cheaters, and I'm telling you, Doctor Wortle, they really made a whale of a lot of difference in that boy—honest to goodness they did!

"They are terrible!" she yelled quite unjustly. "Take them off, André!"

"You leave 'em on, Andy!" commanded Aunt Fanny. "I won't have you straining your eyes all the time. And I tell you, you look almost as human as an American business man with those on."

That last cinched it for Andy. He'd rather appear like an American business man than like the Angel Gabriel, after what he had seen and heard the last twenty-four hours. The cheaters stayed. Tootie looked as if she needed mighty little inducement to make her carry out that idea of chloroforming the old lady, but all she could do was bawl at the rest of us for being late. We were to have lunch at Juan les Pins in our bathing suits and spend the afternoon on the beach, and it was time to get going or we'd miss being there when the crowd was.

Well, Doctor Wortle, you ought really to have seen the bathing suit Aunt Fanny come out in! I guess it might of looked snappy on Frankie Bailey in her youth, but to us it seemed like Aunt Fanny must of borrowed it from Mrs. Noah. It was a dark-blue sailor style, trimmed with white soutache braid on the ruffles of the bloomers and around the wide sailor collar, while smack in the middle of the vestee that covered aunty's chest modestly there was embroidered a red star. And where on earth she ever dug up the hat that went with it I can't imagine. She wore long black cotton stockings of a good, strong, sensible weave, and her only concession to modern styles was a pair of Basque canvas shoes—these *espadrilles*, you know. If we had dressed at the château, Tootie would never have let her come with us. She'd simply have reached for a gun and put an end to it all. But unfortunately we had taken our suits down to the Casino, presumably because it costs a dollar each to dress there, and so when aunty made her appearance, she done so in full view of the entire fashionable world of Juan les Pins. Every head was turned to look as she strolled up unconcernedly and joined our party, and it was too late to stop her. And I'm telling you, Doctor Wortle, she was no more aware that folks was staring at her than the Statue of Liberty is, and no more embarrassed. In fact, anybody could see that the notion of sitting about in the sun was beginning to appeal to her.

"Any harmful critters in these waters?" she inquired of no one in particular. "I don't mean these human jellyfish, I mean God's creations."

Nobody answered. She had taken a vacant place at table beside Prince Michaeloff, who wore a skin-tight pair of violet trunks and a purple robe embroidered in gold. His monocle, which he always wore in bathing or out, glittered at her fiercely.

"I expect if there are any poisonous fishes, you will bite them first, madame," he remarked icily. Aunt Fanny looked him over slowly from head to foot.

"Now I begin to understand why they had that revolution in Russia," she said to the waiter who was handing her a menu. "Have you any stewed prunes?" she added, as an afterthought.

Tootie looked away, sickened. Of course I admit it was pretty rough—aunty ordering a cheap dish like that, on top of appearing in that costume. But then, aunty had evidently discovered something that a lot of Americans never guess—which is that the French stew prunes better than they cook most any other dish. But just the same, I couldn't help but feel a little sorry for Tootie when I followed the direction of her gaze and saw what she was looking at. The Princess de Chalon, the object of all Tootie's social ambitions, had appeared on the beach below! What was worse, the princess was just settling into her bath chair under her pet umbrella and taking out her knitting. Evidently she was there for the afternoon, for the grandchildren and a lovely nurse in a Brittany headdress were with her, and she couldn't help seeing Aunt Fanny and realizing that she belonged to us.

Well, Doctor Wortle, of course the rest of our gang soon got hep to the situation,

(Continued on Page 63)


# Who's Who on Brunswick Electrical Records

Hear the theme song of your favorite "Movies" as recorded for you by Brunswick

**"The Singing Fool"**

Al Jolson

"Sonny Boy" (theme song), "There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" (No. 4033) "Golden Gate" (No. 3775); "I'm Sitting on Top of the World" (No. 3014)—sung by Al Jolson, star of the picture.

**"The Jazz Singer"**

"Mother of Mine, I Still Have You" (No. 3719); (theme song) "My Mammy" (No. 3912) —sung by Al Jolson, star of the picture

**"Street Angel"**

"My Angel" (theme song)—vocal by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 3926); organ solo by Lew White (No. 3956).

**"Four Sons"**

"Little Mother" (theme song)—sung by Vaughn de Leath, comedienne (No. 3893)

**"Vengeance"**

"Revenge" (theme song)—sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4043)

**"Beggars Of Life"**

"Beggars Of Life" (theme song)—sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4054)

**"Lilac Time"**

Allen McQuhae

"Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time" (theme song)—vocal by Allen McQuhae, tenor (No. 4015); fox trot by Regent Club Orchestra (No. 4017)

**"Red Dance"**

"Someday, Somewhere" (theme song) —sung by Nick Lucas "The Crooning Troubadour" (No. 4016)

**"Warming Up"**

"Out of the Dawn" (theme song)—vocal by Henry Burr, tenor (No. 4045); fox trot by Bernie Cummins and His Orchestra (No. 3996)

**"Fazil"**

"Neapolitan Nights" (theme song)—vocal by Franklyn Baur, tenor (No. 3080); fox trot by Jack Denny and His Orchestra (No. 3129)

**"The Woman Disputed"**

"Woman Disputed (I Love You)" (theme song) —sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4054)

**"White Shadows of the South Seas"**

"Flower of Love" (theme song)—fox trot by Colonial Club Orchestra (No. 4049).

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*New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan, $1535; 2 passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655. (6-ply full-balloon tires)*

*New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145.*

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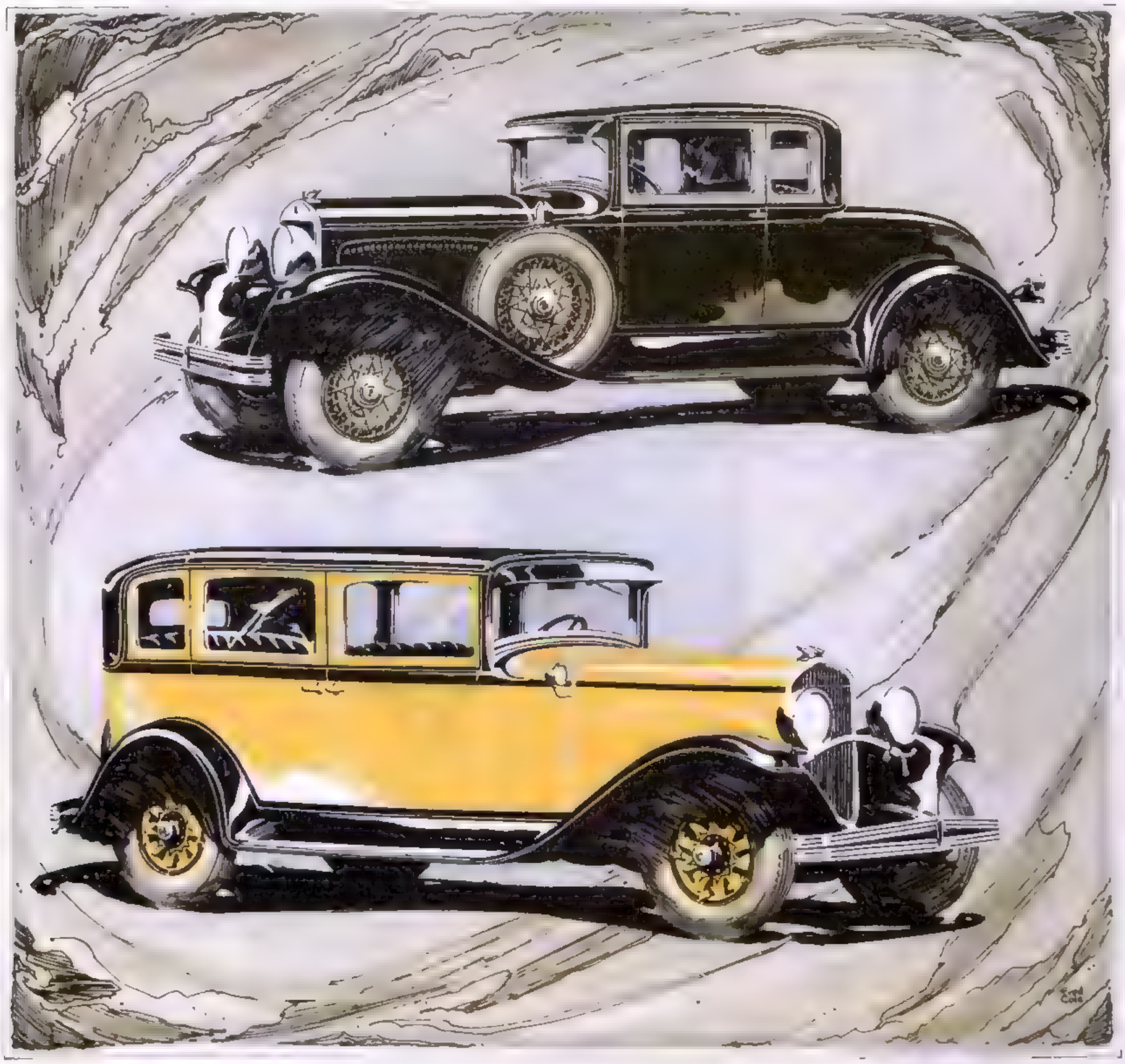

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(Continued from Page 59)

too, and as soon as was decently possible they commenced to drift away, until Andy, in his new specs, and aunty, in her terrible suit, were left alone. I stuck a while longer than the rest, but finally I saw a lady from Chicago that I knew and she beckoned me over. My friend got telling me about the trouble she was having with her French help in the kitchen and I kind of lost track of Aunt Fanny. And when I seen her next, well, Aunt Fanny was sitting with the Princess de Chalon, Andy was crouching at their feet, and the princess was chatting like an old friend with the two of them while showing aunty the fancy stitch she was knitting. Just tie that one, can you?

Tootie saw what was happening just about the same time as I did, and she come up behind me and grabbed my arm.

"Look!" she says in a hoarse whisper. "What on earth am I going to do about that?"

"Do nothing," I says. "Just what can you do? Go and bust it up?"

"I've a good mind to go right over," says Tootie, half awed, half furious. The princess, you know, doctor, had never so much as bowed to Tootie. But while she stood there irresolute-like, the question was settled for her. The princess got up and was leaving. Andy kissed her hand and bowed low. She and Aunt Fanny shook hands real cordial and there was a lot of talk and quiet laughter amongst 'em. Then the princess and her grandkids and the fancy nurse all left the beach, while aunty caught sight of us and came over. Tootie softened her manner toward aunty considerable as she greeted her.

"Do you know who that was you were talking to, aunty dear?" says Tootie.

"Certainly," says Aunt Fanny briskly. "She's a real nice old lady too. And of all things, she was doing the very stitch I want for my dust rags. Andy here says he thinks a machine could do it, and so does the princess. She learned it from a hand loom one of the workers at her home town used to run. Ain't that lucky, though? And of all things, we come to find out that this princess is the one who owns a hundred shares in the Velvet Sweepers—I told you we had several foreign stockholders, didn't I? Well, she was tickled to death when we got acquainted and she found out who I was, and she's asked me over to supper to their house tomorrow night."

Well, doctor, I remembered what Freddie had said about the business not helping any in social things, but naturally I didn't refer to it just then. I was too taken up with looking at Tootie's face. Tootie knew, as all of us did, that the minister of finance was staying over to the princess' château, and a lot of other important people besides. And the thought of aunty being asked over and her and Freddie left out was just a little too much. Tootie kind of clung to my arm all the way home, as if she was weak from the idea.

"It's the way she'll be dressed that I can't stand, Gladys!" she moaned. "I can't bear to think of her evening frocks. It's a disgrace to us. If I can't think of some way of improving her appearance before she goes among all those smart people, I shall simply die, that's all. I'll—I'll do it if I have to—well, I'll do it! You'll see!" Tootie suddenly threw back her head and laughed, and somehow I didn't like the sound of that laugh at all. The girl had had her fragile world rocked to its shallow foundations ever since the old lady's arrival, and she never realized that if that world had been completely O. K. it would have withstood the shock of Aunt Fanny's bumping into it. I could see that Tootie was in a panic and I worried because I knew something was bound to happen. But I never dreamed she would go so far as to do what she finally did.

I'm telling you, Doctor Wortle, Aunt Fanny was one of these women who never do anything halfway. And when she slept, she slept, and mighty little short of a dynamite explosion under her would wake her up. I noticed particular when she took a nap on the terrace with the phonograph, a ukulele and a dozen parrots, both human and feathered, going full tilt. There she lay dead to the world until she was good and ready to wake up. And once awake, she was all alert on the instant, without a cobweb.

Tootie must have made a note of this, too, because the afternoon of the evening aunty was scheduled to dine with the princess, the minute aunty announced she was going upstairs and get a nap, Tootie says so is she. That struck me as funny right away, because Tootie never took a nap since she quit doing night duty at the hospital way back in pre-Freddie days. But I thought even more of her actions when she come downstairs an hour later and burst in upon the crowd of her pets who were sitting around in the pergola and, of course, their bath robes. She was rocking with laughter.

"Children, I've done it at last!" she gasped. "Oh! Oh! You ought to see her! Just wait until she comes downstairs!"

"Who? What?" asked the Prince Michaeloff lazily. "What have you done?"

"Listen!" cried Tootie hysterically. "I've chloroformed her!"

"What?" shrieked Lady Rindle. "Tootie, what do you mean?" Everybody was giving their full attention now. Even the bridge players had put down their cards and were staring.

"Don't worry; it's all right!" gasped our hostess. "I know how to do it—none better! But it will only last half an hour at most, and when you see her now ——." Her husband went over in long strides and shook her roughly by the shoulders.

"Snap out of it!" he commanded. "What nonsense are you talking?"

"Oh, it's the most perfect nonsense!" replied Tootie. "It's only a joke, dear! Wait till I tell you, and you'll simply howl!" She wiped her eyes of the mirthful tears and got herself together sufficiently to explain.

"You know Aunt Fanny is a heavy sleeper," she began, "and so, as soon as she was nicely settled and snoring, it was a cinch. I gave her a little, just a weenie 'ittle bit of chloroform on a nice, pretty handkie to keep her that way, and then my maid, Eugenie, and I, we dressed her from the skin out! My dears, she has on my chiffon undies, blue silk garters, sheer gold stockings, and my Voron evening gown—you know, the one with the terribly short skirt! The only thing we couldn't manage was the shoes. Clementina's feet are Number Nines, and she has on her old patent leathers, unfortunately."

A sort of howl of appreciation gathered force and burst from the lips of the audience. But with a gesture Tootie waved them to silence.

"But you don't know the half of it!" she cried. "We found out that all that long hair of hers is false—pinned on, *mes enfants!* So we just chucked it into the waste-paper basket and Eugenie gave her a marcel and curled up the short back ends, and then made up her face. Eugenie and I nearly had a fit doing it, but the result is a knockout. And what the old girl will do when she wakes up, is going to be a circus. Wow! She'll probably run around the room looking for herself!"

Well, Doctor Wortle, I suppose even you can imagine the sensation Tootie's story caused and the kind of cracks that commenced to fly around. Everybody was wild to see what aunty would do and say when she come to, and they all wanted to have a peep at her right away, but Tootie wouldn't let 'em.

"No," she says, "aunty may wake up any minute now, and when she does she may very likely just walk herself downstairs without a single look in the mirror. I'm hoping and praying she will. You know how little she thinks of how she looks. Then on the other hand, she may be a little sick from the anæsthetic."

Well, at the last part of that sentence, Andy, who had been listening to the whole thing as if paralyzed, suddenly came to life with a sort of cross between a squeak and a yell. You know how excitable these Frenchmen are. He now bounded to his feet and commenced throwing out gestures and exclamations in all directions.

"*Canaille!*" he shouted. "You dare! To zat wonderful lady! Sacred name of a pig, it is intolerable! She is a great one, a mountain of goodness, and you—you mosquitoes—you dare to do *quelque chose comme ça!* And now she is ill, perhaps, and you leave her alone, to laugh like swine."

With that he give one leap like a grasshopper with a bad conscience and was out of the room and up the stairs. Tootie broke up the rather uncomfortable silence which had followed this outburst by shrugging her shoulders and giving a little laugh.

"Let him go!" she cried. "But something tells me that M. Farvier is fired. Come on, let's have a cocktail."

The magic word worked at once, as it always did in that house, and it wasn't long before they were all screaming again over what Tootie had done. Then they had a second round and the joke got even funnier. By the end of the third round they just couldn't stand it any longer; they had to go wake the old lady up. So at last Tootie gave in, and on tiptoe, glasses in hand, they crept up the stairs, whispering and crowding behind Tootie as she flung open the door and then stood there, flat and silent.

The room was absolutely empty.

Just what had happened in that room, Doctor Wortle, we was never to know. Aunty had been laying on the bed, all right; we could see the marks of her head and heels. But after all our excitement she was gone. So was Andy and so, of all things, was Tootie's brand-new Chanel evening wrap that she had intended wearing that night her own personal self. We looked everywhere in the château, but no signs of them two could we find until we run into the butler, who told Tootie that Mr. Farvier had left word he wouldn't be home to dinner, he was dining with Aunt Fanny at the Princess de Chalon's.

Can you tie that, Doctor Wortle? Here we had been sitting around for an hour like a bunch of fools waiting for the show to be put on, and meanwhile the principal actors had gone and walked out on us. Why, I remember the same thing one night when I was in the Sextet—but of course that's another story.

Well, anyways, we were so flat a snake couldn't have crawled under the lot of us put together, and pretty soon the audience, as you might call it, begun to disperse to their rooms to dress, leaving me alone with Tootie and Freddie, who, as usual, hung onto me in time of trouble like honey clings to a spoon; and after all, why not? I was their oldest friend, I had known them nearly a year.

The shock of finding aunty gone without a word had sobered them both up a lot, and Freddie, at least, seemed to for the first time realize that they might be in for serious trouble. The old lady must have been terribly sore at them to leave like that, and if she was sore, just what would happen to their income? How much power did she really have to regulate it—that was the question. Everything about the business had been left so absolutely in her hands that undoubtedly she could cramp them badly if she wanted to. Tootie didn't feel so good about it either.

"I must have been crazy to do it!" she kept moaning over and over. "If only I hadn't put such a short dress on her! And she's gone out in it, not a doubt, because all her own clothes are here! And when she sees her legs! Oh, I was crazy—crazy!"

"Shut up, will you?" snapped her husband angrily. Then he turned to me. "Look here, Gladys, what do you think we'd better do?"

"Well, if you ask my advice," I says uncomfortably, "you'll forget the immediate situation for a minute and take care of the future, and act quick!"

"How do you mean—the future?" he says, wrinkling his brows and looking more

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like a real man than I had ever seen him before. "You mean my position in the business?"

"I certainly do!" I says. "She's been at you to cable this fellow Houston who's been left in charge, ain't she? To say if you're going back and join the white-collar classes, I mean, and train as manager for the knitting mills?"

"Yes," says he, "she has."

"Well, then, cable him that you're accepting," I told him. "Nail that job at once, before you see her. Don't lose a minute. Send a straight wire. Then no matter how mad aunty is, she'll be too late to back down on her offer without a devil of a lot of explanations to this Houston, and if I know her at all, they won't be the kind of explanations she'll care to make to her manager." Freddie almost kissed me when I handed out this idea, and so did Tootie.

"We'll just have to do it and like it, that's all," says she tearfully. "We couldn't live over here on a European income, and that's about what we'd have left if aunty cut us off."

I helped Freddie dope out the cable, and once it was safely sent we all heaved a sigh of relief. Then we remembered the other guests in the house and the fact that whether the skies fell or not, they all had to be taken to the casino at Juan les Pins for dinner. Somehow I could see that this pet crowd of freaks didn't any longer look as good to Tootie and Freddie after the fright they'd had, but of course titled people like them have to be fed, Doctor Wortle, and I notice that somebody always does it. So off we all piled in the motors and rather quietly draped ourselves around a big table on the edge of the casino dancing floor, our minds still pretty well occupied with Aunt Fanny. But the party was not exactly what you might call a social triumph. Even the chorus people were kind of anxious and subdued. Worried about their meal tickets, I expect.

Well, anyways, doctor, it wasn't until after midnight that the crisis come, and when it did, it wasn't what any of us could possibly have figured on. Let me tell you!

There was a sudden stir at the entrance, and, as usual, every eye was turned toward the door. And when I realized it was the Princess de Chalon's party coming in, I took a quick glance at Tootie and her husband to see how they were bearing it. Both their faces were white and strained, and I could just imagine what was going on in their minds as they searched the crowd for aunty's figure. But she was right in the thick of the bunch, and as we were at the far end of the room from their table, we couldn't get a real good look at her even after she sat down. Everyone of our crowd commenced nudging and whispering and looking over there anxiously, and the atmosphere grew strained, to say the least.

But aunty appeared to be entirely unconcerned. Sure enough, she was apparently wearing Tootie's dress, and she seemed to be having a thoroughly pleasant time, which is more than could be said for any of us. Andy sat beside her, looking very solemn and happy in his new shell-rimmed specs, and it seemed like aunty simply wouldn't look our way, and it was hard to tell if she was avoiding us on purpose or not. Finally, after three tangos and two fox trots had been played, the band struck up an old-fashioned waltz and at once Andy was on his feet, and in another instant Aunt Fanny was in his arms, revolving slowly over the room toward us. The two of them had the floor to themselves, and we got a perfect view of the old girl for the first time, as she danced the old-style German waltz.

Well, Doctor Wortle, you may not believe me, but Aunt Fanny looked perfectly grand! She evidently hadn't done a thing to her appearance except wash the make-up off her face. Her short gray hair had been dressed by that clever Eugenie so's it looked long, if you know what I mean—*très chic* it was, and perfectly dignified. And the scream of it all was the skirt to that dress of Tootie's. You see, Tootie is real fat, and when she put it on her sleeping aunt, she had completely forgot that Aunt Fanny didn't have no more hips than an eel, and was a good thirty pounds lighter. So the net result was the skirt fell way down near Aunt Fanny's ankles and even Queen Mary would have approved of it. In short, doctor, the joke was completely on Tootie, on account she hadn't really modernized her aunt a bit, but only just slicked her up a little. I thought I'd burst with satisfaction, honest I did. The old lady was winner by a mile. No wonder she hadn't said a word! There was really not enough change to talk about. And yet, when Aunt Fanny waltzed over to our table and stopped, I just about held my breath and waited. So did everybody else, I'm tellin' you! Then come the real shock of the evening. For Aunt Fanny smiled sweetly.

"Well, well, young folks!" she said before anyone could utter a word. "Please excuse me for clearing off sudden like I did tonight, but I couldn't help it. I overslept and just regularly had to run. Luckily that hired girl of yours, Tootie, is so smart she had actually dressed me up while I was asleep, and so I wasn't late to dinner after all. I will say I have to hand the palm to these French when it comes to clothes—they certainly understand them, and I reckon there's a lot of justice in the reputation they have made on 'em!"

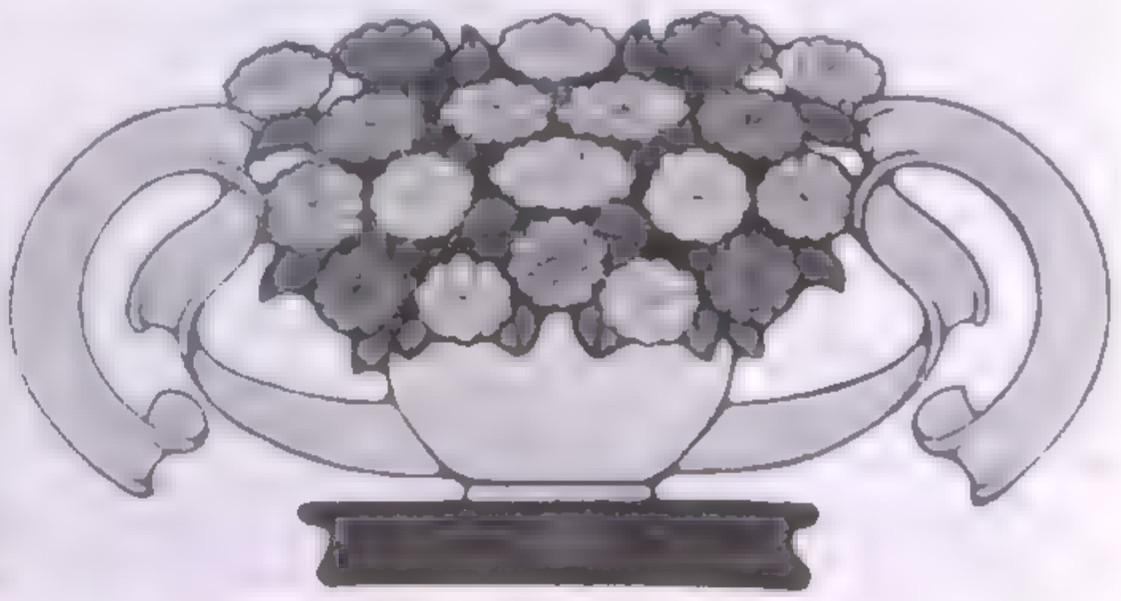
"Aunt Fanny," I says, since nobody else had breath enough to speak, "Freddie here sent that cable tonight to Houston, accepting. He's going back when you do." She smiled again. Aunty was having a delightful evening.

"That so?" says she. "Well, I'm real glad to hear it, Freddie. And we got another new member of the concern, you'll be pleased to learn. Andy here is coming over with us to take full charge of our recreation department. He's going to run the company's dances, and all that."

Then before any of us could recover, she had swung herself back into Andy's arms.

"Come on, let's dance!" says the old lady enthusiastically. "It's the last number for tonight."

And, Doctor Wortle, they had been dancing for two full minutes before I realized that the American jazz band was playing Home, Sweet Home.

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# THE POETS' CORNER

### Waiting

*I SAW a wood as wild,*
*As natural and as fair*
*As ever enchanted a child,*
*As ever sheltered a hare.*

*And twenty miles away,*
*Over the rumpled downs,*
*The center of London lay,*
*With its awful cluster of towns.*

*Sullenly street by street,*
*Hungrier year by year,*
*It comes, where there used to be wheat,*
*Nearer and still more near.*

*"Which will survive," I sought,*
*"London or this?" There spake,*
*As though he answered my thought,*
*An old and reverend oak:*

*"Yes, we have heard of it;*
*We have known such cities of old;*
*We stand and we dream a bit,*
*And it's weald again and the wold."*

—*Lord Dunsany.*

### Twin Angels

I

*DEAD hour of night. I wake and hark*
*A lone car rushing through the dark;*
*Its clamor wakes the shuttered stalls*
*And batters at the hollow walls.*

*I hear the blatant echoes beat*
*The cobbles of the empty street,*
*Then die away beyond our block. . . .*
*Somewhere a bell tolls Three O'clock.*

*Who rides when earth and sky are still?*
*A slayer, flying from his kill,*
*Or Mercy, speeding to the bed*
*Of hopeless woe or piteous dead?*

*I wonder for a moment; then*
*Lie down and go to sleep again.*

II

*Dread hour called Life! We wake and hark*
*An unseen clamor in the dark,*
*Listen in fearful wonder; then*
*Lie down and go to sleep again.*

*Yet even in our sleep we hear*
*The black wheels of an unknown Fear.*

*It is the Law. No mortal eye*
*Can pierce the night as they go by—*
*The long, dark Night, where madly ride*
*Murder and Mercy, side by side.*

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

## OFFSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Better call it a day for Beef," I suggests to Dolliver as we're walking to the clubhouse. "Talbot's brewing the works for him." And I tells him of the hint Joe Gates had dropped.

"Just a bluff," says Rusty. "What it takes to bump Branahan, Tech ain't got. He has 'em so buffaloed now they drop before he hits 'em."

"Maybe," I returns; "but with our big lead, where's the sense of taking a chance?"

"We're not taking any," insists the coach. "Besides, I want to try out Beef at full the next half. I'm anxious to see what he can do with a ball in his lunch hooks."

"Without signals?" I asks.

"Without signals," nods Rusty. "I'm going to let him pick his own alleys."

"Lovely," says I. "But where does that leave the rest of the team? How about interference? How about ——"

"I'll be satisfied," cuts in Rusty, "if the rest of the team just stay out of his way."

It all sounds cuckoo to me, but I drops the subject. However, I do take occasion while working over Branahan to warn him against dirty doings at the crossroads. He doesn't catch the drift at first, so I goes into details.

"They'll bust a leg for me, will they?" he yelps. "I'll fix that." He jumps from the bench, snatches up a bath robe and makes a dash for the door.

"Where you going?" I asks.

"To clean up that mob," he comes back, "before they get a chance at me."

With Rusty's help, I manages to hold him, but he's still steaming when play is called. We quick gets an opportunity to see what the big boy can do on the offense Tech kicks off, and on a fumble, Branahan grabs the ball. For a spell he hesitates, probably figuring which way to run By the time he decides, the enemy is upon him.

Two of 'em throw themselves at his legs, but Beef wrenches himself free, knocks another's bridge work loose with a straight-arm and is off down the field. For fifty yards he batters and crunches his way, half the distance with somebody hanging onto him. Finally he's tripped and downed.

Though Dolliver had said something about letting Branahan pick his own route through the Talbot line, it's made simpler for him than that. The quarterback practically hands him the ball, and with half the team in a wedge behind him, he's shot off left tackle.

Talk about straight football! Only one play and the same man featured each time. Yet with the point of attack advertised, Tech is helpless against Beef's plunges Not once are we held for downs.

Twenty-five yards from the goal, Branahan breaks clean through the line. With only one bird between him and the posts, a touchdown's in the bag, but Beef has ideas of his own, such as they are. He suddenly comes to a dead stop, takes the ball in his big paw and hurls it over the crossbar. Everybody makes a dash for the pigskin, but Branahan remains where he is, grinning through his grime.

"What the hell did you do that for?" yelps Rusty.

"Probably an old Spanish custom," I suggests helpfully.

"What's the matter?" comes back Beef. "Ain't you supposed to get the ball between them there goal posts?"

"Yeh," snorts Dolliver, "but where'd you ever get the notion of throwing it through?"

"It's all right," says Branahan. "I suppose you ain't never heard of the trick, but I once seen a game where they tossed the "

"Judas P. Iscariot!" howls Rusty. "He thinks he's playing basket ball!"

"I ain't thinking nothing," snaps Beef, indignant.

"I apologize," says Dolliver. "I guess, though, you'd better knock off for the day."

"I'm aiming to," returns Branahan, thumbing at the clock in the library tower. "Five's my quitting time."

III

DESPITE the dumb heave, Updike makes a lot of fuss over Beef following the 36 to 0 trimming of Tech, but it leaves him cold—and a bit puzzled.

"In town," says he, "I bust a guy for cause and get wheeled to the hoosegow. Here I smack down a dozen babies I ain't got nothing against and I'm treated like I was buying drinks for the house."

"There's some difference," I points out shrewdly, "between cracking a bloke's jaw in a street fight and jamming a lad's teeth down his throat in the interests of higher education."

"There sure is," agrees Branahan. "It costs a lot of dough to get teeth fixed. One of the studnuts in this here school," he goes on grimly, "is finding that out right now."

"Huh?" I exclaims. "You been in a battle?"

"Sort of," replies Beef "It's like this. I'm mooching round, minding nobody's business when a bird comes along and says on account of me being a Frenchman I got to wear a dinky little cap "

"Freshman," I says, "not Frenchman."

"It makes no difference," growls Branahan. "I don't let nobody call me nothing. So I ups and pokes him one in the jaw."

"You shouldn't have done that," says I. "You're a college man now and you got to ——"

"I'd like to see anybody make me got to," cuts in Beef with a snarl. "And lay off that college-man stuff. I'm here doing a job of work at a hundred per and that's all I am here for. It don't make a plumber a bartender because he goes into a saloon to fix a leaky pipe, does it?"

"I don't know," says I frankly, "but then I never was any good at card tricks. Am I to understand that you're not prepared to die for dear old Updike?"

"For a hundred per," comes back Branahan, "I wouldn't even get sick for her."

In the next two weeks I gradually see less of Beef. We're preping for our game with the Colton Aggies, and though the big boy shows up for practice regularly, he no longer hangs around the rub room after hours. Which is O. K. by me. I'm as sociable as the next guy and the guy next to him, but when it comes to trading talk day after day with a bimbo whose brains are out of breath trying to catch up with him—well, I'd rather listen to the bird next door learning to play the saxophone by ear—my ear.

The dumbest ever, but what a godsend Branahan is to Updike. Against Colton, he scores four touchdowns practically single-handed, and we'd gone three years without a win from the Aggies. The best line in the Conference is just so much wet tissue paper to the ex-truck driver despite the fact that Rusty sticks to the single play off left tackle. You'd imagine that no one man could stand the strain of constant plunging, but Beef gets plenty of rest in the time taken out for the victims of his bull rushes.

The final count's 28 to 0. The Colton backs never even get started. It's nothing at all for Branahan, playing a defensive guard, to crash through the line and throw 'em for losses ranging from ten to thirty yards. The rooters go goofy over Beef and at the end of the game take him from the field on their shoulders.

"I suppose," I remarks, when I'm rubbing him down, "you'll want overtime for working after five."

"No," he returns, kind of choky. "I'm glad to put in a few extra licks for old Updike."

"What?" I gasps, spilling a whole bottle of arnica. "Have you gone rah-rah or are my ears double-crossing me?"

"You know," says Beef, "this college-spirit thing sort of gets to you. There's something about it that makes you want to do stuff for somebody without getting no dough out of it. I can't explain ——"

"You don't have to," I cuts in. "I've met the feeling before. It's like what you get when you take off a pair of tight shoes or have a round of drinks with a couple of left-handed bank tellers from Muncie, Indiana."

"I guess so," mutters Branahan, gazing absently at the ceiling. "Get me out of here, will you? I got a date."

I finishes on him without any further palaver. He's dressed and ready to go when he starts fumbling in his pockets.

(Continued on Page 68

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(Continued from Page 66)

"Lost something?" I asks.

"I ain't sure," frowns Beef. "I thought I'd brung my tradition with me, but ——"

"Your what with you?" I exclaims.

"Oh, here it is," says Branahan, and he digs out one of the little dinky freshman caps.

"What's the answer?" I asks Rusty later in the evening.

"Easy," shrugs the coach. "He's just applause drunk. All the hoop-la this afternoon went to his head ——"

"Yeh," I interrupts, "but what made that freshman cap go to his head? A week ago he busted a baby for even mentioning it."

"All part of the souse," says Dolliver.

That explanation may satisfy him, but it doesn't goal me. I'm sure there's another angle to the situation, and purely out of curiosity I sets myself to find out what I can discover. A couple of evenings later I gets a line. I'm sitting on the gym steps when I pipes Branahan crossing the campus. He's got an armful of flowers and by his side's a gal. She's a pocket-sized trick who'd be about five feet tall standing on her toes reaching for the jam, and who'd tip the scales around a hundred pounds if she was weighed carrying a ten-pound Maltese cat or two five-pound salmon. The pair soon pass out of sight, but fifteen minutes later Beef shambles up and sits down beside me.

"Who's the watch charm I just seen you with?" I inquires.

"You mean the skirt?" comes back Branahan. "Oh, me and she's in the same botany class. Say," he goes on, "did you know that botany was the same thing as flowers?"

"I've heard the rumor," I admits, "but it's the bunk. Did you ever hear of anybody picking a bunch of botanies? Ever hear anyone singing the Botanies that Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la?"

"They would, maybe," asserts Beef, "if they was to study the subject deep like I been doing."

"So," says I, "you've been going in for botany in a big way, eh?"

"There ain't hardly nothing I don't know about it now," brags Branahan. "Besides listening to them class spiels for nearly a month, me and Alma been going out evenings and studying "

"Alma?" I queries. "Not Alma Mater?"

"No," returns Beef. "Alma Matthews, and she's one swell kid for a poke in the jaw."

"Sure—sure," says I. "But tell me, is it Alma that sold you the good old Updike idea—that cap on your dome ——"

"Sort of," confesses Branahan. "You see, when I first come here I didn't know nothing about no colleges. She slipped me the low-down. Besides, I kind of figured out myself that education ain't such a bad thing."

"No, indeed," says I. "A lad with an education and a pair of hip boots can go wading anywhere. I don't suppose," I goes on, "Alma's got any objections to your playing football."

"No," comes back Beef, "but she don't think I should do it for money."

"You big sap," I yelps, "why'd you tell her?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he demands. "Is there any secret about it?"

"There sure is," says I. "If the news gets around you'll be tinned out of here so fast you'll have to send back for your shoes."

"Alma won't spill nothing," promises Branahan; "but she's right, and I ain't going to take no more jack from Rusty. I got a little saved up in the sock—enough to last to the end of the term."

"How about next year?" I cuts in.

"I'll get the dough some way," says Beef, "and I won't play no football for it, neither. We college men ——"

I've heard all I want to, so I busts away and hunts up Dolliver. He's not at all disturbed by what I tells him. In fact, he's quite hopped up.

"The boy'll be better than ever now," predicts Rusty. "Instead of doing a chore for a few beans, he'll be out there battling for dear old Updike and the love of a pure gal. . . . What are you worried about?"

"This," says I: "What's to prevent this Alma baby from spreading the dirt? What's to stop her from talking Beef into making a clean breast of the whole deal?"

"Nothing," comes back the coach; "but she's going to do nothing of the sort. Think she wants her boy friend shown up and thrown out of college? Think she wants him barred from football forever? If you really need something to worry about, I got a second mortgage on my house and a boil on the back of my neck you can brood over."

Dolliver's right about the effect of reform on Branahan. In Saturday's game with Dunphy U. he's a demon in the line and a terror with the ball. The stuff he'd pulled against Talbot and Colton is gentle child's play compared with what he hands Dunphy. The answer is 48 to 0, the score including two runs by Beef the full length of the field.

An hour after the slaughter, Rusty grabs me and yanks me into his office. He's all excited.

"Listen," says he, "between now and next Saturday, I don't want you to let Branahan out of your sight. I've just had a powwow with Kurt Classen. Know him, don't you?"

"Sure," I returns. "Coach over at Trafford, isn't he? What's eating him?"

"Tried to bluff me out of using Beef in the big game," comes back Dolliver. "Says he's got the goods on the big boy and'll spill the works if we play him. I figured Classen was just pulling a shindy, so I told him to go and run a foot race with myself."

"What," I asks, "do you figure now?"

"I still think," replies Rusty, "he's just shooting at the moon. He may have heard a rumor or something, but he's got no evidence. I'm sure of that. However, Classen may try to throw a scare into Branahan. You see that they don't meet."

"It'd be hell," says I, "if they did, now that Beef's got religion. Under his new foreign policy, he probably wouldn't tell a lie even if he had the brains to frame one."

"That's just it," snaps Dolliver; "but I'm much more afraid of his stupidity than I am of his honesty. We just got to keep him under cover. I'm putting the family plate on the game with Trafford, and besides, there's a sweet job in sight for me next fall that'll go blooey if we crash."

"Pardon I for getting personal," says I, "but where do I head in if ——"

"I'm giving you a piece of my bets," cuts in Rusty. "It's an easy thousand for you if we cop. . . . There's nothing really to worry about. After Saturday, Branahan disappears and that's the last that'll be seen of him hereabouts. He's got about as much chance of getting back to Updike under his own power as I have of marrying Henry Clay."

"You're certain, are you," I persists, "that Classen hasn't any real dope on Beef?"

"I could tell from the way he was sparring around that he hasn't," comes back the coach. "All we've got to guard against is the outside chance of his getting to Branahan and throwing a scare into him."

"All right," says I, "consider him watched. I suppose that means I'll have to go flower picking every evening to keep in touch with him "

"A noble science—botany," declares Dolliver with conviction.

### IV

I PASS up all the rest of my duties the following week to tail around after Beef. However, there are no difficulties. The big boy goes to his classes, reports for practice, takes botanical strolls with Alma in the gloaming and is in the hay by nine o'clock.

No strangers approach him and I learn at his house that he's received no visitors or letters.

Everything seems jake, but just the same, I feels relieved when I leaves him in the meadows Friday evening picking posies and other nonsense with his gal.

When I gets to the gym Saturday at noon, Alma's waiting for me. A hunch hits me quick that something's up.

"Where's Branahan?" I asks.

"That's what I came to find out," says she. "He was to meet me at eleven o'clock ——"

"How about his house?" I cuts in. "Did you ——"

"I did," returns the Matthews skirt. "He didn't sleep there last night."

I leaves Alma standing where she is and beats it to hunt up Rusty. I locates him at lunch and spills the news. Oh, baby, the words and music he lets loose!

"I thought," yelps Dolliver, "you were watching him?"

"I was," I yelps back; "but you didn't expect me to sleep across the doorway of his bedroom, did you? Anyhow," I goes on, "everything may be all right. Beef's not due here until one."

"He'd better be here then," grits Rusty, "or ——"

The ors have it. At one there's no Branahan, nor is there any more of him present at two. We send out search parties, burn up the wires to Aranville and call on the police for help, but there's nothing stirring. At three I'm still hoping Beef'll bust in at the last minute like they do in the movies these days, but it is not to be.

The game starts with a lad in Branahan's spot who couldn't have broken through a line of Camp Fire Girls. However, he's as good as his team. The whole gang's demoralized and play against Trafford like so many sleepwalkers.

Between halves, Classen strolls up to where Rusty and I are dying. "I see," says he, smiling amiably, "you've taken my advice about Branahan."

"Where is he?" snarls Dolliver.

"Call up the Truck Drivers' Union," suggests the Trafford coach, and walks away.

You'll pardon me, I'm sure, if I go into no further details of the game. We're beaten 30 to 0.

That night on the Updike campus they cut gloom with a knife and sell it by the pound. Neither Rusty nor I buy any. We're both overstocked.

Sunday evening I'm sitting on the gym steps, smoking a pipe and pondering on the crookedness of crooks, when along comes Beef. He's loaded down with flowers and an appearance of great peace.

"Where have you been?" I asks, establishing a new world's record in control.

"Out in the country," replies Branahan, "collecting some botanies."

"Forget about the game Saturday?" I continues, bettering my control mark by two feet eight inches.

"No," says Beef, in a matter-of-fact tone, "but I was paid not to play."

"You were what?" I howls, dropping my control and breaking it into a thousand pieces.

"I was paid not to play," repeats Branahan—"five hundred dollars," he adds happily. "Enough to see me through the next term."

"I don't get you," I mumbles, kind of dizzy. "You got five hundred Who paid you?"

"Feller by the name of Classpin, or something like that," comes back Beef. "Nice guy. Know him?"

"You lousy double-crosser!" I yelps. "Sold us out! And you're the honest bird," I sneers, "that wouldn't play no more for money!"

"An' I never will play for money," declares Branahan. "It's not right. Even Mr. Classpin told me that."

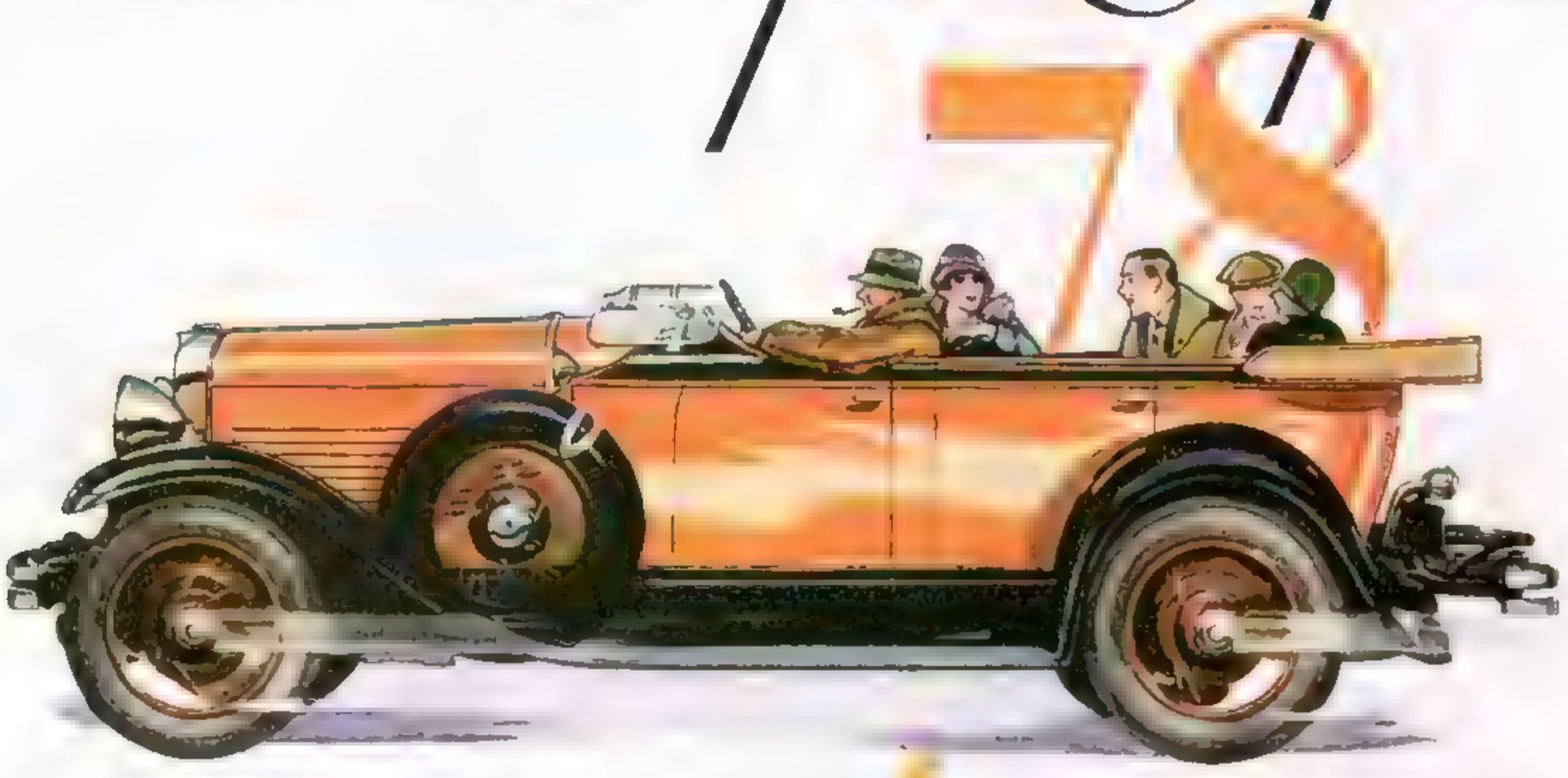
"But," I splutters, "didn't you just tell me you took five hundred from ——"

"Yeh," cuts in Beef, "but I took that money not to play. What's wrong about that?"

I'd still be in the ring if I could deliver 'em to the jaw like the one I handed Branahan.

# MARMON

# Both are straight Eights

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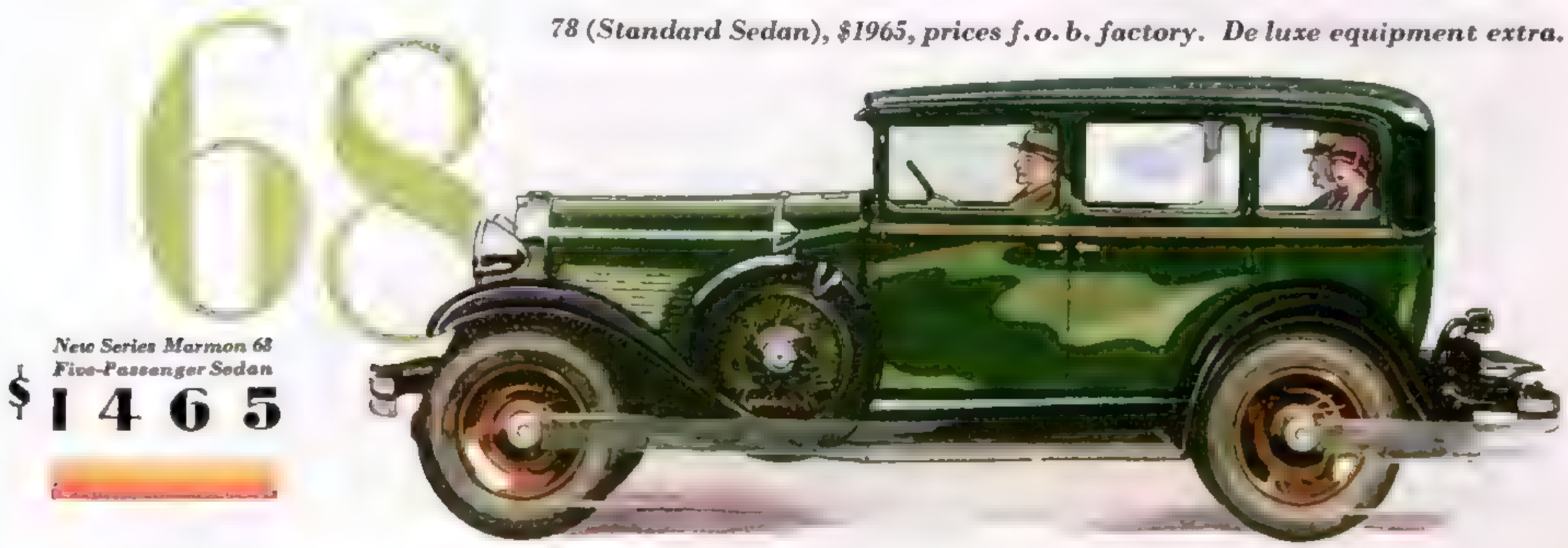


*New Series Marmon 68 Five-Passenger Sedan*

$1465

# KITSKI

(Continued from Page 17)

"Maybe," I tell him, "we ought to let poor Hogan live a while longer. You'll draw a bigger gate after you've made more of a rep."

"I don't care about the gate," he says.

I nearly choke. The baboon means it! "What?" I gasp. "You don't care about the jack?"

"All I want," says Kitski, "is three steaks a day, a place to flop and plenty of fighting." He finishes his steak.

"How about some dessert?" I say.

"Sure," he says. "Make mine a steak."

While he's surrounding it I say: "Listen! Maybe a week from Saturday I can get you a go in Pittsburgh. Scotty was to have fought a tough Dutchman named Whitey Albrecht, but you've wrecked Scotty."

"Suits me," says Kitski. "I'll kill the Dutchman."

"He's got class," I warn him, "and a kick."

"I'll murder him," says Kitski.

And what's more, he did. I taught Kitski a few things, though I saw I'd never make a polished boxer of him, and he waded into Whitey and knocked all the fight out of him in seven rounds, and Whitey was no man's clown.

Afterward he eats two steaks and says, "Get me another fight."

"When?"

"Day after tomorrow," he says. "I don't want to get rusty."

The best I could do for my cave man was to fix up a bout for him with a terrible Greek in Bridgeport, three weeks later. He begins to get restless. We're at a training camp up in Connecticut. He's awful rough on his sparring partners. Saturday night comes around and Kitski sits there fidgeting, and all of a sudden he gets up and goes out and I think he's gone to the movies. About midnight he turns up, clothes all torn and looking like he'd been pushed through a sieve, but with a pleased grin on his pan.

"Accident?" I say.

"No."

"Fight?"

"Yep."

"What do you mean," I bark—"a fight? I didn't fix one up for you. What you trying to do, gyp me out of my share of the gate?"

"There wasn't no gate," says Kitski.

"Do you mean to tell me you fought for nothing?"

He gives me a surprised look. "Sure," he says. "I got to have some fun, ain't I?"

"What happened?" I ask. "Some gang jump you?"

"Yep. Five yeggs in a box car down in the freight yards."

"And what was you doing in a box car down in the freight yards?"

"I went there," says Kitski. "You know," he says, getting confidential, "you can pretty near always find a box car full of tough bums in a freight yard, and you make believe you're a railroad cop and they go to work on you; so, of course, you got to go to work on them." He looks at his knuckles.

"Listen, sap," I say, "you keep out of box cars from now on. You got something to sell—not give away. It ain't professional. Do you know you could be fired out of the boxers' union for being a scab?"

"Could I?" says Kitski, taking it serious. "Say, don't tell anybody, will you?"

"No," I promise. "But hereafter you'll do all your fighting in a ring."

"All right," he grumbles, "but a man who's been fooling around all week with big mitts and sparring partners ought to have a right to a little excitement on Saturday night."

Kitski pounds the Greek into a banana sundae and we start West. It's a blot on the record books, that trip we made, stopping off at all the towns where they have fights. Kitski never asked me who he was going to meet. All he wanted to know was when and where. He tackled all comers, middles, light-heavies and heavies as big as scows, and some of 'em were high-grade goods, too, but he cleaned 'em all up. In the early rounds they made him look silly, but I began to watch for that look of despair that came to their maps about the seventh or eighth. On that trip he K. O.ed twenty-nine men, destroyed eleven hundred beefsteaks and never took a backward step except when he was knocked back. In between fights he was glum and restless. Once I took him to see a show in Chicago and it took me and all the ushers to drag him out because he tried to swarm up on the stage and take a poke at the villain.

Just about that time some of the tonier pugs discovered that a book has other uses than to throw at cats, and they began to get real cultured and to spill two-dollar words. That all whizzed by Kitski's cauliflowers. He was no talker. All he ever said on his own hook was: "When do we eat?" and "When do I fight next?"

In Omaha some sports writer asked him "What do you think of Shakspere?"

"Never heard of him," said Kitski, "but I'll fight him anytime and knock him loose from his ribs."

He had one squawk. He bleated about fifty times a day, "Say, when are you going to get Hogan for me?"

We got back to the big town early in the spring and I managed to get Kitski on a card at the Garden with Stevedore Ritter, a seasoned giant that the newspaper boys called the Dreadnought of the Docks. The only reason I got the match was that none of the fighters, including the champ, wanted any of the Stevedore's game. The other managers told me I was cuckoo to toss in my pearl against the Stevedore, and I thought so, too, but Kitski insisted.

"I'll bust him in nine pieces," he said.

That scrap was a sweetheart. The Stevedore is cool and crafty and packs dynamite in his right. He lets the other guy come to him and counters his block off. Nobody gives Kitski a chance. Ritter hands him a handsome lacing. He has Kitski on the floor so often I need a fine-tooth comb to rake the resin out of his furry back. You never saw a madder man than Kitski. He's half blinded by the Stevedore's stabs and the air around the Garden is still cool from the breeze he stirred up swinging at a target that kept bobbing out of range. Knocking Kitski over is one thing—keeping him down is something else again. In the end he broke the Stevedore's heart. You can't lick a man who takes the best you have and all of it and keeps coming on, more full of fight than ever. It wasn't till the last minute of the last round that the Stevedore sank.

Telling about that last round later, the Stevedore said, "It was like trying to fight a concrete man in a hailstorm of anvils."

After that, Hogan had to take on Kitski. Hogan was no bargain. He was a great champ, smart, hard and game to the core. The only thing Kitski worries about, before the battle, is the size of his steaks.

Hogan hands Kitski what the Irish call the father and mother of a beating. He has reach and weight on my boy, and he knows how to use it. He can't keep Kitski tucked to the canvas, but he does carve him up. The fight goes into the thirteenth round with Hogan coasting along on a big lead on points and Kitski snorting and plunging and trying hard all the time. Somehow Kitski comes through with a wild left hook that spills the champ. It doesn't drag him up—just makes him sit down hard. I yell to Kitski to look out when the champ gets up, but Kitski is a wild man, charging in to make a kill, and Hogan smashes home a right-hand uppercut with two hundred pounds behind it. Kitski is lifted through the ropes, ruining a newspaperman and two typewriters. He scrambles back before the ten count but the bump he got has left him woozy. Hogan steps in and knocks Kitski kicking again.

How he got up I'll never know. I'm dead sure he felt nothing, saw nothing, and that his brain was cut off from his body, but he gets up and makes a fumbling rush at Hogan. Hogan sets himself and swishes over another right that has the whole Hogan family behind it. Kitski does a loop-the-loop and comes down in a heap. Even then, with his brain fast asleep, his body tries to squirm up so it can go on fighting. He almost makes it and is on one knee, when he is counted out. I pick him up and carry him to his corner. Hogan, looking mighty relieved, stands in the center of the ring, taking bows. The glaze begins to leave Kitski's eyes. Suddenly the smelling salts are dashed out of my hand and Kitski surges up and goes lurching toward the champ, those little green eyes of his blazing hell-fire again. I yell. Hogan's seconds yell. Everybody yells.

"Hey, stupid," I bawl, "the fight's over!"

But it isn't over for Kitski. He sails into Hogan again. Half a dozen men try to hold him, but he shakes them off the way a wet spaniel shakes off drops of water, and he bangs away at Hogan, and, of course, the champ, to protect himself, has to bang back. Kitski is only about half conscious and is an easy mark, and Hogan cracks him hard on the chin and down goes Kitski, and this time it takes five minutes to bring him round.

The first thing he says when he gets one eye open is, "Let me at the big stiff!"

But Hogan has left the ring and gone to his dressing room.

"Take it easy, kid," I say. "You put up a grand battle, and you was K. O.ed fair."

"But not licked!" yells Kitski. "Get that guy to come back here. I'll fight him again—now."

"You'll meet him again," I say, to soothe him. "Late in the summer—a million dollar gate, sure."

"To hell with the gate!" yells Kitski. "I'll fight him now—for nothing. Knocking a man down for ten seconds don't mean nothing. It's just a rule. I'm not licked."

He was raving like that when I hustled him to his dressing room and stuck him under the cold shower.

I leave him there, swearing and bellowing. Then I hear a scrambling sort of sound, and I run in just in time to see Kitski climbing over the partition that separates our dressing room from Hogan's.

Hogan is getting a rub-down and handing out the usual salami to the newspaper boys, when in drops Kitski, all wet and shaking his fists and shouting, "Get up, Hogan! Get up and fight me, you blankety-blank!"

"You're bugs," says Hogan. "I've licked you twice tonight. What more do you want?"

"You ain't licked me!" roars Kitski. "Nobody—nothing can lick me! Get up and fight, you blankety-blankety-blankety-blank!"

"In the ring," says Hogan.

"Good!" says Kitski. "Come on!"

"Next fall," says Hogan.

"Right now," says Kitski, "you yellow swab!"

He comes at Hogan. Hogan jumps off the table. We try to stop it. Kitski is too strong. He knocks us right and left and he and Hogan roll around the dressing room like a couple of orangoremer on a jag. What a rough-and-tumble that was! Hogan leaves it a short chop and Kitski's head hits the rubbing table and he's out cold again. When he comes to, Hogan has dressed and gone on his way.

"Where's he?" cries Kitski. "Didn't he dare stay and fight it out?"

"Come back to the hotel and go to bed," I say. "You're slug-nutty."

I manage to get him in bed. I'm about to turn in myself, when I hear him, in there, sobbing.

"What ails you?" I say.

"I can't sleep," blubbers Kitski. "I can't sleep while there's a guy in the world that can say he's licked me. Not that Hogan did. I got to get the blankety-blank ——"

"Aw, crawl back in your chestnut," I say. "Blow yourself to a nice dream about what you're going to buy with the sixty-five grand you grabbed off tonight."

"It's no good to me," moans Kitski. "What I want is one more crack at Hogan."

"You'll get it some day," I say. "Would I kid you?"

And with that I leave him, hunched up in bed and bawling.

I'm fast asleep when my phone rings. "Who is it?" I say.

"It's me—Kitski. Come get me."

"Where are you?"

"In jail."

Kitski, it seems, has sneaked out of the hotel and gone on a prowl along Broadway, looking for Hogan, figuring he was probably celebrating in some night club, which he was. They told me Kitski laid out three waiters, a broker, two bouncers and four cops before they pulled him off Hogan and threw him into the wagon. I got him out and took him up to the fight farm in Connecticut.

Kitski sits around moping and chewing his fingers. He doesn't even relish his steaks. I tell him I'll get a match very soon with Tony Taub, a rude whale up in Boston.

"Hogan's the man I got to lick," he keeps saying.

Then one morning he disappears. He's gone four days. He turns up late one night with a swell set of black eyes, a split lip and all the earmarks of having been pitched into a rock crusher, but he's lost his fit of the blues. He sits down at the table and shouts for a steak.

He says nothing so I say, "Enjoy your vacation?"

"Yep."

"Where'd you go?"

"Maine."

"Oh," I says beginning to suspect, "that's where the champ is."

"He ain't champ no more," says Kitski.

"What do you mean?"

"I caught him alone, out on an island," says Kitski. "We fought all day. I licked him."

"You fool," I say, "you licked yourself out of a return match and a couple of hundred thousand. What you going to do now, with nobody left to fight?"

"I guess I'll get some fighting," says Kitski. "I stopped off in Bridgeport and enlisted in the Army."

We'd been at war a couple of months and not many of the prize fighters had noticed it. Next day Kitski went off to join his outfit—the First Division of the Regulars—and in a couple of weeks they hustled him overseas. Most of the rest of the pugs took jobs as boxing instructors in training camps.

I wanted to see the show, but the docs looked me over and didn't admire my flat feet, so the best I could do was to park my shape behind a chocolate counter at a canteen near one of the big base hospitals. Once I got track of Kitski. I asked a wounded lad from his division about him.

"Kitski? Sure, I know him."

"How is he?"

"He's a stiff."

"What for?"

"Fighting."

A funny thing to throw a soldier into the hoosegow for, but it seems Kitski couldn't wait to get to the Front. At Brest he started a free-for-all with the M. P.'s and he walloped five or six of them and a major before they subdued him. He drew three months in the cooler.

I was too busy to worry much about him. One night a captain doctor came round to my shack and said there was a fellow over in the hospital who wanted to see me.

(Continued on Page 75)

*Takes no more room than a broom.*

# So light – *a child can run it*

# The Premier Junior

A MODERN electric cleaner, easier to handle—lighter in weight—quicker—more thorough. Actually so light that a child can operate it as effectively as a grown-up. And so small it can be tucked away in limited closet space. The ideal cleaner for small homes and apartments. Premier Junior seldom requires attention—and never needs oiling.

It glides easily, swiftly over the rugs and like magic, cleans them thoroughly. For the Premier Junior has the famous Premier double action of motor driven brush and super suction. Rug-destroying, imbedded grit is beaten out as the surface dust is swept up.

Give yourself more leisure hours—do a more efficient job in half the time with a Premier Junior. Write today for illustrated booklet and name of local dealer.

*Six features of the* PREMIER JUNIOR

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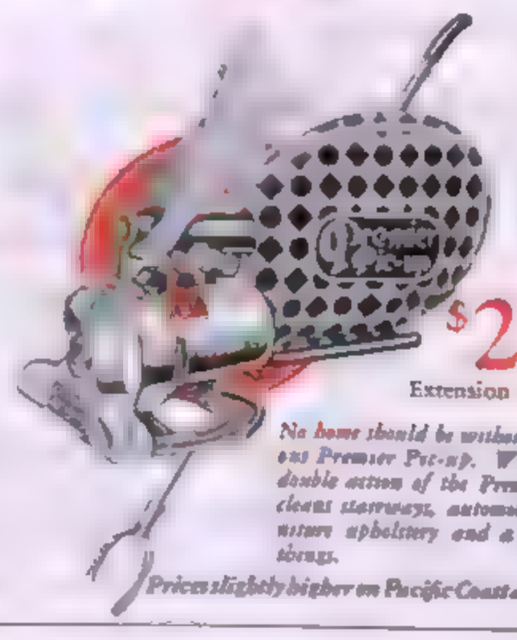
1. *It is so light a child can run it.*
2. *It is easy to handle and cleans quickly.*
3. *Takes no more room than a broom.*
4. *Especially designed for smaller homes and apartments.*
5. *The double action removes imbedded grit, at the same time collecting surface dust and litter.*
6. *It seldom requires attention and never needs oiling.*

$60

*The wonderful Premier Duplex—parent of Premier Junior, is a third larger—built on the same principle and of the same fine materials. An electric cleaner de luxe.*



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Extension Handle Extra

*No home should be without the marvelous Premier Pet-up. With the same double action of the Premier Junior it cleans stairways, automobile and furniture upholstery and a host of other things.*

*Prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada*

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# NOW—

THIS fall, beat winter at its own game! Be prepared . . . when it plays its old trick of slipping in ahead of schedule.

Give a few autumn hours to carburetor adjustment . . . oil change . . . battery inspection . . . and putting the safe, sharp traction of Silvertowns on all four wheels of your car.

For treads that are worn smooth by long summer drives play nasty pranks on icy pavements . . . you need the deep-notched, gripping safety blocks of Silvertowns!

And broad traction that runs from shoulder to shoulder . . . which the famous triple-hinged Silvertown tread-construction gives you.

And rubber so tough that jagged ice cannot rip or slash it . . . which the new Silvertown compound provides.

Low, prevailing prices on Goodrich Silvertowns make it utter folly to take a winter risk on worn tires. These record-low prices make record values in safety, traction, mileage and economy. And remember . . . Silvertowns are guaranteed forever against defects.

See your nearest Goodrich Dealer . . . and meet the first icy pavement with Silvertown safety.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Established 1870* Akron, Ohio
Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. *In Canada:* Canadian-Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

# Get set for *Winter!*

# Goodrich Silvertowns

# ACTION

Glorious—invigorating—spirited—go-get-'em motor action!

Much of the present-day active motor qualities which you so thoroughly enjoy come from the use of Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

This piston is a new development that permits the use of Bohnalite, an extremely light alloy. Invar Struts (originated by Bohn) are added to control expansion and contraction.

Thus at one fell swoop reciprocating parts are lightened—bearing loads lessened—compression increased—longer life insured—and you are given the smoothest, peppiest operating motor you have ever driven.

If you want *action*, see that your next new car is equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. *Ask your dealer.*

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan
*Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings*

*Special alloy steel Backbohns — the original Invar Steel Struts—are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions*

To Manufacturers: Bohnalite is a light alloy possessing unusual strength. Used by all types of industry. Write for information

NELSON
BOHNALITE
PISTONS

Continued from Page 70

"You'd better come right away," says the doc, "because he won't be with us long."

"Got it bad?" I ask, as we hurry to the ward.

"He's been dead since yesterday," says the doc, "but he won't admit it."

Kitski tries to grin when he sees me. He's mostly one big bandage.

He hasn't much voice left, but he manages to say, "Listen, I hear there's a big Swede who's knocking 'em all dead back home. Get him for me when I get out of this."

"Sure," I say.

The doc gives me the office to come away. "Will he make it?" I ask the doc.

"Not a chance," says the doc. "If he does, everything I ever learned is all wrong. He's got five wounds, any one of which is fatal. His legs are mashed. He was due to go this morning, but somehow he's hung on."

"Does he know?" I ask.

"Yes. He made me tell him."

The doc tells me what happened to Kitski. He was in the jug, which was fair enough, because privates ain't supposed to slug majors, when his company went into action. Kitski knocked over a guard or two, climbed out of the barb-wire prison pen and was pot-shotted in the shoulder by a sentry, but kept going tid he got up in the smoke. An enemy raiding party had come over and captured his old friend the major and some captains and were taking them back to their lines when Kitski got there. There were a dozen or so men in the raiding party, but that didn't bother Kitski. He tore after them, and I guess they were surprised when he came charging into the middle of 'em, using his rifle for a club. He busted that party wide open and the major and the rest got away, but Kitski didn't. He battled the raiders all over the lot and did in a lot of them, but they left him there finally, shot, bayoneted and generally ruined.

As the doc was finishing, a nurse came out and said Kitski was asking could he see me again. I looked at the doc.

"Oh, I suppose you might as well," he said. "The poor fellow has only a few more minutes, anyhow."

I went to Kitski's bedside and bent over so I could hear him.

"Listen," he said. "I know what the doc's been telling you. He says I'm licked. Well, that's a lot of horse-radish. I ain't afraid to die and go to hell, but get this: No man ever licked me, and Death ain't going to lick me neither."

"Sure," I said, not daring to look at him. "You'll beat it."

"Yes," he said, between his teeth. "I'll beat this guy Death. I been battling him all night and all day. I'll make him quit." His voice got weaker. "Got to save my strength," I heard him whisper—"to fight. Listen, there goes the bell. Fifteenth round. I'll rush him ——"

He closed his eyes.

When I got back to my shack I found orders to grab the first train to Paris and I slid out on the midnight. They put me in charge of getting up boxing shows for the soldiers. I'm on the jump for months.

I'm sitting in my office one day, and in comes an orderly and says, "There's a guy downstairs that says he wants to see you about getting him a fight."

"Does he look like he can fight?" I ask.

"I'll say he does!"

"Send him in."

I don't drink—not much, anyhow. But when the door opened I thought the vin blanc must've got to me; for there stands Kitski. He's in a hospital uniform and he's pale, but he don't look any worse than usual. Yet somehow, he looks different. It's his eyes. They don't look restless and hungry like they did.

He walks to my desk with a funny kind of shuffle and gives me a grip that would have squeezed juice out of a brick.

"There's a big slugger in the Marines," he says, "who's been beating all the boys over here. When can you get him for me?"

"Where the devil did you come from?" I ask.

"The hospital. I got out with the laundry."

"Sit down, kid," I say.

But he keeps standing there. "I ain't so good at sitting," he says. "I ain't got these new legs broke in right yet. But say, listen, if they'd let me wear long tights in the ring, nobody would get wise."

"Kid," I say, "I'm afraid your fighting days are over."

He smiled. It ain't exactly a sad smile. For him it's pretty peaceful and contented.

"I was only kidding," he says, "about getting me a fight. Not that I couldn't lick that Marine, legs or no legs; but I feel different. I licked 'em all, didn't I?—Hogan and the rest; and up in the hospital I licked something nobody else ever licked. I'm satisfied now and ready to take it easy for a spell. I'm going up to Poland. They need men up there. I'm going to buy a big farm, and me and my old man and brothers will run it. Say, Mr. Cooney, let's you and me go out and get some chow. I had a steak just before I come in, but I could use another."

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

### The Foreign Invasion

MUCH is written about the Americanization of Europe, while the Europeanization of America continues to go on unchallenged.

With the exception of Turkish cigarettes, Chinese chop suey and genuine Camembert cheese, practically all of our rarer luxuries come from abroad.

A glance at the American scene reveals the following phenomena of exotic origin or inspiration:

Patriots being run down by expensive cars of European make.

Second-class Russian slapstick-vaudeville troupes playing to first-class $5.50 Broadway audiences

Movie actors winning promotion to stardom upon producing satisfactory evidence of alien citizenship.

Intellectuals from Warsaw and points east accepting $1000 an evening for telling us to our faces how distressingly materialistic we are.

Hard-headed business men paying $10 a quart for moonshine fresh from the Smoky Mountains, with guaranteed imported Scotch labels on the bottles.

Sophisticated concertgoers gravely applauding at the wrong time while listening to futuristic Latvian tone poems scored for full, or half-full, orchestra with foghorn and circular-saw accompaniment.

Canary-colored Italian villas standing in New England snowdrifts.

*Otto Freund.*

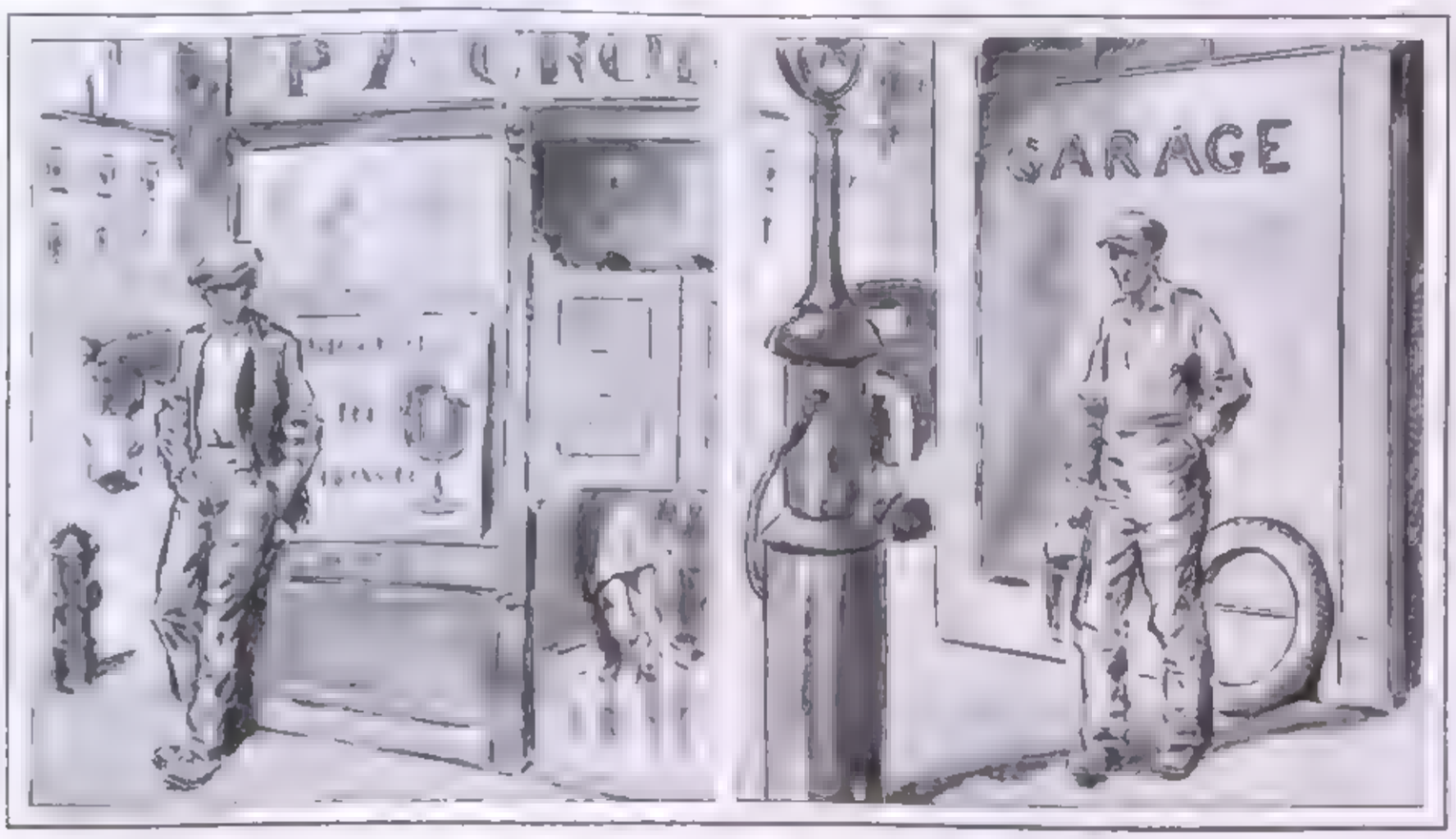
### Is There No Justice?

*I WHO at times had plumed myself on virtue;*
*Who hardly have a vice to call my own;*
*I, who would not do anything to hurt you,*
*I have a son who plays the saxophone!*

*I'd always tried to be a model mortal;*
*I'd been so good I'd often fell alone;*
*I'd led the life that leads to heaven's portal—*
*I have a son who blows the saxophone!*

*"Now is that nice?" I ask of fate the sordid;*
*"I called for bread—you handed me a stone.*
*Is that the way for right to be rewarded?*
*I have a son who squawks the saxophone!"*

—*S. G.*




*The Corner Filling Station. Then and Now*


*"Then—her tender face*

*We thought she would bear the marks to her grave"*

"My little daughter was just learning to walk. One day she tottered across the room—and fell—headlong—against a hot stove! She scorched the entire right side of her face! We were heartbroken, positive that such a serious burn would leave hideous scars. On the druggist's advice we used Unguentine. One application eased the pain. One tube healed the burn. Today my child is as pretty as ever and there isn't a scar on her face!"

• • •

Old or young, continually we must run the risk of burns. Be ready for immediate action. Avoid suffering and terrible infection. Keep a tube of Unguentine at hand!

The country over, physicians depend on this famous surgical dressing. It soothes the pain of a burn at once, fosters quick, *healthy* healing. And with Unguentine almost invariably *no scar remains.*

For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

**Unguentine**

*The standard surgical dressing in American hospitals*

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-11A, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name

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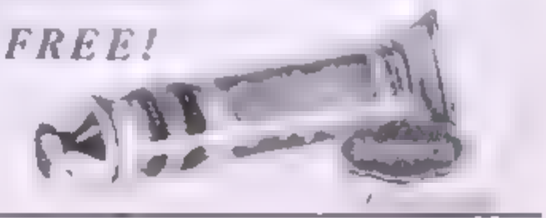
City and State

*FREE!*



# Horizons

The story of American women is the story of horizons. ✦ It is a story of a pioneer spirit that pushed westward through a wilderness, thrusting back the horizon to conquer a continent . . . and make a home. ✦ It is also the story of that deep insistent urge which turned crude bare settlements into pleasant little communities with white frame houses and gardens. And which, in hundreds of thousands of homes, put silver and linen and china on the dining-room table and a cottage organ

in the parlor . . . ✦ Men look beyond the horizon for glory, power, money, adventure. But women seek always to bring a broader scope, a greater comfort, a deeper sense of well-being to the home and the lives of those who are joined to it. ✦ And today . . . Never have the women of a nation achieved so high a standard of living. Yet never have they felt the press of so many new desires, so many new ambitions. ✦ There's new knowledge of food and dietetics abroad in the land that they must have. New ways of cooking. New light on raising children and keeping them healthy. Practical aspects of these new methods of refrigeration. Practical aspects of being the parent of a growing son or daughter. This vogue of colorful rooms. Clothes in the Paris mode. Sports. The newest books. Theatres . . .

It is to these desires and these ambitions that McCall's is edited. Each month we try to make our pages a means by which 2,300,000 women may widen the horizon of their homes and of their lives.

# McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

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# GOBI BOUND

(Continued from Page 9)

I have already spoken of them in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There are more than a hundred skulls and skeletons of dinosaurs, previously unknown to science, most of them representing ancestral types. The preservation is wonderful; probably the finest of any known specimens. These reptiles lived ten or fifteen million years ago, and yet, in one or two we could even see the outlines of the stomach and impressions of the skin in the matrix of red sandstone. Then, we have the only skulls in the world of the oldest true placental mammals. They were tiny creatures not much larger than a rat, yet they represent Nature's first attempt to populate the earth with higher types of animals than the cold-blooded dinosaurs which had dominated it during the Age of Reptiles. Those seven little skulls did not mean much to the man in the street, but they certainly did thrill the scientists.

Also we found the skull and legs of the Baluchitherium, the world's largest mammal. Estimated to be twenty-four feet long and thirteen feet high at the shoulders, it was capable of reaching branches twenty-two feet above the ground. A veritable mountain of flesh, a nightmare beast. There is, too, Andrewarchus, greatest of all flesh-eating mammals. These are only a few of the spectacular exhibits, but still more important are the teeth and jaws and skeletons which represent types ancestral to animals of Europe and America, India and Africa.

As a result of our three years of exploration we have a pretty accurate idea of the main features of Central Asian history. We can tell you a good deal about how the continent was built, what its climate, rainfall and vegetation were like, what sorts of animals were there, and even a bit about its insect life. I regret to state that there were mosquitoes ten millions of years ago already equipped with suckers!

### *Illustrating the Life of Man*

Of course, there are a great many wide gaps, but we have the outline of the story. It was to try to fill some of the blank spaces in the animal and human record that we went out this year.

Just as a mass of theoretical evidence indicated that Central Asia was a great origin and distribution center for lower animals, so it is also indicated as the birthplace of the human species. Inevitably, the human history has come to occupy our thoughts more and more. One story we want is that of the Old Stone Age cultures in Central Asia and their relation to those of Europe and Africa. But our greatest interest is in the incredibly more ancient problem of the origin and development of man; a story which extends into the past for perhaps millions of years.

Most of the ranking authorities today agree that man must have originated in Asia, but the part of Asia is in dispute. We believe that our high plateau region was the so-called Garden of Eden. Not that it looks much like a garden today. Far be it from me to claim that for the desert and steppes, much as I love them. Still, it was not always thus. A few hundreds of thousands of years ago, Central Asia was probably not unlike the high plateau of Africa at the present time. Semiarid in spots, there were also rolling meadowlands and patches of open forest. The climate was cool and exhilarating; game abundant. Conditions of life were just difficult enough to stimulate effort both mental and physical. Such is the ideal environment for the development of the early human type as visualized by Professor Osborn.

Almost certainly man could not have progressed far up the evolutionary ladder in a tropical or heavily forested country. Life there was too easy. Fruit and nuts were abundant; he had but to stretch out his hand to obtain food enough to last him for days. The effort of living was reduced to a minimum. Early man as a type required the stimulus of mental and physical effort for development, just as man individually requires it today. The tropical forests a million or two years ago were regions of retirement for those types defeated in the struggle for existence by more virile competitors; they could not have been incubators for the dominant forms of mammalian life.

We know now that the human species is incredibly more ancient than it was supposed to be thirty years ago. Then, four or five hundred thousand years was set as the uttermost limit; now it is estimated at two or three million years. With each new discovery man's age is being pushed back further and further into the past. One reason is the more exact methods of determining the ages of geological strata; another is the discovery of flint implements almost certainly worked by human hands in the Pliocene period of the Age of Mammals.

Hunting for the bones of primitive man in any part of the world is a good deal like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. Human remains are much more difficult to discover than are those of other mammals. In the first place, their numbers were infinitely few compared to the teeming millions of lower creatures. In the second place, even at such an early stage, the dawn men were more intelligent than their contemporaries and more frequently avoided the quicksand traps, marshes and streams which form the most prolific fossil deposits. In the third place, their bones were so delicate and easily broken that they were not so often preserved as were the more compact skeletons of other animals. Still some have been found; others must eventually come to light if the search is continued.

Our method is to find and study with the utmost care those geological strata which are of such an age that they could contain human types. We bring to bear upon the problem the best scientific knowledge and experience available; the result is in the lap of the gods. Even though we fail in discovering human remains we have already found this season the implements of Stone Age men; also some of the most amazing fossil animals it has ever been my fortune to see. Each one of these helps to complete the mosaic of past Central Asian life which is rapidly unfolding before our eyes.

### *Blistering Heat and Blizzards*

Such an ambitious program cannot be carried on by one or two men with any real hope of success. That is why we take topographers, photographers, paleontologists, geologists, archæologists, paleobotanists, zoologists and every other species of ologist who could possibly be of assistance. It is a concentration of scientific artillery upon a single problem. In 1925 we had fourteen foreigners. This summer we have ten; these, with the Chinese and Mongol assistants, amount to thirty-seven men, which is about the maximum number we can manage with full efficiency.

Going into the Gobi Desert to search for primitive man or anything else is not a holiday excursion. A considerable amount of forethought and preparation is necessary. The Gobi is one of the greatest and most arid deserts of the world, situated in the heart of a continent. It has remained comparatively unknown for so long a time because of the physical difficulties which it presents. If one enters it unprepared one is quite likely never to return. Thirst and hunger, Arctic cold and blistering heat, sandstorms and blizzards are some of the reasons. I am writing this article on June fifteenth and the temperature in my tent is 99° F. Tomorrow it may drop to freezing. On March 12, 1927, MacKenzie Young went up on the plateau a hundred miles north of Kalgan to visit our camels, some of which had been stolen by bandits. It was warm when he left. The next day he was caught in a terrible blizzard and the fingers of both his hands were frozen. During the days before he reached Peking he suffered tortures. The doctors wanted to amputate all his fingers. Mac could not see himself with

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

**THE 1928 STAFF OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE FIELD**

*Top Row Left to Right*—J. B. Shackelford, Photographer; Alonzo W. Pond, Archæologist; Joel Erikson, Mongol Purchasing Agent (Did Not Travel With the Expedition); G. Howarth, Motor Transport; J. MacKenzie Young, Chief Motor Transport; W. P. T. Hill, Topographer. *Bottom Row*—J. A. Perez, Surgeon; Roy Chapman Andrews, Leader and Zoologist; Walter Granger, Chief Paleontologist and Second in Command; L. Erskine Spock, Geologist; Albert Thomson, Assistant Paleontologist.

# The One Revolver of "Hammer the Hammer" Safety

TRUST an Iver Johnson Revolver every time you need it. Fast as lightning, straight as a streak of light, sure as sunrise, safe as safe can be. Jolt it, drop it, bang it any way you like . . . it can't be discharged accidentally. The famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety action makes accidents impossible.

Finely tempered springs of coiled piano wire give a lightning action. A special main spring adjusting tension bar makes it easy to set the hammer action light or heavy to suit your touch. The ball and socket plunger-joint cuts friction and wear to the minimum. Lead lapped rifling insures accuracy and maximum velocity. A positive cylinder lock prevents turning when not in action. Three types of grips to choose from: regular or large Perfect Rubber grip, plain or checkered Western Walnut, or Pearl.

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Catalog "A" shows details of all Iver Johnson Safety Revolvers, also Iver Johnson Rifles and Shotguns, including Single and Hammerless Double Barrel types, 12, 16, 20 and 410 bore.

Catalog "B" describes Iver Johnson Bicycles for men, women, boys and girls, also Velocipedes and Juniorcycles for children.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
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IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

Most plumbing pipe troubles are due to *rust*.

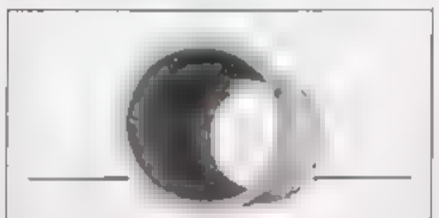
~ ~ ~

Anaconda Brass Pipe *can't rust*!

If the faucets are open in the kitchen, does the water merely trickle from the bathroom faucets upstairs? Does the water at times take on a telltale brownish tinge? Does the bathtub take longer to fill? If these things happen, in nine cases out of ten, *rust* is slowly clogging the pipe.

These are your warnings that rustable pipe is beginning to

fail. Eventually rust will eat through the pipe walls, causing leaks that may damage ceilings, walls and costly furnishings. Expensive tiling and tinted walls must be ripped out to enable the plumber to repair the pipe. Then the tiling must be restored—walls newly plastered and decorated.



Brass Pipe installed twenty-seven years ago and ripped out to change the location of fixtures was re-used in the same building. Anaconda Brass *cannot* rust.

*All these expenses are avoidable at small cost if action is taken in time.* Install Anaconda Brass Pipe when you build. It actually *saves*, in the average size home, $31 yearly in repairs and replacements because it cannot rust.

And to avoid expensive repairs on the *outside* of your house, insist on gutters, rainpipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper, and screens of Anaconda Bronze Wire. Send for the booklet, "Rust-proofed." It will interest you. Address The American Brass Company, General Offices, Waterbury, Conn.

*Water pipes of*

ANACONDA BRASS

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only stumps for hands during the rest of his life. He decided to take a chance with gangrene. Dr. Harold Loucks, the expedition's surgeon, by devoted care brought him through with only the loss of three fingers.

My eyesight used to be remarkable; I could see like an Indian. In 1922 the desert glare did its work. Have you ever been snow-blind or sand-blind? Well, I advise you not to invite it. Now I am tied to glasses for the rest of my life. I mention these incidents only to show that experience and preparation cannot always draw the Gobi's teeth. Sooner or later the desert will take its toll. But we do all that is humanly possible to avoid adventures. They are an unmitigated nuisance. They take a lot of time and effort and get you nowhere. You may have a good story to tell at your club in front of the fire, but that is all the hero stuff amounts to. It is "the goods" that count. If you don't produce them you don't go again. You can't fool the hundreds of Americans who give their money that these expeditions may go on. They want results, not a story of incredible hardships as the reason why you did not do your job.

### *Ten Years Rolled in One*

We work at high pressure when we are in the field, because the season is so short. There are only five months in which it is possible to carry on scientific investigations. Therefore, the problem, when we began, was to get our staff into the field and out again during the summer. Obviously quick transportation was the answer to all the physical difficulties, and we met it with the motor car. All other Gobi explorers had used camels. Of course, we were called fools for even thinking of it. But the plan worked. During each season we have done what would amount to ten years of camel exploration.

In 1922 we began with a fleet of five motor cars; in 1925 it was increased to seven, and now we are in the field with eight. They are the usual stock three-quarter-ton truck, except for an open express body which was especially designed for us.

Motoring in the Gobi has an interest all its own. Stretches of fairly hard gravel plain and rolling hills are abundantly interspersed with rocks and sand, niggerheads and mud. Often we have to take the cars places that would give their makers heart failure could they see them. But never yet have we had an accident that could not be repaired. This is due in the first place to superb cars; in the second, to preparation. It would be ridiculous to go into the desert without every conceivable spare part, and just as absurd to go without expert motor mechanics. There are no garages just around the corner; in fact, the Gobi is the most cornerless place that I know of. It is just a vast expanse of plain and sky which is almost terrifying in its emptiness.

When we have reached a suitable place and everyone is at work, I take two cars and several men for an exploration in advance. Thus we save time and gasoline, for often we must go several hundred miles before another locality is found. The topographer maps the route so that we can find our way back; it is like navigating a ship at sea.

Experience has taught us never to go with a single car. Usually we have two; sometimes three. Accidents do happen to the best car and it is something more than merely unpleasant to be left in the desert with no water in sight and limited food. Just now an advance party has returned to take needed gears to a motor that is helpless two hundred miles from camp. There is not a Mongol or a well within fifty miles.

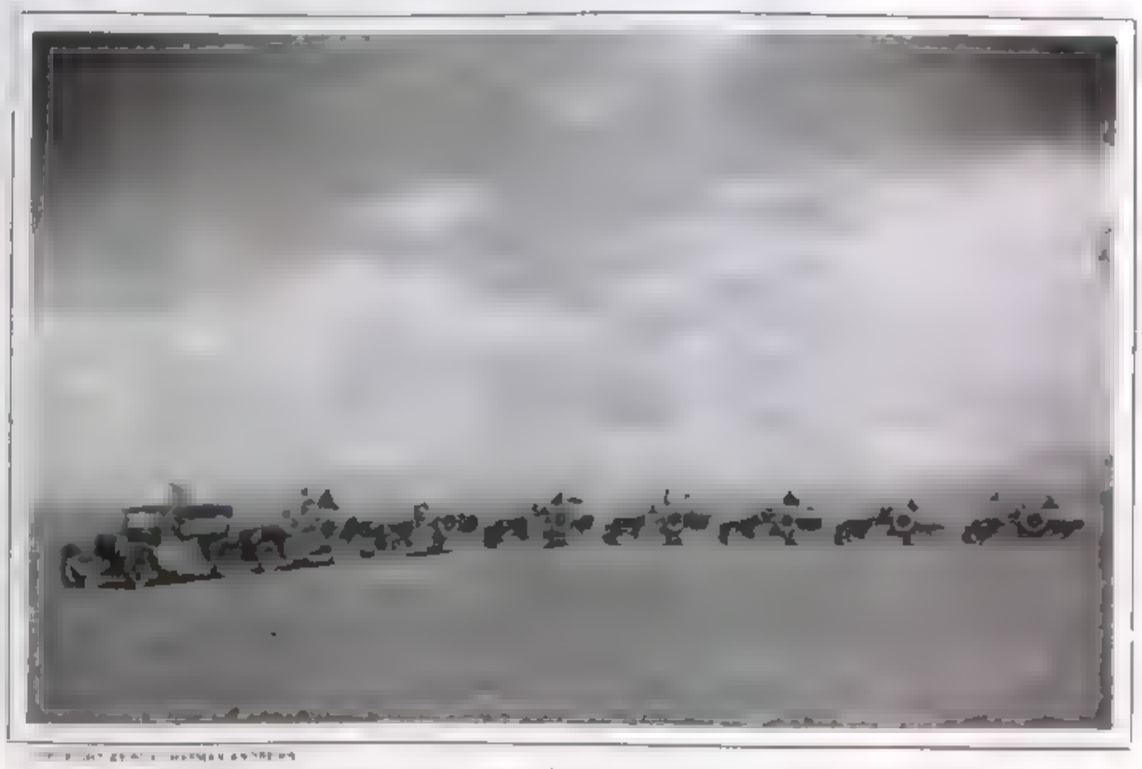
One need hardly die of thirst in the Gobi if he has a shovel and a certain amount of physical strength. The water table lies fairly close to the surface; seldom more than fifteen or twenty feet down. Usually it is closer than that in the depressions and valleys. Often we have dug a well when we wanted to camp near some fossil deposit and water was not available. As a rule wells are not more than thirty miles apart, especially along the caravan trails, and of course we always follow a trail if it will take us where we wish to go. Many of these trails are the oldest in the world. When Jenghiz Khan's warriors followed them to conquest they were already ancient. Sometimes we pick up iron arrowheads along their course, and I look at them longingly, wishing that they could tell their stories.

As I remarked, this narrative is being written in camp on June fifteenth. A bullet wound has temporarily reduced my left leg to a useless appendage, but it has given me an opportunity to write while convalescing. Behind my tent the plain sweeps down from a rounded hill in a beautiful slope to break off in a bad-land basin where lie the bones of animals that died six million years ago. From the wide gash of the door I can see Walter Granger walking slowly along, hands behind his back, head bent. It will have to be a very elusive fossil to escape those practiced eyes. Thus, it may be inferred that we are in Mongolia; perhaps it might be well for me to tell how we got here.

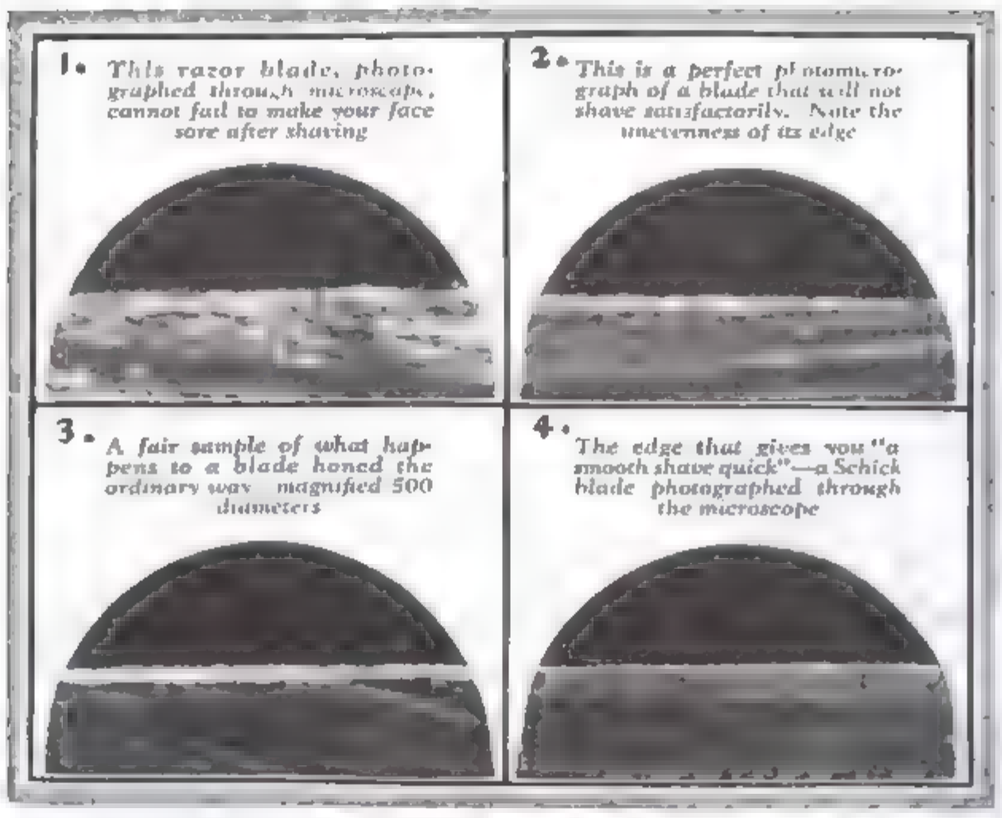
### *Off to the Desert*

It was on April fourteenth that we left Peking accompanied by John V. A. MacMurray, the American minister, his wife and sister and Mr. Lewis Clark, of the American Legation. President Coolidge did a good job when he picked MacMurray as minister to China. Just because he happens to qualify as an authority on the Orient and a first-rate diplomat does not prevent him from being a regular fellow as well. His presence made a world of difference to us in Kalgan.

(Continued on Page 82)



*The Motor Cars of the Expedition as They Looked En Route*


1. This razor blade, photographed through microscope, cannot fail to make your face sore after shaving
2. This is a perfect photomicrograph of a blade that will not shave satisfactorily. Note the unevenness of its edge
3. A fair sample of what happens to a blade honed the ordinary way magnified 500 diameters
4. The edge that gives you "a smooth shave quick"—a Schick blade photographed through the microscope

Photomicrographs made at the University of Chicago, 1928

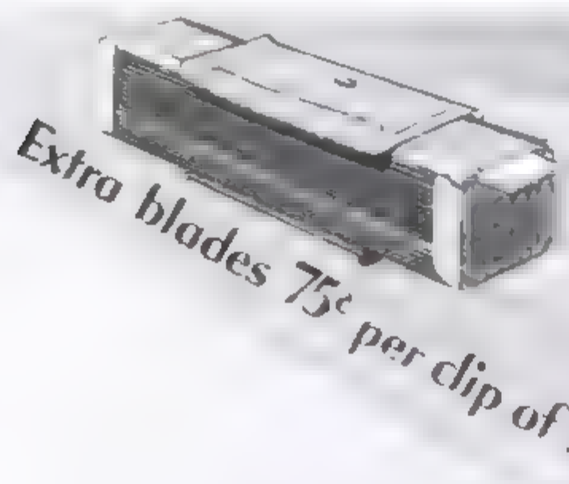
# After all it's the blade that shaves

Every man who shaves knows that a razor is only as good as its blades. And a blade is only as good as its edge.

Every man who tries a Schick for the first time is delighted with the shaving edge of the Schick blade. You can rely on one satisfactory Schick edge after another. You can be sure that the 20 blades which rest in its handle will give you the best shaves you have ever had from any razor . . .

You soon discover, too, that the repeating feature of the Schick Razor is a surprising convenience. All you have to do to change the blade is to pull out the plunger, push it back, and by this simple operation the old blade is dropped out and the new one put in place.

Stop in at your favorite store today and ask them to show you a Schick. Take it home and try it—then you will understand why thousands of men have written unsolicited letters giving many interesting reasons why Schick users would never again go back to the razors they used before.—1. The blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper. 2. They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip. 3. Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches your face. 4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced. 5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger. 6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time.

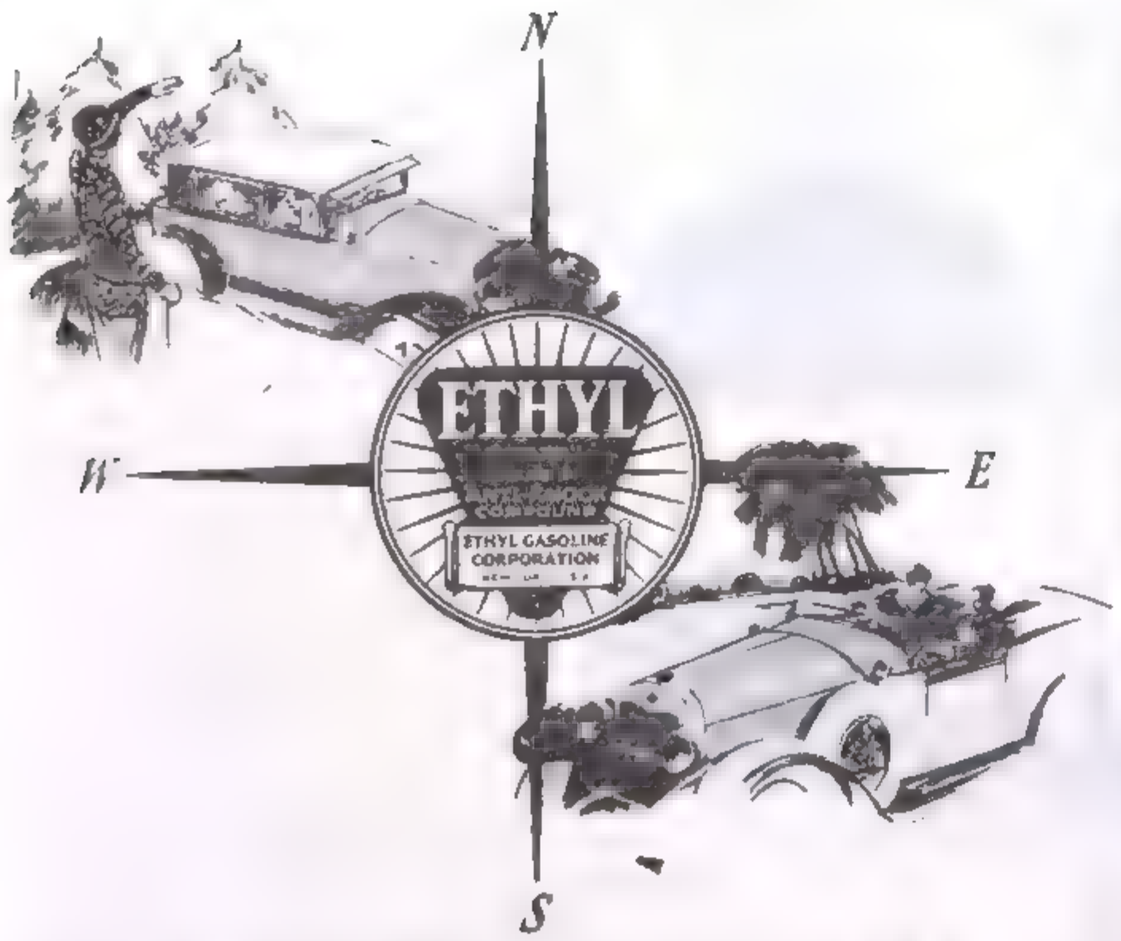



**Sold in Better Stores**

Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at $5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model $7.50.) Additional clips of 20 blades for 75c—in Canada slightly higher. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

A smooth shave, quick with a

# Schick Repeating Razor




*Everywhere—*

# ETHYL

*Knocks out that "knock"*

WHEREVER you live, whatever the climate, you will find one or more oil companies putting Ethyl fluid in gasoline suited to your driving conditions.

What is responsible for this widespread distribution?

Appreciation by thirty-six of the leading oil companies of the merit of Ethyl, which was developed by the General Motors Research Laboratories in its years of search for something that would eliminate the "knock" inherent in gasoline.

These major companies have found Ethyl fluid so effective that they are mixing it with their already good gasoline to provide a still better fuel—*Ethyl Gasoline*. They are meeting the demands of the motoring public in making this fuel available in every community—through their own stations, hundreds of resellers and thousands of dealers.

Ethyl Gasoline improves the performance of any car. It turns the higher compression created by carbon into extra power. It gives a special thrill in the high compression motors now being manufactured.

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(Continued from Page 80)

The authorities provided a company of cavalry to escort us to the top of the pass. There was little real danger, but they were taking no chances where an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary was concerned. After a few miles of driving sedately in the dust cloud behind the cavalry we assumed that the amenities had been observed and that we could get on with the show. The horsemen were left to await the minister's return, but at every corner of the road groups of soldiers popped out unexpectedly to present arms. This went on all the way to the village of Chang Peh-hsien, where the minister left us and we spent the night.

The officer in command there told me that he had no soldiers farther than twenty miles from Chang Peh. Any armed Chinese beyond that point was a brigand. We had no trouble on the way, but the bandits tried a clever trick which might have worked had we been less well acquainted with the habits of the species. Fifty miles up the road we approached six heavily armed and well-dressed mounted soldiers. They signaled us to stop, but kept their hands well away from their weapons. Covering their officer with my revolver, I asked what they wanted. He said that they had been delegated by the Chang Peh commander to escort us. Would we kindly stop in the next village to have tea and discuss the matter of our further protection? In view of what this same commander had told me, I knew that to be a lie. As credentials he exhibited a letter, but without an official stamp, or "chop." No official document in China is "unchopped." It would be like a letter of authority without a signature. When we reached the village, there were a dozen or more shabbily dressed soldiers loitering about. The walls of a near-by compound were neatly loopholed. Had we stopped in the village for tea as suggested, the place would have been quietly surrounded and every man of us would forthwith have found himself looking into a pistol barrel. Of course, their scouts had told them of our coming, and knowing that they could not hope to engage us on equal terms, they had prepared this little trap. We heard later that the brigands were very much annoyed at the failure of their plan, for they had counted on a rich haul of rifles and motor cars. They openly boasted that when we returned they would give us a hot reception. Nothing would have pleased us more, for three of our men, including myself, had old scores to settle with bandits. Any bandit would do. We were not at all fussy about the particular individual. But, unfortunately, we slipped in two weeks earlier than our expected return and the party they had arranged for us was spoiled.

### A Mile a Minute on the Hoof

The danger area ended with the Chinese cultivated fields, which every normal year are pushed a few miles farther into the Mongolian grasslands. As agriculture advances the Mongols recede, for they are a pastoral-nomad people who live by raising goats and sheep. They are peaceful enough and do not readily take to brigandry. But when they do, look out. Mongol bandits differ considerably from the Chinese breed. They can ride and shoot, and if they start anything they usually finish it.

The Gobi welcomed us with the warm sun and windless days of false spring. The uninitiated would believe that summer had come to stay. But it was only a fortnight of perfect weather as a prelude to the blasting sand storms and bitter cold of the next five weeks. Already the scanty vegetation had begun to show a faint trace of yellow-green. Bustards strutted like turkey cocks on the long hill slopes; bands of gazelles raced to cross our bows. Why they do it I cannot explain. It is not only gazelles; wild asses, camels, ponies, sheep, cattle—every kind of animal on the plains—seem to feel the same strange urge. They must pass in front of the car. Once over, some of them go on about their business; others cross and recross half a dozen times.

One gazelle gave us an exhibition of really high-class running. He was on a hard smooth plain when we came abreast of him about three hundred yards off to the right. He trotted parallel with us for a few moments and then broke into a run. For a furlong we held even at thirty-five miles an hour; then I stepped on the accelerator. He did likewise. Another push brought us up to forty miles an hour. He seemed rather surprised at that and slightly annoyed that anything should challenge him. After a quarter of a mile he evidently decided that the matter had passed a joke and he would end it right there. Then he really began to run. The flying legs were only a blur like the wings of an electric fan; his body seemed floating in space. I could not better forty-five miles an hour on that going and the gazelle drew in swiftly on a long slant, passing fifty yards ahead of us. Once across, he slowed down, gave a final leap as though he were on rubber tires, and stopped to gaze curiously at the car.

### Over the Barriers

He had run a fairly good race, for he started three hundred yards away and we were going at forty-five miles an hour on a straight line. He was certainly doing sixty miles an hour; a mathematician can figure it out. Maybe he was going faster than that, but we put sixty miles as a conservative estimate. Can you imagine an animal not equipped with wings and having no gas tank reaching such a speed even for half a mile? Of course a gazelle cannot maintain such a speed very long. It has been developed only for that initial dash which takes him away from wolves that lie in wait behind rocks or in ravines. How far they can run I do not know, but ten miles I am sure of. Shackelford, our photographer, and I raced one on a great plain. At first he drew away from us and we could just keep his bobbing white rump patch in sight. Gradually we overhauled him and chugged steadily along at forty miles an hour, with the gazelle about sixty yards in front. His tongue was out, but he did not slacken his speed. The race was never finished, for after ten miles we got a puncture, but he did not.

The three hundred miles that lay between us and the lamasery at Shara Murun, where we hoped the caravan was waiting, vanished under the car wheels at the rate of a hundred miles a day. It was known country to us, for we had already mapped it, and the trail was splendid. Late in the afternoon of April twentieth, when the white escarpment of Shara Murun had begun to show as a purple line backed by the dull gold of sunset, we saw the camels of a great caravan grazing in the distance. Just beyond them a blue tent floated like a huge bird in the mirage. Then it settled definitely to earth and the American flag streamed out from its peak.

Our Mongols greeted us like joyous children. They had waited here, seven miles from the lamasery, because the feed was better; the camels were fit, the gasoline was not leaking overmuch, and generally all was well. We camped that night beside them. For the first time I felt that the expedition was really under way after the two years of struggle with war and brigands, officials and diplomacy. The Gobi lay in front of us; our only opponents were the natural forces of the desert. What we found there is another story.

*The New "1929 Model" Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range for Christmas*

# *What* MOTHER *Really Wants*

ALL family life, health and happiness revolve around Mother and the meals she prepares on her kitchen range. She spends more of her time preparing and cooking meals than most of us realize.

The one great gift that will make Mother happiest this Christmas, is this *modern* Hotpoint automatic electric range with its many amazing conveniences and time-saving features.

Here's what this modern gift will mean: Instant, clean cooking heat at the turn of a switch. Accurate temperatures without guessing. No fear of burning or under-cooking. No watching; fewer kitchen hours; easier cooking; better cooking; a range easily kept as clean as a china plate; no soot to soil utensils; walls and ceilings stay clean; a cool summer kitchen.

***Here's a MODERN gift at the lowest price in history for a de luxe model Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range***

And, in addition, she'll find that the modern Hotpoint electric range is *fast* and surprisingly economical to operate.

With the modern Hotpoint automatic electric range shown above, Mother can place a complete meal in the oven. Then it takes but ten seconds to set the automatic electric timer for the time cooking is to start and stop, and the automatic temperature control for the exact heat to be maintained during the cooking. And she can leave the kitchen *or the house* for all day. When she returns, dinner will be hot, scientifically cooked to perfection and ready to serve. It's like having a maid at no cost.

This 1929 model Christmas special has more features and conveniences than can be listed here. Among them the following: Automatic temperature control, automatic electric timer (optional), electric light over the cooking surface, smokeless broiler, utility drawer beneath oven, salt and pepper shakers, white enameled clock, 3-cup Hotpoint HOT-DRIP electric percolator and cord, convenience outlet.

Ask your electric company about the remarkable Christmas offer on this new de luxe Hotpoint automatic electric range. Or write us for complete information.

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
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Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

WHO are the women who are saying, "I wish I had seen The Hoover first"? Invariably, so Hoover representatives tell us, they are those who have purchased ordinary vacuum cleaners from the first salesman who appeared. Without investigation. Without comparison.

Later, such women see The Hoover in action on their own rugs. They discover the difference between "Positive Agitation" and ordinary *vacuum* cleaning. Their regret is unmistakable.

There is really a lesson to be learned from these housewives. It is: *Don't buy any cleaner without first seeing what The Hoover will do.*

The Hoover deserves this consideration. It is the leader in its field—and always has been. Product of the oldest and largest manufacturer. Used in more homes than any other. Approved by the largest and most representative retailers. Endorsed by the leading rug and carpet manufacturers.

But more important still, it is the only electric cleaner which embodies "Positive Agitation," the revolutionary cleaning principle which enables The Hoover to remove easily and quickly from rugs and carpets more *dirt per minute.*

You can readily see what a great difference in home cleanliness this Hoover super-cleaning means, when you consider that about 90% of the dirt in the home is lodged in the floor coverings.

Don't be one of the women who say, "I wish I had seen The Hoover first." *See* The Hoover first. Any Hoover dealer will gladly bring a Hoover to your home for a demonstration any time you say. Telephone him.

*Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Model 972, $135; Dusting tools, $15. Floor polishing attachment, adaptable to models built in the last 5 years, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.*

On The Air—Every Thursday, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

*The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.*

# A DATE WITH A LADY

(Continued from Page 13)

"I hope my confidence in you isn't misplaced," went on E. P., in the gentlest voice Marty had ever heard him use. "Some men stiffen under responsibility and some men wilt. I know you're hot-headed and reckless. I know how you scrap with Dan Willets. Dan is a first-class engineer, Marty, or he wouldn't be chief on the Jenifer. The first thing you've got to prove to me is that you can control yourself. I won't have bullying, quick-fisted captains in my ships. Be tactful. Now how are you fixed for mates?"

"I'd like Leffingwell to go as first," said Marty, "and Havenan, the wheelsman, as second. He went up for his tickets last fall. He's a good man."

"Suit yourself. Remember, we're out to prove that we can make time under bad conditions. The weather office is breaking out northeast storm warnings for Superior. They report fog and ice at the Soo. I just saw the Waldo come in looking as if she'd been dipped in tallow. You may have rough going down Huron and Erie. Get your ship over from the elevator as soon as possible. That flax was a mistake, but it can't be remedied now. We'll begin loading the refrigerated freight soon after supper. I'll be down later to see you off. Don't pull out until I say so." He paused and looked queerly at Marty. "I'm counting on you, Marty. Don't throw me down."

"No, sir," said Marty, trying, with an obstacle in his throat, to talk clearly. He wanted to assure E. P. that his confidence was not misplaced; that he was going to do everything just so; that he was going to treat chief engineers and everybody else with tact; and that he was mighty grateful for this wonderful chance. But he couldn't think of anything to say that didn't sound goofy, so, blushing and grinning and squinting his eyes, he hastened out.

The switchboard girl said, as he passed, "Well, what did you get—the gate or gold braid on your cap?"

"You win a two-pound box of assorted chocolates," said Marty.

"Try and get it!"

"You'll get this one, kid."

"Thank you—captain!"

Marty laughed. In a fever of exaltation, he dashed out of the building and into a telegraph office, where he filed two telegrams—one to his foster parents, the other to Claire Rumson. The first one, addressed to Captain and Mrs. Aloysius Molloy, Port Huron, Michigan, read:

JUST MADE SKIPPER OF JENIFER. LOVE.
MART

To Claire Rumson he said:

PLEASE DELAY DEPARTURE UNTIL LATER TRAIN. WILL ARRIVE SEVEN O'CLOCK TUESDAY MORNING WITHOUT FAIL. KINDLY ADVISE RETURN WIRE. CAPTAIN MARTIN MOLLOY.

That would give her a thrill! When the girl who took the telegrams respectfully asked, "Where shall the answers be sent, captain?" he grinned and answered, "To my ship—the E. P. Jenifer."

He visited a candy store, paid for a two-pound box of chocolates, to be sent to the switchboard girl, and boarded a street car for Superior. Like the warming glow of a log fire, the fact of his promotion was slowly pervading him. A command at twenty-seven! Captain Martin Molloy! Yours very truly, Martin Molloy, Master. Steward, you can serve my dinner in the pilot house. Mate, call me if this fog thickens. Chief, can't you get a few more turns out of her?

He was unconscious of the stinging cold; indifferent to the threatening clouds which swarmed across the sky like multitudes of gray geese. Come winds, come fogs, come little ice devils! By seven o'clock Tuesday morning he'd have the Jenifer alongside in Buffalo!

Little daylight remained when Marty reached the Itasca elevator, but there was sufficient to enable him to admire his first command. How beautiful she was, with her bottle-green hull and her swan-white texas glistening in the afterglow! To the eye of a landlubber, or even a salt-water man, she may have resembled a great sardine tin, with a thimble for a funnel and two toothpicks for masts. But to Marty Molloy, accustomed to the sturdy simplicity of fresh-water craft, she was a thing of grace and joy, a model of mechanical efficiency, a ship with a staunch heart and a rugged body that could safely challenge the worst weather brewed. His ship!

Long iron spouts, like the tentacles of some rapacious monster, reached down from the side of the elevator into her hatches. His eyes lost their luster and darkened. The silver streams gushing from those spouts were flaxseed. In the hold of a ship it sometimes became, in behavior, a jelly, sliding to one side as she rolled and staying there. Well, he'd simply have to keep her out of the trough of the sea.

Marty went up a ladder to the deck. Bert Parsons, the negro cook, was cooling himself at the fantail rail. He grinned, sobered and asked, "How's Cap'n Barlock?"

"He won't be back," Marty answered. "I'm taking her out."

Disbelief, surprise, awe, in quick succession flitted over the black-lacquer face.

"Have my stuff shifted, Bert."

"Yas-suh, cap'n"—with alacrity.

Marty proceeded forward. He noticed that a butterfly nut was missing from a hatch. He noticed, as he approached the texas, a bad splice in the monkey line. Details he had never observed arrested him now.

Judd Leffingwell was at the Number 1 Hatch, gravely eying the silver cascade. A tall, solemn man who never smiled, he was an excellent second mate. He was nearly fifty and had a splendid record, yet he had never risen. Marty wondered why.

Leffingwell asked, "How's the skipper, Marty?"

"He'll be laid up all season."

"That's tough. Who'll be takin' her out?"

Marty prodded his own breast with a brown thumb. He grinned self-consciously, but the second mate's expression did not change.

"You're goin' out mate, Judd. Havenan'll go second. When this flax is loaded, we'll pick up a load for these boxes in Duluth. You'll have time to duck up to an employment office for a wheelsman."

"Yes, sir."

Marty liked the way he accepted it, his automatic use of "sir."

He went to a doorway above which was screwed a greenish brass plate bearing, in relief, the letters First Officer, and resolved that hereafter all brasses would shine like new gold. Entering his old room, he looked about. It was going to be a pleasure to break the news to Dan Willets. Of course, he wouldn't ride Willets. Oh, he'd be tactful enough, but it would be fun, just the same, to watch his expression—damn him!

Marty's roving gaze came to a halt. The photograph of Claire Rumson, above his wash basin, was missing! He was so accustomed to seeing it there, with its merry eyes, its laughing mouth and pretty teeth, that it seemed to vanish as he stared at the blankness where it had been. It had been stripped off. The thumb tacks, red with rust, still pinned down the four pasteboard corners.

With eyes narrowed, Marty rushed from the room. There was no question who the vandal was.

The door of the chief engineer's room was closed. Marty jerked it open. Dan Willets, a splendid physical specimen, half undressed, lay in his bunk surrounded by newspapers. A green-shaded light at his head illuminated a pink sporting page. A brier pipe with a curved bit hung from his mouth. His black hair, usually sleek and immaculately brushed back, was rumpled, as if he had been asleep. He was a pale, handsome young man, with eyes as bright as sapphires; thin red lips, a slightly hooked nose, a protruding, pointed chin.

Marty, with flashing eyes, looked about the room. Willets did not move his head. He rolled his eyes and removed his pipe. His glance was contemptuous. It always was. His cherry-red lips formed a mean smile.

Marty, reminding himself that he must be tactful, widened his eyes and forced a grin.

"Well, Dan"—affably—"how's the ammonia plant workin'?"

One end of the chief's mouth bent downward. His face was now a sneer. "What business is it of yours, Handsome?"

Marty restrained himself. His glassy grin remained. He kept his hands hanging, with loose fingers, beside him. He must be tactful.

"We'll be loadin' those boxes with butter, eggs and poultry, Dan."

Dan Willets struck flame from a match with his thumb-nail and started the brier. It made strangling sounds. "Is Captain Barlock back?"

"He won't be comin' back. He'll be laid up all season."

The chief turned his head on the pillow and looked at Marty squarely. "Who's gonna take her out?"

Casually—"Why, I am."

The bit of the brier remained a few inches from Willets' red mouth, which formed an oval of wonderment.

"You are!"

"Yeah."

"Well, I'm laughin'. Tell me some more."

"E. P. is givin' me the chance," said Marty, controlling himself. "Snaith has talked some dairy assembling plants into tryin' us out. We're makin' a test run. We pull out at midnight tonight. If we have her alongside in Buffalo by seven Tuesday morning, we land a lot o' business."

Dan Willets sat up in his bunk and swung his feet to the floor. He laid the pipe on the edge of the washbasin and said explosively:

"Not a chance! It can't be done! Look at this weather! You'll roll the boilers out of her! We ought to be laid up right this minute!"

Marty's eyes were narrowing. It was hard, being tactful, with provocations coming from so many directions.

He permitted himself to say, "Why don't you tell Snaith that?"

"Snaith!" shouted Willets. "Snaith would tramp down a blind crippled orphan on his way to save a dime! This engine ought to be rebuilt! Those thrust bearings run so hot you can't put your hand near them. Why weren't they rebabbited?"

Marty shrugged. "We've got to get her through somehow, Dan."

"Get her through! Get her through in the shape she is, in this kind of weather, with the grade of coal Snaith is makin' me burn?"

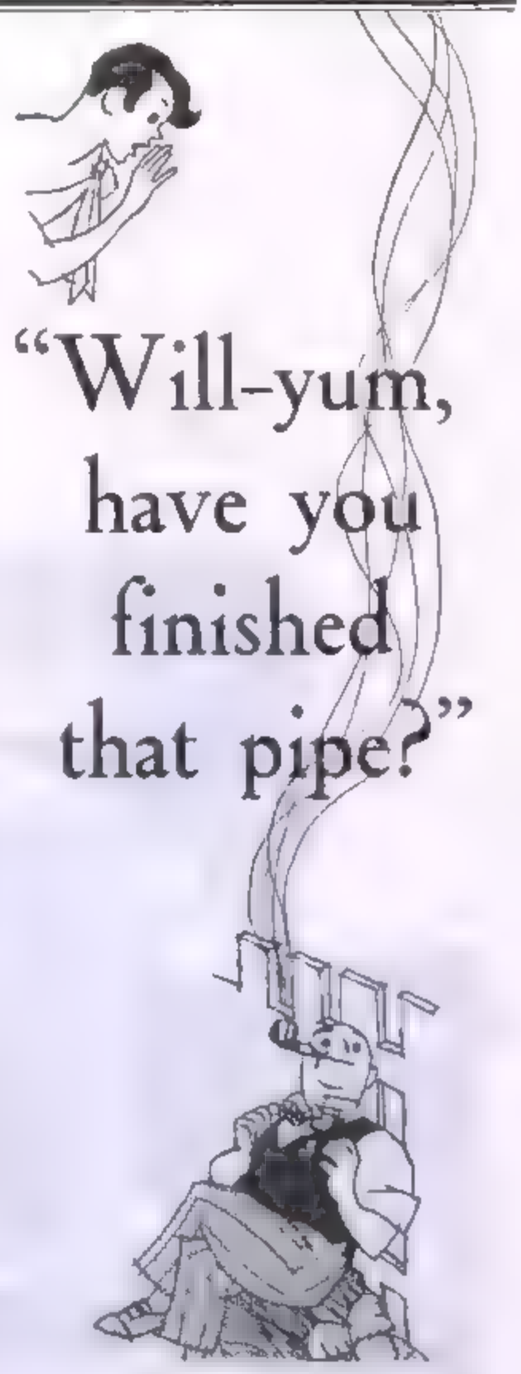
"All I know," said Marty, "is, if we don't put her alongside in Buffalo by seven A. M. Tuesday, we both land on the dock."

"Is that so? I'll tell you somethin', big boy. I'm runnin' this end. Don't think, because E. P. has got soft-headed in his old age and given you this boost, you got anything to say back here. Don't think I don't know why he's shovin' you along either. It's because his niece is stuck on you, and she couldn't be bothered with just a lousy first mate, so she had him make you a skipper."

Marty thrust his hands into his pants pockets to remove them from temptation.

"Aw, you've got the kid wrong, Dan. She don't know I'm alive."

(Continued on Page 87)

"Will-yum, have you finished that pipe?"

YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the *mildest*, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

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Who discovered how good a pipe can be

*It's* *milder*

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- a Successful Six
now winning Even Greater Success

# A Marvelous Improvement in *Cold Weather Performance*

*The cross-flow radiator consists of two side tanks, a top tank, and a core made up of horizontal passages. Water from the engine enters the inlet tank at the right, flows horizontally through the core and is pumped from the outlet tank at the left back to the engine. It cannot come into contact with liquid in the top tank until it has been cooled*

Four important advantages result from the cooling system on today's Pontiac Six—a system which includes the famous cross-flow radiator. And all of these advantages contribute directly to improved cold weather performance, although some of them are equally valuable in climates where high temperatures prevail in summer.

The cross-flow radiator reduces to a minimum losses of water and alcohol through boiling, one of the common annoyances of winter driving. And it also reduces possibility of damage if the water supply becomes low. The automatic thermostat, which is a part of this system, halts water circulation until the engine reaches correct operating temperature. As a consequence the engine warms up quickly even though it has stood over night in a cold garage. As a further consequence, less choking is needed and less dilution of crankcase oil occurs.

Because of the protection the cross-flow radiator provides against losses of water and alcohol, the Pontiac Six requires less attention in winter than cars not similarly equipped. Also, because it has the advantage of thermostatic water control, Pontiac reveals far better performance than other cars in its field when the temperature is low.

The cross-flow radiator is available only on the Pontiac Six and its companion car, the All-American Six. Yet this marvelous improvement is but one of many advancements which only Pontiac and Oakland in their respective fields provide.

*Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory*

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.

# PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 85

"Don't she? Then why was she snoopin' around in your room and in the skipper's quarters while you was uptown?"

"Was she?" Marty gasped.

"You heard me!" Marty managed another careless shrug.

"Well, I just wanted to say I won't bother you back here, Dan."

"You better not, you lady-killer!"

Air whistled as it was sucked up through Marty's nostrils. His lids came down to form glittering slits. His arms, as his lungs filled, seemed to drag his fists from his pockets. He picked the precise spot on Dan Willets' chin where the left hook was going to land.

A respectful voice remarked, "That flax is all aboard, captain."

It was Judd Leffingwell, a diplomat without portfolio, rescuing another diplomat from the theater of war.

Marty said, in a shaken voice, as he started to leave, "I hope we're goin' to get along, Dan." And the quickly closed door prevented him from hearing a retort as barbed as a whaler's harpoon. He followed Leffingwell forward and started into the forepeak to take his old place at the forward donkey engines; then, in time, recalled that he no longer belonged there, and went up the ladder to the pilot house with the weariness of a man of ninety.

The man at the wheel murmured a respectful good evening. Marty grunted in reply. He could understand now why some captains were such grouches. Fragments of thoughts shot through his mind. Hot thrust bearings . . . Northeast storm warnings. . . . Fixxsed . . . Ice and fog. . . . Precooled cars waiting in Buffalo. . . . New York waiting for its Wednesday chickens. . . . Sally Jenifer had had him made a skipper. . . . That was a lie!

From the starboard wing of the bridge he roared into the silver-blue twilight: "Slack off on those breast lines!" A donkey engine whirred and chittered.

The fun of being a captain had somewhere been left behind.

In the glare of arc lights creamy-white tubs of butter, crates of eggs and boxes of dressed poultry were being trundled up gangplanks to the Jenifer's refrigerators.

Marty divided his time between the pier and the deck. Responsibility didn't affect him either of the ways E. P. had mentioned; it made him want to fight somebody. And every time he thought of Claire's photograph he turned pale.

The hand trucks, pushed by indifferent stevedores, moved with the alacrity of snails. The stevedores, accustomed to a fixed routine, were confused by the narrow doors of the refrigerators. They wasted time in long debates. The mound of tubs, crates and boxes grew with maddening slowness.

At a little after nine a messenger boy brought Marty two yellow envelopes with glazed address windows. Neither of the telegrams contributed to his peace of mind:

CONGRATULATIONS KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON AND DON'T ORDER A LARGER HAT YET LOVE
MOTHER AND DAD

CAN'T POSSIBLY TAKE LATER TRAIN CAN'T YOU MEET ME AT GATE? CLAIRE

He gave the messenger boy a reply unconsciously poetic:

IT'S A DATE. WAIT AT GATE. MARTY

To keep that date, he must have the Jenifer alongside in Buffalo not by seven, but by 6:30 at the latest.

The refrigerators were about half filled when Marty was provided with what appeared to him to be an excellent reason for blowing up. For at least a minute no hand trucks had come up the gangplanks. He was on the deck, fidgeting. Looking down through the warehouse doorway, he saw that all the stevedores were assembled in a group, apparently holding a conference. He hastened down to the pier, and there, to his indignant surprise, saw that each stevedore was being given a pair of white cotton gloves and that Old Man Jenifer, seated on an empty soap box near by and, in deference to the No Smoking signs, chewing a dead cigar, was an unperturbed witness.

Marty rushed over to him and excitedly asked why the stevedores had to wear gloves.

"Don't they handle iron castings without gloves? There's a fifty-mile wind blowing down the lake and I want to get out of here."

E. P., looking up at him with glinting eyes as he slowly chewed the cold cigar, repeated the advice Marty had recently received by wire:

"Keep your shirt on. They have to wear gloves to handle a consignment of kosher butter. Those tubs must reach New York without a fingerprint or they'll be refused."

Marty, glimpsing a fantastic army of men, all in white gloves, handling those precious tubs of kosher butter from Montana to New York, said, in a controlled voice:

"I'd like to get under way as soon as possible—that's all."

"It isn't midnight yet."

"But every minute counts. I'm going to cast off the minute the last tub is aboard."

"You're not to cast off till I say so!" the old man bellowed.

With a superhuman effort Marty said, "Yes, sir." Everywhere he turned, it seemed, he met more obstacles. Like many a captain before him, he wanted to be out on blue water, away from the red tape of piers and offices.

The last of the refrigerated cargo came aboard a few minutes before eleven. It was stowed and the doors of the refrigerators were locked. Leffingwell was at his post in the bows, Havenan was in the fantail. The lines were slack, ready to be cast off.

And Marty could not find E. P.! All evening long, chewing his disreputable cigar, he had sat on that soap box. Marty anxiously looked for him. He angrily looked for him. He frantically looked for him. Wondering if E. P. had grown tired and gone home, Marty telephoned the Jenifer house.

A girl's voice answered. It was a voice that Marty would, perhaps always, painfully remember. Sally Jenifer, the old man's niece, had once told Marty that he was too hot-headed, too cocky, and that he'd never amount to a row of beans if he didn't learn to control himself. Kindly meant, her words had left deep wounds, for Marty at that time was a victim of her slim young loveliness. In many respects Sally was unlike any girl he had ever known. Her large brown eyes looked straight into yours and her sweet, gay voice dealt only in straight talk. She was prettier, more alluring, than any girl he knew, but she didn't flirt. And Marty did not understand that type.

She was saying in merry tones: "Marty, I think it's splendid about your promotion. I'm so glad you called. Did you want to thank me?"

"Thank you for what?"

"Oh, you'll find out. It's in your new stateroom."

Marty, wondering just how much she had had to do with his promotion, felt the blood creeping up behind his ears.

"Is your uncle there?" he gruffly asked.

"No, Marty. He was going to spend the evening down there."

"He's vanished."

"If he comes in, shall I have him phone you at the dock?"

"Tell him I'm ready to cast off and haven't a minute to waste."

"Wearing chips with your epaulets, Marty?"

Marty said good-by curtly, hung up and resumed his frantic search for E. P. Eleven-thirty came and went. He was tempted to sail without E. P.'s consent, but dared not disobey orders. Midnight found him white-faced and gimlet-eyed. These precious minutes might mean the difference between meeting Claire and missing her—forever!

At 12:02 the Old Man appeared. He looked sheepish. Marty met him at the foot of the ladder which ran up the side of the bottle-green hull. Angrily he exclaimed, "Mr. Jenifer, I've been ready to pull out since 10:45!"

E. P. looked more sheepish than ever. He would not meet Marty's eyes, with their quivering underlids.

"I'm sorry, Marty; but I couldn't let you sail on a Friday. But you'll make it. I'm counting on you!"

Marty was halfway up the ladder. More than an hour wasted because of a silly superstition! He was bawling orders before he reached the deck. He hastened to the bridge and the stored-up irritations of the past six hours found a happy outlet. Two ships were tied up on the other side of the slip. The last one in, the Horatius Fairfax, had not been able to come all the way in. Her stern projected out into the basin. A stern line had been run to bitts on the pierhead on the Jenifer's side, blocking her exit.

Through a megaphone Marty shouted at the silent ship. When a lookout answered his hail, Marty roared:

"Haul in your stern line long enough for me to get out of here!"

The lookout's voice, a faint wail, floated back:

"The Old Man said to leave it there account o' this wind. He's turned in."

Marty called down to Leffingwell, "Are you all clear?"

"All clear, here, sir."

"Are we clear aft?"

"Yes, sir, all clear."

Marty pushed the handle of the engine-room telegraph to the half-speed-ahead position. He had backed the Jenifer in, so that, when ready to pull out, she would be headed toward the lake. She began moving. Her bows would snap the Fairfax's cable as if it were a thread of glass.

Ringing for full speed ahead, Marty returned to the port wing, and with the wind from the lake blowing cold against his hot cheeks, tried to think of something tactful to say to the master of the Fairfax if he should appear on deck and demand explanations. The lookout was yelling. It passed through Marty's mind that Mr. Snaith would dictate long letters about that cable. Watching the dark taut line against the coiling glitter on the water, as it came nearer and nearer, he felt happy again. The annoyances of indoor men were behind him.

In his imagination he saw a fast-moving procession of lighthouses and other familiar landmarks. And at the end of the run Claire, shining-eyed and flushed with delight at seeing him!

The Jenifer did not acknowledge, by so much as a tremor, her encounter with the steel cable. But the Fairfax came suddenly to life. The lookout's yells had evidently awakened all hands. Men poured out of doorways. Her captain, in a short nightshirt, danced from shadows to the rail as the cable snapped with a report like a bomb going off. The captain shook his fists and threatened reprisals.

The sundered cable splashed into the water and the captain's profanity fell astern. To Marty, it might have been the sleepy twittering of birds. He was under way at last. Save for the locks at the Soo, nothing but clear water stretched ahead of him to Buffalo.

Judd Leffingwell let himself into the pilot house as the Jenifer was gliding under the aerial bridge. In his solemn way, he said: "It's backing a little to the north, captain. By the time we change the course off Dog I's it's and it's apt to be pretty well over on the beam and makin' trouble for that flax."

Marty, standing at the forward windows, looking out into the blackness, said nothing. Jeremiah Havenan, the new second mate, came in. He was a short, thickset man of thirty, distinguished by freckles, a flattened nose and a hard grin. He would have been, in an earlier seafaring epoch, a bucko mate.

He grinned at the back of Marty's head, scowled at the wheelsman who had his old job, glanced at the compass and became interested in the measured jerking of the pilot house, which presently inspired him to say:

"That flax ain't trimmed. It'll make trouble afore we get far."

The new wheelsman gloomily added: "And we'll soon be makin' a deckload of ice. She'll roll heavy and give that flax a chance to slide. I rec'llect an April like this one, six years ago, when I was wheelin' on the old Davenga."

Marty listened with only half an ear to the harrowing tale of flax that shifted, of a ship that nearly foundered. He hadn't been thinking of flax or of the stiffening wind. He'd been thinking of how Claire would welcome him at the gate with glad little cries and marvel at his captaincy.

Marty could see the head and shoulders of the lookout in the bows, the red and green sidelights of an approaching ship, and, on the port side, the glowing pearl necklace which marked the Duluth pumping station.

"That wind's pickin' up," said Havenan.

"Fixin' to rain some, too," added the talkative wheelsman.

"Keep your mind on that compass," said Marty. And to Havenan: "Tell that lookout to come up here before he's blown overboard."

Conversation languished. It occurred to Marty that these men were treating a threatening crisis as a casual topic of conversation. You discussed perils in a detached way and let the skipper do the worrying and make the decisions. It was hard to realize that he was the skipper and that the worrying and decisions were his personal affairs.

Wind and waves were rising. Spray began coming aboard, rattling across the deck, at first in handfuls, then in bucketfuls, and presently in solid masses which swept up over the bows, to be caught and torn away like tatters of white silk.

When the approaching steamer was almost abreast, Havenan exclaimed: "That's the Wolvin! She pulled out at six o'clock. This is too much for her."

Marty said, "Judd, you better turn in."

He made no comment when, within an hour, they met another ship that had turned back—a reeling drunkard of a ship.

With the rising wind came higher seas, which struck the bows tremendous quartering blows. A man could not keep his footing in the pilot house without clinging to some support; but it was some comfort to remember that the Jenifer was equipped with the most powerful engine in the fleet. Marty, wondering whether the throttle was wide open, telephoned the engine room.

When Dan Willets' irritable voice answered, Marty asked him how things were going back there.

"Just fine!" answered the chief in a high voice. "This bangin' is just what these thrust bearings needed."

"Are they hot?"

Dan laughed bitterly. "You could broil a steak on 'em!"

"If this wind shifts, we'll have trouble off Outer Island."

"Then why in hell don't you turn around and go back? Better men than you would do it."

Stifling a fiery comeback, Marty said, "I was wonderin' if you couldn't squeeze a few more turns out of her."

"Squeeze a few more turns out of her!" cried the angry engineer. "Do you know what it's like back here? Things are breakin' loose that have never been loose in an engine room before. We've lost the fires under one boiler and Morehouse just smashed his hand!"

"If you're askin' me turn around and go back," said Marty, in his most tactful voice, "I'll do it."

"Who the hell's askin' you to turn around? You run your end and I'll run mine."

(Continued on Page 90

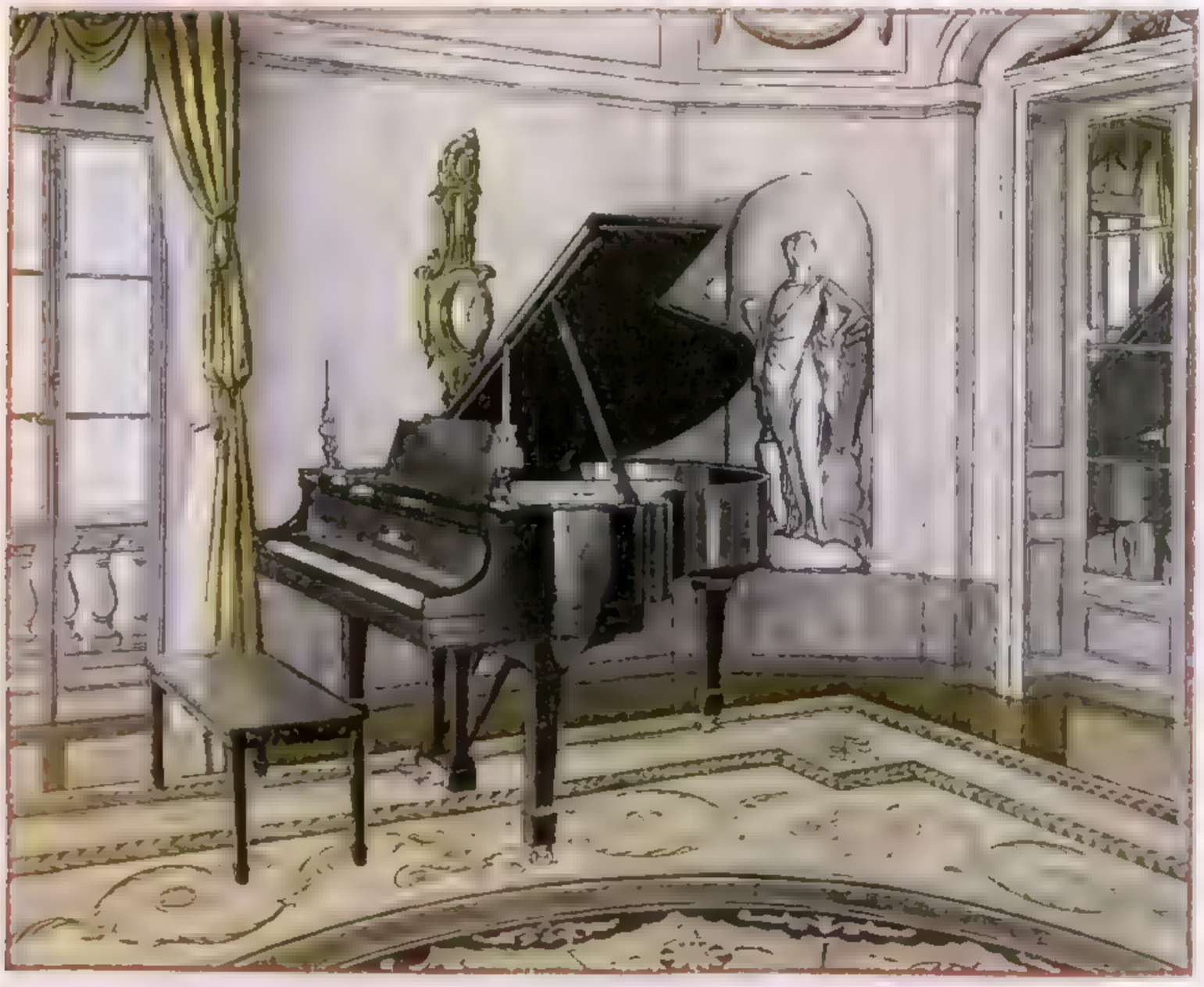
# Give them this great advantage— to know and love good music

EVERY waking moment of a child's life is filled with sensations and impressions which have an immediate influence on his character. The people, the sights and sounds with which he is surrounded, mould his mind. In a very large degree he is a product of his environment.

Good books, good teachers, good music . . . these are the birthright of the growing child. And for instruction and companionship there is nothing quite the equal of a good piano.

Many a man who has invested in a Steinway for the sheer joy of owning it has lived to congratulate himself for his children's sake. For there is no other piano, anywhere, with such purity and beauty of tone to train the childish ear . . . such delicacy and lightness of touch for training childish fingers.

The part which the Steinway has played in the musical education of the world is almost beyond conception. For three-quarters of a century virtually every great musician has used it, both in



The Steinway
Ebonized Baby Grand
in a *Directoire* interior designed by
Allen Saalburg

A Steinway of this size and power—at $1375 (plus transportation)—is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the majority of homes. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.

There is a Steinway size and model for every need. Any Steinway may be bought with a 10% cash deposit and the balance will be extended over two years. . . . $137.50 (plus transportation) is all you need for *immediate possession* of your Baby Grand!

## An interpretation of Rachmaninoff's Russian Mass, painted for the Steinway Collection by Rockwell Kent

Many notable compositions have come from the pen of Sergei Rachmaninoff in the course of his distinguished career, but none exceeds in beauty and depth of feeling the beautiful sacred music which he wrote for the Greek Orthodox church. In it is all the religious fervor, the exalted mysticism of Holy Russia.

Of the Steinway piano Rachmaninoff has written: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using the Steinway for my concerts. I consider it to be perfect in every way."

public and private. And it would be impossible to number the students and music-lovers who have found in it a constant source of help and inspiration.

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Send me copy of the NoMar Booklet—FREE—to help me select the right furniture rests for my furniture

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(Continued from Page 87)

Marty returned to the forward windows. He was beginning to understand why some captains took to drink, why others grew wrinkled and bald and white before their time, and why captains, still young, took up chicken farming.

Rain was falling. Off Outer Island it turned to snow. Spray was freezing on deck. An hour beyond Outer Island, the wind shifted and the Jenifer presently began to roll. Each time she rolled Marty stiffened his back muscles, as if, with his puny strength, he would prevent her from going over so far that the flax shifted. This attempted demonstration of the power of mind over matter informed him that his back ached with fatigue. He recalled what E. P. had said about responsibility and decided that he was already wilting. His eyes ached. His brain was heavy and stupid.

As the rolling grew worse, the flax, in Marty's imagination, became a sleeping giant. Each time she rolled he feared the giant would awake. As the armor of ice thickened on deck, he imagined she took longer to return to an even keel.

At six o'clock Havenan came in to relieve Leffingwell and said to Marty: "You better go down and catch a wink, captain. I can call you if it gets any worse."

Marty, in reply, shook his head. He was held here by something stronger than fear. When they were off Whitefish Point he would turn in. It would be safe then. But when they were off Whitefish Point and in the lee of the Canadian shore, snow was again falling thickly. He could not delegate the responsibility of taking her at full speed down the river with the visibility so low.

The river at the Soo was crowded with anchored ships, waiting for the gale to blow out. Through the whirling snow they were ships made of cake with thick white frosting.

While his ship locked down, Marty, with his eyes hot and sticky from the hours of enforced wakefulness, visited the lock office. The weather forecast was dismaying: High winds, attaining gale force, mostly northerly and easterly, for all Lakes, with lower temperatures probable.

Two telegrams were waiting for him:

ADVISE WHY Y[illegible] CUT FAIRFAX STERN LINE ON YOUR [illegible] R. A. SNAITH

ALL SHIPS REPORTED HUNTING [illegible] HOPES WIRE DETAILED REPORT YOUR PASSAGE DULUTH TO SOO. E. P. JENIFER

Marty wrote three telegrams:

To R. A. Snaith

CUT FAIRFAX'S STERN LINE BECAUSE WAS IN MY WAY

To E. P.:

NO DETAILS TO REPORT. ON SCHEDULE.

To Claire Rumson:

HAVE A HEART. TAKE LATER TRAIN. WIRE ME DETROIT

When he returned to the pilot house, Judd Leffingwell suggested that they anchor off Detour until the weather cleared.

Marty replied, "If this wind holds, we'll make good time down Huron."

He might have caught some sleep on the way down the river to Lake Huron, but the burden of ice on the port side had given the Jenifer a list; she steered erratically and needed every moment of his attention. When the starboard tanks were filled to offset the weight of ice, she dragged bottom. It was more trying than being in the open lake, and when she entered the churning bight of Lake Huron Marty felt relieved.

But he could not go below. The wind had shifted again, and the Jenifer was again in the trough of the sea. She was rolling more and more heavily. Off Thunder Bay Marty called the engine room. When no one answered, his anxiety and irritability increased.

Havenan, who was on watch, said impatiently, "Skipper, it ain't worth it. Why not run up under Manitoulin Island?"

Marty wanted to curse him—wanted to take him by the throat and shake him. Instead, he said, in a controlled voice, "We'll make it yet." He was cultivating tact in a hard school.

He called the engine room again and again. At the end of an hour Dan Willets answered and began talking rapidly in a shrill voice:

"Do you know what's happened back here? We've got everything in the fantail hatch but a runaway train. There's a barrel of salt, toe plates, the hoisting-shaft gears, six tons of hard coal and three barrels of oxalic acid that were chained to a stanchion and supposed to be goin' back to some shipper. The oxalic acid broke loose. Every time she rolls, this junk bangs from one side to the other. The acid got down here an hour ago. It ate out one siphon and even corroded the wrenches on the wall. We couldn't see for the fumes. It's still so bad we can't hardly breathe. The fire was dumped out of the galley stove and it burnt the skin off the second cook's leg. A ten-year-old half-wit would know better'n to keep a ship out in this."

Marty wanted to snarl, "I always knew you were yellow." Instead, in a voice as cheery as he could make it, he said: "Stick by her, Dan. We'll get there yet. Are you watchin' the thermometers on them boxes?"

"It's my business, isn't it?"

Marty somehow endured it.

All that night and the following day snow squalls came and ice gathered, until the Jenifer was a white ghost pursued by a white wolf pack. It stopped snowing as she entered the St. Clair River, but Marty did not go below. He had carried his responsibility for more than fifty hours without sleep, and with this ice on deck he dared not sleep.

At Detroit, three telegrams for him came up in the mail-boat bucket.

DO NOT TAKE UNNECESSARY CHANCES
E. P. JENIFER

DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DID NOT REQUEST MASTER OF FAIRFAX TO DROP CABLE WHILE YOU PASSED. WIRE DETAILS ON ARRIVAL BUFFALO. R. A. SNAITH

YOU COULD KEEP THAT DATE IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO. CLAIRE

Marty's comments on the three of them were not tactful.

Under low gray clouds the Jenifer kept to her schedule down the Detroit River. If Marty could continue to defy snow, ice and beam winds, he still might reach Buffalo on time.

The capricious wind was again on the beam, and again Marty became worried about the sleeping giant. Of the five Great Lakes, Erie is by far the most treacherous. It is a shallow lake. Waves whipped up by a strong wind are short and choppy. So thoroughly was the lake whipped up that water, running out of the scuppers, left white sand behind. But the snow had turned to rain and the ice was beginning to melt.

It was a little after six in the afternoon when the catastrophe Marty had been dreading for three days and nights occurred. The Jenifer rolled heavily to starboard—and did not arise. She lay over, wallowing in the trough. The giant had awakened.

Judd Leffingwell lost his solemnity and became a thoroughly alarmed man. In the thin accents of terror, he shouted, "She ain't comin' back!"

Marty, prepared, snapped at the wheelsman, "Hard a-starboard!"

The mate swung around as if he were about to strike him. His face was white with terror. In a squeak, he demanded why Marty was going around that way.

"I'm going to put her in the trough the other way," said Marty, "and try to roll that flax back. Put that wheel hard over, you!"

The wheelsman reluctantly obeyed. It was a dangerous plan. If it worked, the flax would be back in place. If it did not work, the Jenifer might roll under and sink.

"Don't do it!" Leffingwell squealed. "Put that wheel back!"

"Mister," said Marty, "I'm running this ship!"

Slowly the blunt ice-clad bows swung until the freighter, facing in the opposite direction, again lay in the trough. Three waves broke over her—a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The seventh was a gray white-capped mountain. It roared down on the sloping deck and the ship was smothered in foaming gray. The Jenifer rolled down.

Marty brought his tortured back muscles into play. Slowly the ship rolled back. The desperate scheme had worked. The flax was back

Leffingwell, wiping sweat from his face, said, "I hope to heaven I never have another ride as wild as this one!"

Marty was tempted to say, "Yes—and now I know why you've never gone up." But he refrained. He said to the wheelsman, "Put her back on her course, kid. Port wheel."

A little after dawn the Jenifer, a caricature of a ship in white wax, wallowed into the harbor of Buffalo. Peepholes had been chipped at her pilot-house windows. Mighty stalagmites stretched from bridge to deck. At the cores of a few of them were stanchions. The refrigerators were blocks of ice with nothing but the recording thermometers exposed. There hadn't been an hour when the correct temperatures of both boxes hadn't been warmer than outdoors!

As she crept up the river toward the railroad pier, Marty had the ice melted away from the doors with a steam hose so that the transferring of butter, eggs and dressed poultry to the waiting symbol train could be begun without delay.

She was made fast at 6:35—twenty-five minutes ahead of schedule. Marty, relaxed for the first time in some seventy-odd hours, almost fell asleep on his feet. His brain felt drugged. His eyes were hardly more than bloodshot slits. From head to feet he ached. But it had been worth it There was time to catch a taxi and meet Claire, to hear her lilting voice as she phrased the compliments and congratulations he so richly deserved.

He went below. Outside his quarters—his handsome new quarters which he had not yet had time to inspect thoroughly—Dan Willets was waiting. His eyes also were mere slits. He, too, was haggard of face.

Marty gave him a hard grin. He knew what was coming. Now that the run was over, they would go down to the pier and, in privacy, have it out with bare knuckles. But that party would have to be postponed until after he had seen Claire.

Dan said, "What's your hurry?"

Marty longed to swing that overdue left hook to the jaw, but self-control was almost a habit.

He carelessly answered, "I got a date with a lady."

"You would," said the grim-looking engineer. "Well, that was one wild run. I want to tell you something before you keep your date. Since you lost that chip off your shoulder and stopped jumpin' down my throat, we've been gettin' along fine. I sort of wanted to say somethin' about gettin' this old hooker through the way you did. It was fine work."

In amazement, through mere slits of eyes, Marty stared. There was no question that Dan Willets meant it. It occurred to Marty that now was the time to mention Claire's photograph, but as a final sacrifice laid on the altar of tact he said, "It was nothin' like the way you kept things goin' back in your end, Dan." And he hastened into his quarters.

They were luxurious quarters—spacious and handsomely furnished, for E. P. believed in giving his skippers the best. The furniture was solid mahogany. The green carpet was thick of nap and in appearance rich.

Marty, looking about for his raincoat, saw the collar of it hanging down under the green velours curtains which screened the

(Continued on Page 92)

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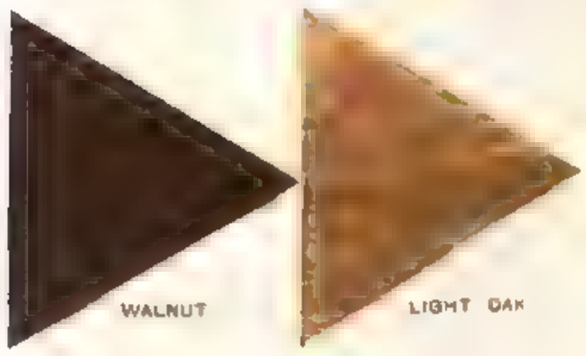

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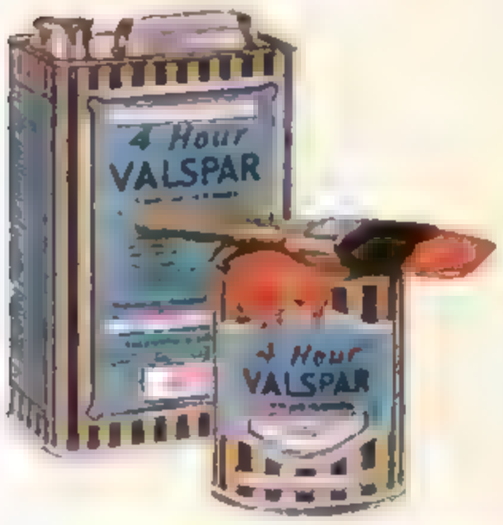


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ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS
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*(Continued from Page 90)*

bunk. He parted the curtains and gazed in surprise at what he saw on the wall above the pillows. A photograph was thumb-tacked there—the portrait of a pretty oval face with frank dark eyes and a sweetly smiling mouth. To the bottom of it was pinned a note:

If you must soften this Spartan simplicity with a girl's photograph, it might as well be mine. I destroyed the other one. SALLY.

Marty picked up the raincoat and ran. In a taxicab, he was presently asleep. At the station the taxi driver shook him violently to awaken him.

Marty went wearily into the waiting room, grinning expectantly. Even his feet ached. It was seven minutes of seven. His darting eyes presently saw Claire waiting at a gate through which people were filing. Two young men were waiting with her. Marty told himself philosophically that, at that, there might have been a dozen. He hastened toward her.

He said, as he approached, trying to make it sound casual, "Well, I made it, kid!"

Claire Rumson, a slim vision in a black karakul coat with a monkey-fur collar, a black hat that snugly fitted her small head, leveled big violet eyes at him. She did not recognize Marty at first.

Then she laughed excitedly and exclaimed, "Oh, look what the cat brought in!"

Her escorts, both of whom Marty knew, laughed heartily. And Marty, staring at them with growing indignation, suddenly realized why he was an object of mirth. He had not had time to shave since leaving Duluth. His face was dirty with a four-day beard. His bloodshot eyes, his feverish cracked lips, the lead-gray pallor of exhaustion, made him look like a man coming off a four-day drunk.

Between bursts of soft laughter, Claire asked, "Where've you been, Mart, since you left the barber's this morning?" Marty smiled grimly, but said nothing. "Going in training"—she giggled—"for a beauty contest?"

Marty was strongly tempted to say "I thought I had a date with a lady," but restrained himself. He pleasantly wished her a fine visit with Aunt Lottie. He mechanically said that he would, of course, write often.

Weary and disgruntled, Marty left the station and took a street car to the local office of the Jenifer Steamship Company. Before returning to the ship, he must report to the agent.

The Jenifer agent, a soft, plump, bald man of forty, congratulated him in stereotyped phrases on his run and said:

"I wired Duluth as soon as the Coast Guard station reported you. Here's a telegram that just came. Snaith wired yesterday, wanting you to be sure to file a report on some ship's line you cut leaving Duluth. You're pulling out bright and early tomorrow with a big general cargo. There's four carloads of weekly magazines on the list—manifest freight—that has to be in Duluth by Sunday."

Marty was slowly tearing open the envelope. He looked up, scowling.

"What's the matter with somebody else pullin' out bright and early tomorrow? The Weldon and the Ballister are both in port. I saw 'em."

"Snaith's orders," said the agent.

Marty grunted and read the telegram:

STOUT FELLOW! AM EXPECTING YOU FOR DINNER SUNDAY NIGHT. AREN'T YOU WILD ABOUT THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH? SAL

Marty smiled comfortably. That should be an interesting date.

# A FLIGHT OF FANCY

*(Continued from Page 45)*

"Us rides 'round till all de gasoline is gone an' den us tells dese corp'rals dat de trip is postponed on account of enjine trouble," he decided. Then for a little while he devoted himself to an unsatisfactory burst of language aimed at the head of the false Honeytone.

"Did us have him heah right now he'd git shoved into dat perpeller feet fust an' sliced thin like a ham."

The gratifying mental process of slicing Honeytone into chips of dark meat was suddenly forgotten when ahead of the Soul of Africa there loomed an advancing wall of heavy fog.

"Lawd Lawdy, got to do somethin' mighty sudden befo' us gits lost in dat ol' fog! Dassn't tell dem corp'rals nuthin'. Best thing us kin do is head fo' land."

This resolve was followed by visions of a black rabbit hobbled by a flying suit being overtaken and torn to shreds by an agile pack of twenty eager hounds.

"Us edges in close so us kin drop off pussonal, an' den as fur as dese corp'rals is concerned de ol' Soul of Africa kin figger dat out."

When the navigator had edged over to within fifty feet of the shore line the fog bank suddenly engulfed him and his craft. The roar of the motor softened perceptibly, but he did not notice this. Other things weighed more heavily on his mind than the barking of a motor.

His main job at the moment was to bid farewell to the Soul of Africa without being observed by any of his corporals. As the fog bank engulfed him he headed the craft in a wide circle out into the open water of the bay; and then, on his stomach, he wormed his way along until, from the aft end of the laboring ship, he was enabled to drop into the water unobserved by the twenty corporals, who were peering ahead into a somewhat uncertain future.

The Wildcat got an approximate bearing from the wake of the two rowboats and swam away at right angles to this until he felt the soft ground under his feet. He waded ashore in the mud. As soon as he gained solid ground he divested himself of his embarrassing costume.

He walked away from his flying equipment, dripping copiously, until he came to the right-of-way fence that paralleled the railway. He climbed over the fence and headed down the track, hearing dimly in the distance the fading exhaust of the Soul of Africa.

Under this exhaust, equipped with straw hats and suitcases, lodge regalia, swords and plumed hats, a black-faced cargo of adventurous spirits headed into the bay. Two of these, more cheerful than the rest, improvised a song and sang it unheard by their fellows by reason of the deafening roar from the engine above them:

*"Onward, colored heroes,*
*On to Mexico,*
*Skimming o'er de ocean,*
*Fearlessly we go."*

After the song had been sung the need was felt by several of the corporals for a cheer leader versed in sign language—either a cheer leader or plenty of gin.

Then: "Lawd Lawdy, whut dat!" One of the corporals pointed ahead to where a mammoth ferryboat was being swallowed up by the fog.

To one and all of the twenty came the same thought: "Us dog-gone near scalped dat ol' boat." But presently the boat was forgotten when the high rock wall of Goat Island loomed abruptly, dead ahead, out of the haze.

*Onward, colored heroes,*
*On to Mexico,*
*Skimming o'er de ocean ——*

Bam! The Soul of Africa did a nose dive over the shattered pontoons. The boating song ended with a crash, and twenty corporals, some carrying swords, others wearing dripping plumes, clambered ashore on Goat Island in a galaxy of rolling white eyeballs.

"Wondeh if dis kin be Mexico? Whah at dat ace? Wish dat ace boy would shut off his enjine so's I could ask somebody some questiums."

At the moment when the Soul of Africa shivered and came to rest against the rocky face of Goat Island, the ace, in his moist raiment, was climbing on board a southbound train.

"Got me two dollahs cash, an' de best thing us kin do," the ace reflected, "is to git outen dis part of de country befo' dem corp'rals gits back f'm whaheveh dat ol' Soul took 'em to."

Gaining headway, the southbound train felt to the Wildcat something like a homelike sanctuary. He opened the door of the car and walked in.

"Sit some place by myself whah dese soakin' clothes won't git ennybody wet."

His gaze traveled from the far end of the car to the seat nearest him. Then his eyes popped open, bulging their lids, for there before him sat Honeytone Boone. His craving to chop Honeytone up into small quivering chips was instantly tempered by an instinct which prompted cold deliberation in his program of revenge.

He greeted Honeytone with some affability.

"Dog-gone, ace, Ise glad to see you," Honeytone returned. "I was jus' headin' down by rail so as to be dere wid some good will to help de king greet you."

The Wildcat discarded all interest in geography and the higher flights of aviation prizes, and landed on the subject of hard cash.

"How come you neveh showed up wid my half of de five-thousan'-dollah Sunkist check?"

"Wilecat, right at de last minnit I got delayed talkin' to a lot mo' men whut wanted to make de trip wid you. Dem corp'rals I sent you showed up all right, didn't dey?" Without waiting for a reply: "I figgered you'd need a lot mo' corp'rals dan we planned fo'. I sent you quite a band of good boys."

"Dey got dere. Nemmine 'bout dem corp'rals, Honeytone. Whah's dat twenty-five-hund'ed-dollah prize money?"

"Ise comin' to dat."

Honeytone reached into his coat pocket and hauled out his wallet. He opened it up and the Wildcat saw a thick and tightly packed bundle of bank notes. Honeytone began counting money into the Wildcat's hand.

"Dat's two thousan'. Twenty-one. Twenty-two hund'ed. Twenty-three. Twenty-fo'—an' dere you is! Twenty-five hund'ed dollahs in cash."

The Wildcat breathed one heavy sigh of exultation. "Hot dam, Honeytone, nobody kin tell us dis flyin' bisness ain't a grand cash success!"

"Sho is, ol' ace! But tell me how come you ain't ridin' de Soul of Africa right into de ol' King of Mexico's front yard dis evenin' like you started off to?" Then, after a momentary observation of the Wildcat's confusion: "Nemmine 'bout 'splainin' dat. I tells you 'bout dat band of corp'rals I got fo' you. Wilecat, whut you s'pose dem boys done?"

Visions of the black-face troop skimming over the surface of the unquiet bay of San Francisco flitted through the Wildcat's mind. He gulped. "Cain't say jus' what dey is done."

"I tells you whut dey done. Each an' ev'y one of twenty corp'rals paid me a bonus fo' de honor of workin' fo' de famous ace whut bosses de Soul of Africa. You got a lot mo' money comin' to you, Wilecat. Guess how much dey paid me?"

*(Continued on Page 94)*

# TO FOND FATHERS an unusual Gift Suggestion

STREETS, *not many days away, will be a-bustle with hurrying crowds . . . little noses flattened against store windows alive with moving toys . . . the brightness of green leaf and red berry . . . Santa Clauses in careless whiskers, ringing bells for your small coins to help the needy . . .*

Soon the search for gifts will become a feverish last-minute rush. This year, don't wait 'til then. Decide now to give every member of your family the most merry Christmas they have ever had. Give them gifts that they will remember long, that will serve them daily, that will lastingly contribute to their health, comfort, and happiness.

***For Mother:*** Could anything bring her so much pleasure every hour of every day as the automatic water heater that she has long wanted? And what cheer you can contribute to her workroom, the kitchen, what drudgery you can save her, with a modern glistening double drain-board sink, adjusted to the height most easy for her!

***For Son:*** His athletic body yearns for the sting of a shower bath. You will be surprised how easily his own shower compartment can be installed in half his present clothes closet.

***For the Children:*** Give them the joy and health of playing and growing in summer warmth the whole winter through, with radiator heat.

***For Yourself:*** Frankly, wouldn't lower fuel bills delight you, and a fire that starts cheerfully and briskly every morning while you lounge in bed? Why not present yourself with an automatic heat regulator?

***For the Whole Family:*** Begin every day with everyone smiling. Give them all added convenience and health, by having an extra bathroom built into a spare room, large closet, or hall end. What greater blessings could you devise for your loved ones than these benefits of the most modern heating and plumbing? And how easy it is to do your gift-shopping this way!

You merely telephone a responsible heating contractor and an established master plumber. Without cost to you, both will make a "health examination of your home" in the light of your family needs and budget. Then suggest the ways and means of carrying out your ideas for modernizing your home and making this the best Christmas ever.

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NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE"
TOOLS
*Make Better Mechanics*

*(Continued from Page 92)*

The Wildcat breathed a sigh of relief at this opportunity of forgetting a later chapter in the career of his troop of corporals.

"Bet dey paid you real good, Honeytone. How much did dey pay you?"

"Altogetheh it come to jus' de same as de Sunkist Vision Club give us. Even five thousan' dollahs! You an' me divides it fifty-fifty. Bygones is bygones, an' all dem early days is fo'got as fur as I is concerned, Wilecat. You an' me is pardners, share an' share alike. You got twenty-five hund'ed dollahs mo' comin' to you." Honeytone hauled out the five-thousand-dollar prize check with which the Sunkist Vision Club had booned the actors in the transcontinental enterprise. "Heah's yo' twenty-five hund'ed dollahs. You got change fo' dis five-thousan'-dollah check, Wilecat?"

"Ain't you got dat check cashed yet?"

"I done told you I was too busy promotin' 'round an' rallyin' corp'rals in yo' behalf to botheh wid dis li'l' ol' five-thousan'-dollah check. Half of dis money is yours. Take de check an' gimme de change."

With some instinctive reluctance the Wildcat counted the twenty-five hundred dollars in currency back into Honeytone Boone's outstretched hand. He took the five-thousand-dollar check and put it in his pocket.

Then, with tempered enthusiasm: "Dog-gone, Honeytone, dis check is mo' money dan us is had at one time fo' de past two yeahs."

"You keep flyin' high wid me, boy, an' dat kind of money won't mean nuthin' to you. You an' me is pardners an' we sticks togetheh until ——" The duration of the partnership was interrupted by a howling blast from the locomotive whistle two cars ahead. "We sticks togetheh until us gits to winnin' a prize ev'y week or so. Nemmine 'bout money. Dat's de least of our objecks. Wait till I git me a drink of wateh, den you tells me whah at you left all dem corp'rals. How come you postponed yo' flight? Nemmine answerin' till I gits me a drink."

While the train creaked to a stop the victim of Honeytone's inconvenient curiosity gulped and rolled his eyes in an effort to create a good plausible outline of history concerning his twenty corporals. He decided that a sudden epidemic of stomach trouble from bootleg lunch might have broken out among the corporals, or that two or three puny corporals, needing overcoats, had delayed the trip until it became too dark to see the way.

He worked on the problem for ten minutes before he realized with the submerged half of his creaking mind that the train had stopped at a station and had resumed its journey. He concentrated again upon the problem of the twenty corporals.

He was jerked from the depths of this abstraction by the genial voice of a real pleasant conductor: "Ticket, please."

The Wildcat batted his eyes and looked up. "Yas, suh, cap'n." The traveler began an instinctive search, exploring his moist raiment for a railroad ticket, and then, remembering that he had boarded the train without having procured one, he smiled apologetically at the conductor. "Cap'n, suh, us is got to buy a cash fare."

The Wildcat's exploring fingers discovered a grand total of two dollars in cash and the Sunkist Vision Club's check for five thousand dollars. He pulled the check out and, unfolding it, held it up to the conductor.

"Cap'n, us got to git dis check cashed befo' much ridin' kin be rode."

The affable train conductor took the check and looked at it. He handed it back to the Wildcat and all of his affability had disappeared.

"What's the big idea? That check's phony. There's no town and no bank in California by that name." The Wildcat's jaw dropped something less than a foot. "How far are you going?" the conductor continued

The Wildcat estimated his supply of silver. "Cap'n, suh," he asked feebly, "how fur will two dollahs take me?"

Without answering, the conductor reached for the signal cord, and then, as the train slowed: "Listen, boy; unload, and unload quick! I saw you when you got on back there and you've already run past that two dollars." A harsh quality had replaced the trainman's genial demeanor as he punctured his words with a vicious clicking of his ticket punch. He handed the Wildcat a folded slip of paper. "Here's your cash receipt. Come along! Get off of this train and don't try anything like that again on this line or somebody will red-light you."

The Wildcat hit the grit, and when the markers of the train had disappeared into the night he plodded slowly backward along the track toward the lights of the little town half a mile away.

Once more the urge to slice Honeytone into thin sizzling segments welled up in his heart.

"Dog-gone dat snake! Dere he goes, hid away some place on dat train, ridin' high an' mighty an' gittin' further away ev'y minnit. No mo' chance to ketch him dan a bloodhound kin fly."

With a quick gesture the Wildcat reached up between his shoulder blades where, parked in its scabbard, there hung his heavy, old-fashioned razor. He pulled the razor out and held it in his right hand.

"Honeytone, heah's yo' receipt fo' yo' ol' check papeh." Whang! Through the waistline of his phantom adversary the razor blade whined with a seeming eagerness for something more tangible than the California climate. "Dere you is, Honeytone. Wait whilst us learns you long division an' cuts you in two up an' down." Whang! The blade sang again in a vertical arc which left half of the phantom Honeytone on each side of the Great Divide. "Dere you is! See kin you rally in time fo' yo' funeral."

Now, with the keen edge of his wrath blunted, the Wildcat folded the sword of justice and returned it to its scabbard. He stumbled on in the darkness toward the lights of the town until, a little way ahead, a glittering electric sign above the entrance to a lunch counter reacted upon his chronic craving for rations.

"Wish us could git lunch as easy as us kin spell it!"

He headed for the lunch counter, still talking to himself. Phrases of resentment welled thickly upon his mumbling lips. He entered the place and tempting odors filled his nostrils for one brief moment before the cold realization of his financial condition slammed him back into his deep cavern of despair.

"Ol' conductor got dat two dollahs!"

He batted his eyes and drooped forlornly under the heavy shackles of poverty. "Lady Luck, whah at is you?" With a quick summons to Lady Luck, his eyes sought an exit from this new cage of misery.

Lady Luck heard him, for there at the far end of the lunch counter, facing a mammoth array of assorted short orders, he saw Honeytone Boone.

The Wildcat felt his legs working automatically. "Take me to him, laigs! Us does de rest! Feet, tread light, 'less us scares dat snake."

On his way toward the snake the Wildcat reached for the phony five-thousand-dollar check. "Us plays dis ace," he resolved. "Us plays de ace, an' if dat don't win ——"

The Wildcat hunched his shoulder blades and the feel of his trusty folding sword gave him more than moral support. Quietly, then, he extended the Sunkist Vision Club's check between Honeytone's face and a platter of Hamburger steak.

"Evenin', Honeytone." Honeytone choked. "Nemmine chokin'! Nemmine lookin' at dat lunch-counteh man! Listen to me, Honeytone! Stop gazin' 'round an' lissen to me! Us don't feel right 'bout takin' half dat good-will money f'm dem twenty corp'rals. Conscience hurts me. Take back dis prize check. Gimme my half of de prize us won in dat Soul of Africa race. Dat's all us wants. Gimme dat cash money, boy! Heah's yo' check."

Honeytone began a weak oration concerning the terms of their agreement.

"Nemmine 'bout dat 'greedment bizness! Gimme dat money! Nemmine 'bout dat contrack. Gimme dat twenty-five hund'ed cash money, Honeytone, an' take dis here check befo' us cuts a new contrack on yo' carcass wid dis ol' check protector!"

When the cash money had been retrieved the Wildcat booned Honeytone with some free advice: "Hurry up an' eat yo' rations. Whut you mean yo' good-will appetite is left you?"

*A Lane in Sitka National Monument, Alaska*

*Years ago Joel Cheek set out from Nashville on horseback, carrying samples of his now famous coffee blend*

# *Through the old* SOUTH *he rode . . .* spreading the news of his discovery

*In his saddle-bags, Joel Cheek carried the first samples of that special blend which has now captured America—*

*Where the great folk of the old South gathered for banquets and balls—at the old Maxwell House in Nashville—Joel Cheek's blend was served for years*

HE was a Southerner of the old South, born with an unusual sense for flavor.

Down in old Tennessee, he dreamed of a special richness in coffee—of a taste no single coffee grown could yield. To please the critical families of old Dixie he set out years ago to create a totally new shade of flavor.

For months he worked patiently and skillfully, blending coffee with coffee, joining taste with taste. Through trial after trial he persisted until he discovered it—a particular way of blending many coffees, a new, full-bodied goodness.

*Soon it became the favorite coffee of the South*

On horseback, Joel Cheek started out from Nashville to sell his blend. With samples in his saddle-bags, he carried the news of it through that land of good living.

From the first, his coffee won approval among the great Southern families. Long ago it became the first choice of all Dixie.

Today that extra touch of richness in Maxwell House Coffee has captured the entire country. The blend that Joel Cheek sold on horseback long ago is now pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Known to the South alone until recently, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee in the United States. Seven great plants are needed to supply it fresh-roasted to millions of homes from coast to coast.

A new experience in good living awaits you in the smooth, full-bodied liquor of this blend. Your grocer has it in sealed blue tins. Maxwell House Products Company, Inc., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

*Radio listeners—tune in!* Noted artists every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour—9:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, 8:30 p.m. Central Standard Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WCCO, WEBC, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WJAX, WBT. Mountain Standard Time, 7:30 p.m.: KOA. For stations west of the Rockies, see local announcements.

*"Good to the last drop"*

## MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

*It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale*

How many colds will you AVOID this winter?

## Settle this Health Question in *this* way

WINTER...cold, icy blasts and stinging blizzards...the need for extra protection to your body is obvious. That protection is best secured in your underwear.

*What* shall it be?

Cotton? Comfortable, but not the best protection.

Wool? Admitted the best safeguard, but who relishes its itch and irritation?

Settle it *this* way. Wear *both*, in a light winter fabric made in two very *thin* separate layers. Cotton *inside*, inner layer—next the skin. Wool *outside*, in other layer—away from the skin, where it can't touch you!

That's Duofold! The only underwear which gives you all the comfort of cotton, with all the protection of wool.

Wear it! Your health is reason enough to warrant your asking for it.

*Sold by leading department, men's furnishing, and dry goods stores. Send for a sample of Duofold's interesting fabric in two very thin layers*

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
Mohawk, New York

**Duofold**
***Health* Underwear**
**for Men, Women, Children and Infants**

TWO THIN LAYERS—AIR SPACE BETWEEN
WOOL in outer layer for warmth
COTTON inner layer for comfort

*Made in all models from "shirts and shorts" to full length*


# A SON OF ANAK

(Continued from Page 41)

The house was dark, and this struck him shockingly—a dark house for dark deeds. But the kitchen door, when he came to it, was open, and he jerked back the screen and stumbled in. Dark here, too—only squares of moonlight on the floor—diagonal squares where the moon shone through the windows slantingly. Across the long kitchen, at its other end, something moved. He plunged that way

Then he heard the girl's voice:

"No!"

And something roared at him and an orange lance of fire darted past above his head. His palm, swinging, struck and gripped a double tube of steel; he wrenched it from the hands that held it; heard a great oath and knew the captain swore.

And he stood still, holding the shotgun fast. Captain Goodell struck him with a heavy fat fist, but Bram stood unshaken. The girl cried, "No, no, father! It's the big man!"

"Where's Lee Wing?" Bram muttered.

Emily stayed her father's hand. "Strike a light!" the captain cried.

"No," she protested. "Stay in the dark—the windows!"

"Where's Lee Wing?" Bram persisted, holding tenaciously one thought.

"Bosh!" said Captain Goodell, and blew his lips. "Pfiugh! My house—my own house! I'll have a light!" He struck a match and held it high.

Bram saw the girl, a dark figure, eyes blazing. He saw the fat captain in slack pajamas, a nightcap on his head, his mustache disordered, and Bram grinned faintly. The captain and Emily saw Bram, incredibly tall and broad in this flickering light, and there was a red curtain that masked the right side of his face. It dripped upon the floor. The match burned the captain's fingers and he dropped it.

"Where's Lee Wing?" said Bram, and looked about the moonlit room.

"What's all this?" Captain Goodell challenged. "What have you been up to, young man? Waking a man out of bed! By the fires of Tophet, I'll—what's the meaning of this? Come, sir!"

"Where's Lee Wing?" Bram reiterated, monotonous and grim. He shifted the shotgun in his arm. It was sweet to hold it in his hands.

"Charging into a man's house!" the captain ejaculated. "You'd have got a load of buckshot into you if Emily hadn't caught the gun."

"I don't think Lee got here," Emily said to Bram. "I didn't see him. You made noise enough! He must have heard, turned back."

"She came shaking me out of sleep," the captain grumbled. "I'm in command here, sir. I'll have you know it." He blew like a walrus. "What's going on?"

"He may be at the windows," Emily told Bram.

Somewhere outside, toward the cove, a sound broke the still night—a sharp roar of explosions in swift staccato. The explosions quieted, they slowed their tempo, they quickened their beat again and settled to a humming song. Bram recognized the sound. That would be the speed boat getting under way—not Lagune, certainly. Lagune, Bram had good right to know, would not move for hours; would scarce then be fit for any venturing—not Lagune.

"That's Lee Wing," he whispered, and with the shotgun in his hand he leaped back toward the door.

Emily ran after him as he broke out into the night. The speed boat was very near them, in the mouth of the cove; they could hear the roar of its exhaust, at first somewhat muffled and then more plainly as the craft swung away from them, out through the Split toward the open sea. Lee Wing was escaping, then. Bram stood intent, and Emily was at his side, and behind them in the kitchen door the captain bellowed vain commands.

Bram remembered a word Lee Wing had said to Lagune, and with the thought he swung to the girl. "Your father's boat!" he cried.

She understood. "This way!" she exclaimed, and he followed her through the shed and down a path to the bright water of the Split dancing in the moon. The captain's motorboat lay at the float, and Bram tumbled into it and leaned the shotgun at his side. She would have followed him, but he shook his head.

"Loose her!" he directed, and she freed the stern line while he fumbled with switches, throttle, spark.

"There's the starter," she told him breathlessly.

He found the nub near his foot and pressed it; the engine turned with a grinding sound. There must be a choke, and he discovered it and pulled it out and the engine caught. He thrust the clutch forward and the boat leaped ahead; the bow line, forgotten, tore its cleat from the forward deck with a splintering of wood. The boat swung, bumping against the float, rebounded, and Bram controlled it, started out the Split. The moon showed the way.

There was time before he emerged from the Split for him to appreciate the hopeless folly of this pursuit on which he was embarked. Lee Wing had a fair start on him and Lee's boat would do three feet to his one. There was no sound hope of overtaking the Chinaman, and even if by some chance he did so, Lee Wing was armed, while Bram's own weapon was useless at any but the shortest range. Lee Wing, if he discovered the pursuit, could wait and destroy the pursuer at his ease. To follow him was not only vain, it was dangerous and might be fatal.

But it is the stuff of valor to be willing to fight a losing battle, and a useless battle to the end, and Bram had no thought of turning back. He crouched tensely at the wheel, his muscles rigid as though his own efforts might coax this slow craft on. He humored the engine, teased it, lent an attentive ear to its willing beat, wooed from it what speed it could accomplish. Here at least there was a certain foe; he had no doubts, no question what he wished to do.

He passed the headlands and came out into the open waters of the moonlit bay, and because he was not sure which way Lee had gone, his glance flung forward and around. Across there, three or four miles away, lay the low shadow that was North Haven; Vinal Haven to the southward. To the north the upper reaches of the bay drowsed sweetly in the moon. But to the south he saw something on the water, already half a mile away; it was a white flash of silver that held steadily, and he knew it for the spreading bow wave thrown by the speeding craft which he pursued.

He swung his own boat that way, even while he guessed Lee's intent. The Chinaman meant to round the southern end of Split Apple Island and so turn eastward, down the coast toward Canada. And Bram, his eyes fixed on that spot of white ahead of him, saw that it grew steadily smaller, dwindling as the speed boat drew away. Yet he held grimly on.

He did not at first remark, somewhat to the southwest, a darker blot upon the shimmering water, but presently this shadow, which had been round, assumed length. Bram saw it then, and he watched it for a moment, all intent; and he perceived that it was another boat which appeared to turn to intercept that one which fled. Bram thought instantly it might be the Patsy, with stout Whit aboard, but the Patsy could not match speed with Lee Wing's craft, and when he remembered that his hopes died again. In a little now Lee would be far enough to the south so that he might safely swing eastward past Split Apple; and when he did so the Patsy must soon be left astern.

(Continued on Page 99)

CHRYSLER 75 *and* 80
DODGE SENIOR SIX
LINCOLN
HUPMOBILE 8
CADILLAC
PIERCE-ARROW
LA SALLE

# They've Licked the Enemy —COLD

## *as you can with Automatic Motor Protection*

WHEN today's motor car manufacturer sets out to improve the operation and life of his car, he goes the limit in search, test and research. He leaves no stone unturned in his effort to find the best. He knows that whatever goes into the making of his car must deliver—not for one year, but for many years.

The enemy—cold—has been a problem of years with the car manufacturers. It is no longer a problem. They have found a way to beat it. A way that works against cold—as surely as cold works against your motor. This way leaves nothing to memory—nothing to guesswork. *Automatic motor protection*—they have concluded—is the only way to be always sure your motor is out of danger.

These makers have made their choice on years of experience. You, too, must choose Automatic Motor Protection—if you hope to avoid the damage of cold.

### *But why automatic?*

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

### *See that the shutter you buy works automatically*

These cars *need automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot ensure protection against cold at all times. Thus, when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year, be sure it is *automatic*.

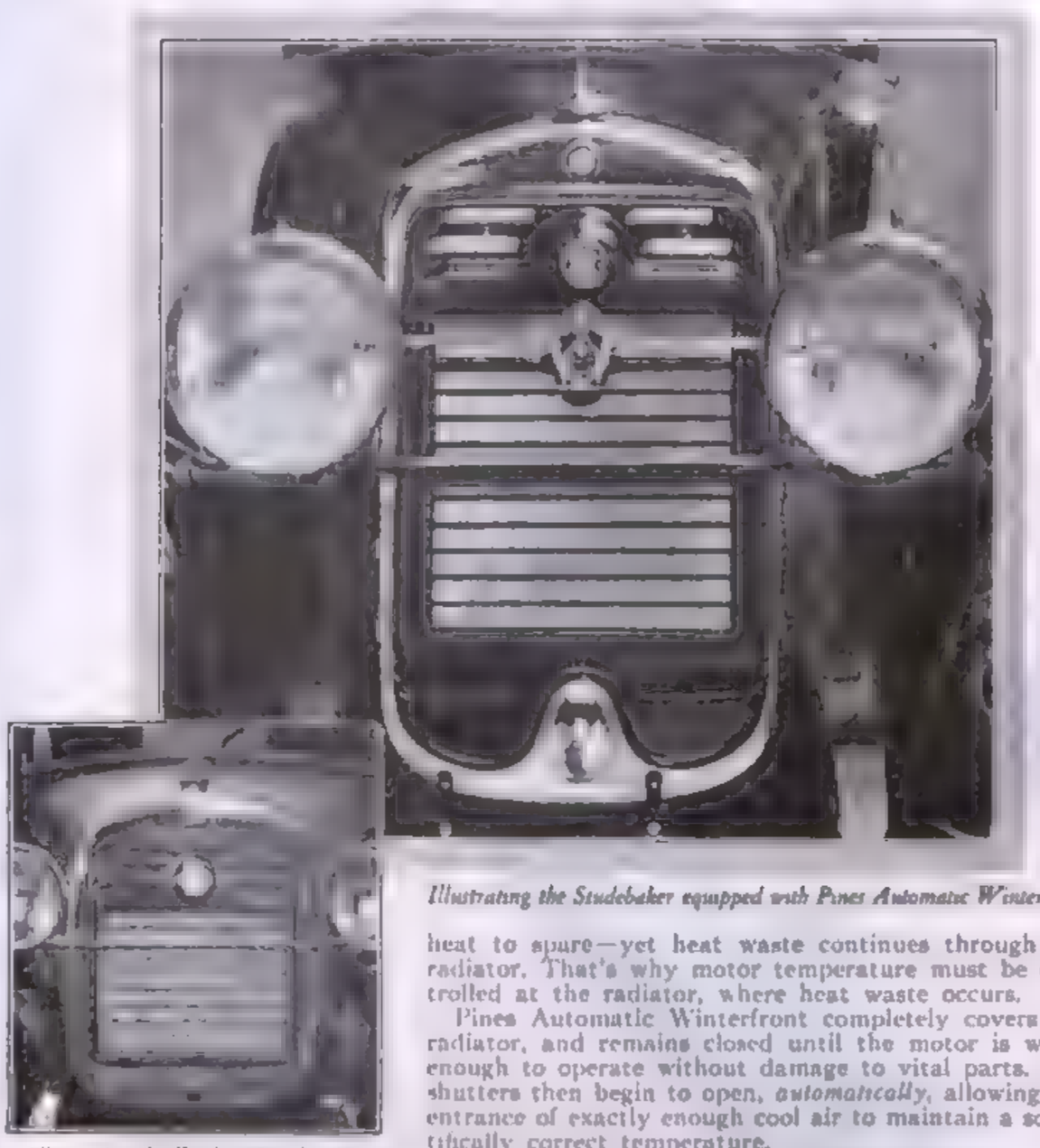
**Motor Protection Must Be Automatic**

These great makers tell you that.

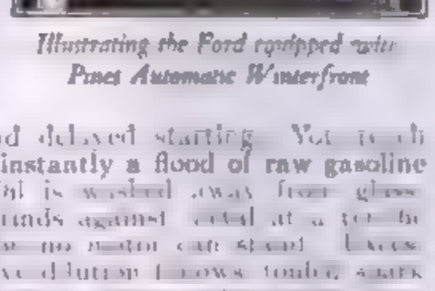
### *Equip at the first sign of cold weather*

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold—greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit, your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes the first blow.

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a top speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution throws trouble, starts plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*



*Illustrating the Ford equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront*



*Illustrating the Studebaker equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront*

### *Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold*

Your radiator is a heat waster. It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator, where heat waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

*When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.*

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. The choke habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline. Your car is warm inside. Your motor runs with a smoother smoothness and flexibility.

### *Winterfront is easily installed*

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you—write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

251

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

# "*Bust* in the Door, boys!

Painted for Scripps Howard Newspapers by George Brehm

## . . . I'm not bluffed by Constitutional Rights!"

JUSTICES of the peace from remote counties of a western state were raiding city homes. They issued search warrants signed in blank. Their men hammered and crashed their way into private houses on anonymous information.

Citizens were denied jury trials. They paid heavy fines, which the justices pocketed. Wets and Drys alike protested.

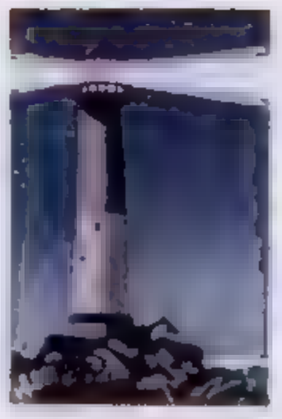
The local SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper fought the raiders from the start. Other Scripps-Howard papers in the state chimed in. More than 100 men were sent to jail. And the State Legislature combined with the Supreme Court to curb the roving justices forever.

Residents of this state will never forget the part played by the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers in plugging this legal loophole. From beginning to end they followed every angle of this case, collected and produced evidence, and led a state-wide fight for civil liberty.

To gather and print the news . . . all the news . . . is the primary job of a newspaper. How completely and brilliantly this is done may be seen in today's issue of any SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper.

But the Scripps-Howard pattern is not stamped on the surface of the news. It is woven into the fabric of our courts and churches, of our homes, our businesses, our pleasures. And the advertisements, like the editorials, do not skim. They penetrate.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO . *News* · DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* · WASHINGTON . . *News* · DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



AKRON . . . *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* · FORT WORTH . . *Press* · EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* · EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* · TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

**SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS**
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, *William S. Cady*, DIRECTOR · 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
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(Continued from Page 98)

Bram watched the two craft fixedly, trying to discover whether the Patsy were far enough to the southward to be able to intercept the Chinaman, but he could not tell whether she was ahead of Lee, or abeam, or even behind. Yet as he watched he knew the race was not yet lost, for from the Patsy there darted a little orange flame, and another, and he knew their significance. Someone aboard her was firing at Lee Wing. The flashes were repeated; they came once or twice in pairs. Two guns going, then—someone with Whit. Bram did not seek an answer to the question this suggested; he was content to pray that the guns might be pointed true.

But he saw presently the white flash of foam that marked the speed boat's course swerve eastward, and he knew with a sinking grief that Lee Wing had passed the island, was swinging now to draw away. The white plume skimmed the water; in a minute now, or two at the most, it would be out of his sight behind Split Apple. And Bram, in a frenzy at his own helplessness, stood up; he shook his fist, he shouted maledictions.

He had a sudden awed thought that his very word had struck home across the mile or more between him and Lee Wing. For above that darting feather of foam there showed suddenly a little puff of flame—of bright flame that rose in the air above the boat and whipped away behind and died down a little, and then burned with a steady fierceness there. The racing boat slowed and stopped, yet the flame burned as fiercely as before.

"Afire!" Bram whispered. "He's afire!"

He bethought himself to veer offshore lest hidden ledges might entrap him; and he swung in an arc toward where the boat lay. Instead of a plume of foam, it wore now a plume of golden flame. By and by Bram remembered the Patsy, and looked for it and saw that it also was drawing near the burning boat. He watched it swing in a wide circle around the flaming craft and then come to rest at a little distance and wait there patiently. The rifle balls, he thought abstractedly, must have perforated the speed boat's gas tank or the extra cans she carried, and so emptied the gasoline into the bilge, to catch fire from a spark or from the hot exhaust there. He came nearer and swung toward where the Patsy drifted.

The bright light of the burning boat threw her dark shadow far across the water. Bram drew close to her, and when he stopped his engine not a boat's length separated them. Whitten hailed him cheerfully:

"That you, big boy?"

Bram wiped his eyes. "Who've you got with you?" he asked.

"Sheriff," said Whitten. "We were just coming up to see what became of you. Got here just in time, didn't we?"

"Where's Lee Wing?" Bram insisted.

"Was that him in this baby?" Whitten countered.

"Yes," said Bram. "Yes. I got the other man. Where's Lee Wing?"

He could see Whit spit, somehow derisively. "He had business downstairs," he said. "We got here in time to see him go."

Bram digested this, and peace infolded him. He felt suddenly sleepy. A little way off the speed boat burned cheerfully; flames began to pour out through her sides. His own craft drifted toward the Patsy; they were only a little space apart.

"Hullo," said Whitten suddenly, "who hit you?" And then, quickly: "Hey, fella, what's the matter?"

For Bram, surrendering to sleep and weariness and all his hurts, had sagged weakly forward on the wheel.

### XIX

BRAM had no great part in what went forward during the succeeding hours. He managed, when they worried him with questions, to say where he had left Lagune, and that was all. When the speed boat had burned to the water line Whitten ran close enough alongside to fix a boat hook at her bow, and the Patsy tugged at her till she heeled and with a certain grave dignity slid under on an even keel. Bram afterward was able to remember that moment when, with a little lifting cloud of steam, the water quenched the flickering flames; then sleep once more infolded him. Immensely weary and bruised and poisoned with fatigue, he sank into a black oblivion.

He woke some time after—he neither knew nor cared how long the interval—to find Whitten shaking at his shoulder, and he mumbled sleepily some dull inquiry. To which Whit made answer that they lay at the wharf in Rockland; that he must wake at least long enough to get himself to bed. But Bram sighed and said he would sleep where he lay, and since he was such a bulky burden they permitted him to do so. Whit wrapped him in blankets where he sprawled on the floor of the Patsy, and the spray hood gave him shelter. When the others suggested that his hurts might need attending, Whit pointed out that Bram needed sleep more than he needed doctoring.

Daylight by and by aroused him, but not till the sun was high, and not till Whitten, becoming impatient and uneasy, pushed back the spray hood so that the sun beat bright upon Bram where he lay. Bram stirred at that, and he snorted and sighed and grumbled in his sleep, and wrinkled his nose and scratched his head and stretched his legs; and at last he spread his arms and yawned, and so opened his eyes. The sun struck them and he drew an arm to shelter them, and Whit shouted at him in a friendly and abusive tone:

"Hey, you big stiff; roll out! Roll out or I'll dump you out!"

Bram groaned. "Go 'way," he bade. "Go 'way."

Whit caught the corner of the blanket and jerked at it; the tug rolled Bram half on his side. Whitten stubbornly pulled the blanket free. Bram pretended to snore, and Whit said grumblingly:

"All right! If you've got to have it!"

And he dipped a bucket over the side and lifted it, dripping; and he held it so that the water spilled from it in a warning cascade. Bram sat up sharply, holding up his hands.

"Hey!" he protested.

Whit grinned. "Hello, big boy," he returned. "Sit up and take some nourishment. You've slept long enough."

"Time is it?" Bram asked, and rubbed his eyes.

"Close on to noon."

That woke Bram. "Noon?" He got unsteadily to his knees. "Say, what happened? Rockland, aren't we? Say, I've got to go ——"

Whitten grinned. "Buddy," he told Bram mildly, "you ought to see yourself. You sure do look like a battlefield. Why, man, you're just sausage—loose sausage."

Bram said protestingly, "I'm all right."

"Get you washed up some," Whit decided. "Here; you better come up to my place. I'll go get a taxi. If you went on the street they'd think there was a circus in town." He leaned forward and parted Bram's hair to examine that hurt. "I guess we'll get the doc to take a look at you; see if you need any mending anywheres." And as Bram got painfully to his feet: "Walk, can you?"

Bram found himself willing, when he had tried his strength, to submit for a while to the other's attentions; and during what followed, while they drove to Doctor Hosmer's office and while the physician made what repairs were wise, and afterward, while Bram bathed and squeezed into the misfit clothes which Whitten bought for him, there was much talk between them. Once Bram was fully awake, he had a flood of questions, and Whit could answer them.

Bram's first inquiry was for the captain and Emily. They were all right, Whit assured him.

"We went in there to put his boat back," Whitten explained, "and she was on the float. I told her everything was all right, and what happened and all." He looked at Bram sidewise. "I told her you was asleep, but she didn't say anything to that."

Bram flushed uncomfortably; the boatman grinned.

"We'd already picked up Lagune," Whitten continued. "He was right where you'd planted him, and not hardly worth gathering. We put him to bed with you. You rode right chummy all the way back here—the same blanket and everything. Yes, sir, you disrupted him some, for a fact." He added in a critical tone: "But I don't know but what he got his own back out of you."

Bram nodded, said assentingly:

"He did, Whit. He had me groggy. Yes, sir, he nailed me four-five times before I got close to him."

"He'd got a broken hand," Whit remarked; and Bram touched his jaw.

"I broke it with this and a couple of teeth," he explained in a dry tone.

"Knock 'em out, did he?" Whit asked in quick sympathy; but Bram said:

"No, just split 'em some. He all right, is he?"

"He's pretty fair," Whit confessed; and he added: "He's shook up enough so's he wants to get the whole load off his chest though. Yes, sir, that man talks just as free and willing! The whole show."

"I heard some of it," Bram told him. "Heard him and Lee talking in the steamer. I was down below them, inside." He hesitated and Whitten chuckled.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Lagune told us how you come bulging out on him. Say, take it with scaring him to death and then beating him up, you sure used him hard."

Bram grinned.

"Whit," he said, in a questioning tone, "Lee Wing kept talking about some others who were there."

"Chinamen," Whit told him—"that was the game. Lee Wing and Lagune would smuggle them in. They'd hold them up there till everything was ready, and then Lagune would pack them under the bow deck of that boat of his and run 'em down and put 'em ashore near Boston somewhere—and a few tins of opium on the side."

"That was it?" Bram commented, and he added: "It was they killed Thad."

"Lagune told the chief where to pick them up in Boston," Whit assured him. "They've got 'em by now. There was six of them, this lot." He added: "The scheme was Lee Wing's, Bram. He used to have a fake fishing schooner bring 'em as far as Spectacle, and they'd hide there till Lagune was ready. Then Lee got this idea of using the ships, so he got rid of old Joe Lee and got this job with Cap'n Goodell. That way he could feed 'em handy while they waited; and he didn't let anybody on the ships up there, and the captain let him take charge; so it was safe as could be."

"I think he killed Joe Lee," Bram commented. "Something he said."

"Likely," Whit agreed, and he asked: "You hear how it happened—Thad coming aboard and all?"

"Yes," Bram assented, and nodded. "Yes." Whitten was silent for a moment, and Bram said thoughtfully. "Whit, I wonder if Thad knew Emily got away all right before they finished him."

"I don't know."

"I hope he did!"

"Lagune didn't say," the boatman confessed. "He claims he wasn't there at all when it happened."

"He wasn't," Bram agreed. "Lee Wing didn't tell him anything about Thad till he got him down there. He wanted to involve Lagune to protect himself—get his fingerprints on the decks and the ladders; and so on. But Lagune wasn't there." He asked abruptly: "Did Lagune tell you what happened afterward?"

Whitten nodded. "Sure, all he knew. Lee had to go catch Emily first, and shut her up."

"After that?" Bram prompted.

"Why," said the boatman, "yes. Lagune was due that night, but Lee didn't dare keep them up there till Lagune come. So he got some sandwiches and stuff ——"

"Wrapped in that newspaper?"

"Yeah! It was dark by that time, and he loaded them and Thad into the Bargee and hit out for Spectacle. He left a piece of rope tied to the anchor chain. That was a sign for Lagune that he'd moved them. Then Lee landed them at Spectacle, and then he went out around and rammed the Bargee on the beach."

"He meant her to break on the rocks."

"Likely," Whitten agreed.

Bram said bitterly: "It's a wonder, when he saw the Bargee wasn't hurt much, he didn't make Lagune take Thad outside somewhere."

"Probably afraid Lagune would turn yellow," Whitten suggested. "Anyway, he just told Lagune that something had come up so's he'd brought the Chinks down there in the captain's motorboat. And he told Lagune he'd hit a rock in the dark outside, and had to wade in. Made Lagune drop him in the cove at the south side of Split Apple before he started for Boston with his load. You remember, the Boston boat almost run into Lagune that night, going down."

Bram nodded, assorting these matters in his thoughts. The outlines were reasonably clear; the details his imagination might supply.

Whitten said presently, "The girl did know some of it, didn't she? You had the right hunch there."

And Bram cried, in quick defense of her: "Lee Wing lied to her—told her Captain Goodell was in it. She had to keep still. You can't blame her."

Whitten grinned. "I ain't blaming her," he reminded Bram. "I told you she was all right—her and Cap'n Goodell too. But she did know about it."

"Well, it wasn't her fault," Bram insisted; and the boatman assumed a sympathetic gravity, for Bram was serious.

"Why, no—no, you wouldn't say it was her fault," he agreed.

"I've got to go back there," Bram guiltily exclaimed. "I went after her pretty hard. I've got to have a talk with her straighten out some things—soon as I can."

"Sure," Whitten assented. "I'll run you over."

"You've gone to a lot of trouble," Bram remembered.

"Well," said Whit, "I like to see a thing through."

So by and by they left the smoke pall above Rockland once more behind them. The day was hot and still, the bay like glass, the sun broiling down. Even on the water the heat offended them. Bram was uncomfortable and impatient, conscious of the fact that he presented a somewhat ridiculous spectacle. The ready-made clothes which Whitten had bought at his commission were too small for him—that is to say, his trousers stopped inches too high and the coat sleeves bound him in the shoulders. The shirt he wore was no more than a compromise.

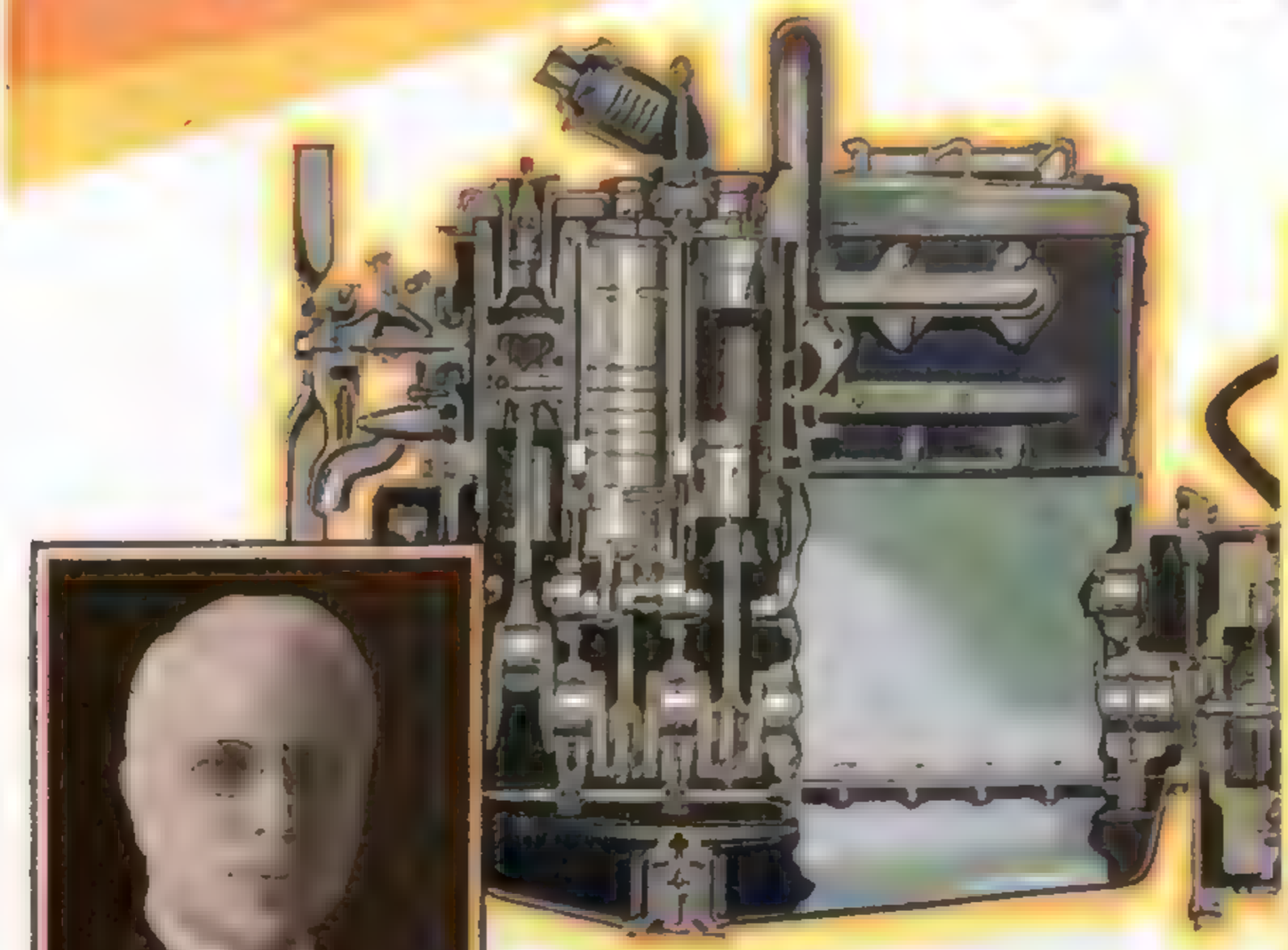
"Yes, sir," Whitten chuckled, when Bram was attired, "you sure are a sight!"

Bram grinned. "I never could get anything ready-made to fit me but a pocket handkerchief," he agreed.

His garments were inadequate enough, but there were other blots on the appearance he presented. Doctor Hosmer had found a deep scraping wound on Bram's left shin, and that trouser leg was chopped off to make room for a bandage. Also there was a lump on the big man's jaw and his ear was swollen, and to mend the cut in the roots of his hair his head had been shaved back in a triangle above his forehead. In this triangle the skin was white, conspicuous by contrast with the sun brown of his brow. A cocoon dressing like a nest of eggs of the gypsy moth clung in the center of this triangle. He had bought a cap to conceal this, but the cap irked him, so he took it off; presently discarded in like fashion the coat that was too small. His arm was sorely bruised where he fell upon it when

(Continued on Page 103)

# A TRIUMPH OF AM



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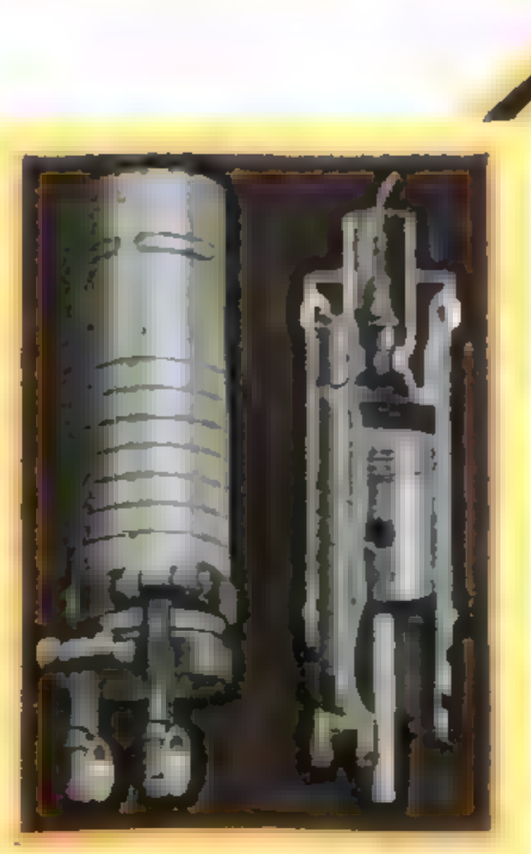

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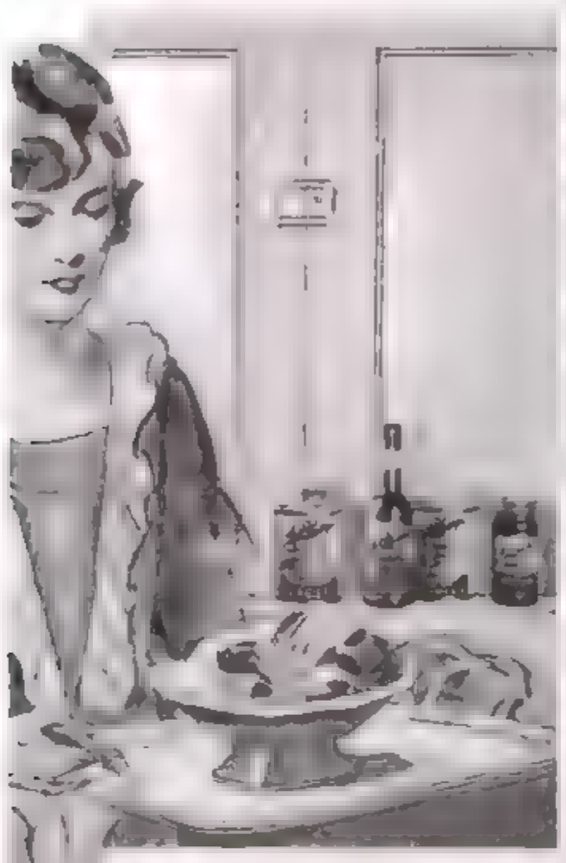

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(Continued from Page 99)

he dropped into the boat after Lagune; and Whitten, contemplating the figure he presented, could not repress a grin.

"Yes, sir," he repeated, "you sure are a spectacle. Hurt, does it?"

"I creak some when I move," Bram confessed.

They approached Fox Island Thoroughfare and threaded a swift way through that channel, while Bram looked about him thoughtfully, remembering how he and Whit had come this way when their search was just begun, before its sorry ending was in view.

That day the storm beat in their faces gustily; now there was no wind at all, and the sun was hot and blazing, and the water was like a copper plate across which the Patsy, like an etcher's point, scratched a long and widening furrow. Behind them their spreading wake splashed on the rocky shores and the water surged and lifted there and then fell back to lie serene again, and the tall seaweed swayed greenly in its depths.

It had been well toward midafternoon before they left Rockland, but the Patsy ran sweetly, and they emerged, about four o'clock, at the eastern end of the Thoroughfare. From the time they passed under the light on Goose Rocks they could see Split Apple fair ahead, a little to the south of east. Bram looked up at the light and asked a question; and Whit said casually:

"Shows a white sector, this side. You run right down the lower edge of it t' the mouth of the Split."

"How far?" Bram asked; and Whit replied:

"Four miles or a little more—maybe four and a half." And he added in a tone of dry amusement: "It won't be long now, fella!"

But if there was a jest in Whitten's tone Bram paid no heed to it. He was watching the island ahead in the clear hot sun. He scanned it thoughtfully, from the high, bare hillock at the southwest corner to the rolling sheep pasture like a tawny moor on the north.

He discovered the wooded point that was called the Stem, that marked the nearer end of the Split, and he held his glance upon it while the Patsy went sluicing down that way. They opened the Split and swung at an angle and ran in past the mouth of the cove where the steamers lay; and the Patsy checked, her bow dropped into the water and she slid expertly alongside Captain Goodell's float.

The captain's motorboat lay there and Whit nosed the Patsy against her stern. As he stepped out on the float he said to Bram:

"There's your chariot, buddy!" And Bram looked at the smaller craft curiously. He saw the scar on the forward deck where the cleat had been torn away last night, and remembered and pointed it out to Whit. Then, as Whit made the Patsy fast, Bram turned and went hurrying up through the shed and to the house. After a moment's doubt he knocked upon the kitchen door, and while he waited for its opening his heart began to lift and pound.

But it was not Emily who opened to him. The captain answered his knock, and when the old seaman saw Bram and saw the aspect which he wore, he puffed and he blew.

"Come in, young man!" he cried stoutly. "Come in!" He chuckled. "I won't shoot you this time. Used you up a bit, did they?"

Bram asked doubtfully, "Where's Miss Goodell?"

Captain Goodell blew again. "Pflugh!" he ejaculated. "Last night you couldn't say anything but 'Where's Lee Wing?' Well, that yellow rascal's safe enough now. Emily? Oh, she's gone over to the sheep pasture. Wanted to be alone. Come in. There's a lot I want to know."

Whit appeared through the shed and Bram seized upon him. "Here," he said. "Whit knows more than I do. I've been asleep. He'll talk to you." He backed away.

"Wait a minute!" Captain Goodell protested. "Here, don't run off like that. I — "

But Bram was going, and Whit grinned after him. "Go on, big boy!" he called. "I'll wait for you."

"I won't be long," Bram promised—"half an hour."

Whitten grinned. "Well, I'll wait anyway," he said. "Even if it happens to be a little more." But Bram was already gone.

He went through the shed and down to the float; but between him and the sheep pasture on the other side of the Split there lay open water that barred his way. He might have crossed in one of the motorboats, but there was no landing, no mooring on the other side. There was only a shingly cove, where he could see, drawn above the tide, the dory in which Emily must have made the passage. But there was no dory on his side, and he turned in haste to find a way. He followed the shore eastward, and he began to run. It might be necessary to go as far as the village for transportation, and haste beset the man.

But when he came to the narrows he paused to scan the water. There could be no great depth here, since at low tide not even a dory could pass through, and his impatience chose this way. He began to wade, picking his footing on the seaweed-covered ledges; the salt water wet the bandage on his shin and stung the wound there, but he scarce felt the prick of it. For the last few yards he went thigh-deep regardlessly; and he emerged beyond and climbed to the turf and looked about him doubtfully.

The pasture rose before him, rolling upward, as bare of trees as a moor. Only ground pine and blueberry bushes broke the turf here and there. He went straight ahead toward the higher land, but when he came to the first eminence he looked down into a shallow basin where lay a stagnant pond; a dozen sheep scrambled to their feet at his approach and based and went galloping clumsily away, to cluster at a little distance and look back at him, their alarm turned to curiosity. He gave them no heed, for a glance told him Emily was not here.

He could only guess which way she had gone. Not, he thought, toward the east, for there the villagers might see her. It seemed to him more probable that she would be at the western end of the island, or upon its northern side; and he turned to the west, descending toward the water, intending to make what circuit his search might require.

As he thus approached the western end of the sheep pasture, his steps descending a gradual slope that came down toward the water's edge, he discovered ahead of him a tumble of great bowlders that cropped through the turf to rise shoulder-high or higher. He swung toward them as though some instinct guided him, and he came to them and walked among them, to and fro.

So, as he passed one of these great blocks of granite shattered by the ancient ice and here tossed aside, he heard a sound beside him, and his head swung. Emily stood there, she leaned there against the slope of hot granite. The low sun drenched her with a golden light; she was warm as a cat beneath the stove. Bram stood very still.

## XX

THIS was a spot to which the girl liked well to come on such a day, when the sun was warm and its rays were a molten flow of color, gilding all. There was the hot south in her veins; she loved the sun. The great bowlders here were on a sunny day like so many ovens; they caught the heat and stored it. The sheep had fed here till the sod was clipped close, sometimes was wholly gone, and little dusty trails ran among the bowlders. Among them twenty men might well have hid themselves away.

Yet to the south and west and north the bay was all in view, and the sprawling islands lay fringed with bands of color as though they were so many prisms. The black growth spread dark along their flanks, the turfy meadows were a tawny green, and the rocks along their shores were touched with a brassy, reddish hue. The water, as now the sun drew low, was a pool of blazing fire, a hot, still mirror of gold. Above the islands, heat waves rose shimmering; above the water, cooler airs were stirring. The eye was confused by these distractions, and the distant shores, seen through these belts of rising air, were all distorted. A bluff that was at one moment like a tall dark blur, at the next had disappeared; the white lighthouse on Goose Rocks over in the Thoroughfare assumed a thousand shapes and never held its proper one. It was now a wall of white; it spread like a pool of milk to right and left, and then contracted again into a wall, and then became a slender spire, and then widened in a bulge at the foot, and this bulge climbed upward till the whole column was swollen. The very lighthouse disappeared, peered out again through a crack in the shimmering air. The mirage played everywhere.

Yet Bram in this moment had no eyes for its miracles. He had, as he came down the hill, fronted the fires of the sun, and his vision was confused. When now he saw Emily he blinked at her like an owl. She half leaned, half lay against the flank of the rock, baking there; only when he appeared she turned her head, let it roll to one side, so that she looked at him—made no other movement. The sun had blinded him, and her glance blinded him. He was dizzy and shaken, and he put out his hand to rest upon the rock beside him. The rock burned his palm, and when he made a quick movement, drawing it away, his feet stirred the dust in the path and a cloud of it rose and brushed his nostrils so that he sneezed. The sun was low—a red ball in the heat haze above Megunticook.

She turned her head away from him again and lay with eyes closed, and the flood of light flowed over her. Bram stood awkwardly, uncertain what to do or what to say. He spoke at last uncertainly.

"Hello," he said, and the word, he thought, had weight to it, deserving a reply.

But it was as though she had not heard. He was excluded from her world, and he felt somehow lonely and apart, and he drew nearer, rested against the rock beside her, waited there. He shielded his eyes against the sun with his arm, so that he might look at her; but she seemed to sleep, half standing, half reclining there against the hot flank of the bowlder. Only by and by she moved sidewise, away from him. It was not as though she would avoid him; rather as though the rock where she rested had cooled and she sought warmth again.

The sun seemed to spin in the haze, as though it were a whirling ball of flame; it rolled lower with each moment. Bram thought it might shoot down behind the hills in one last burst of fire, yet it had still far to fall.

He knew a still fear that when it dipped at last, this day would be done, would end in vanishing, and he caught at the hour remaining here to him.

"Emily," he said. She did not move. "Emily."

She had not heard, and yet she must have heard. That which burned in him brewed a slow anger; it echoed in his tone:

"You're awake. You hear me. Listen!"

She lay as though she were a part of the rock; and he cried bitterly:

"Oh, say something! What's the matter with you?" He reached out to grasp her arm, but held his hand.

Yet she heard his movement, must have guessed its import; for she said drawlingly, insolently, "Why don't you? What's the matter? Haven't you a cigarette?"

He understood the challenge and the taunt, and he colored resentfully. "Oh," he protested.

"Or a match?" she suggested, her eyes still closed.

He stepped back from her, away from her, confronted her; he stood in front of her and he could see her bosom rise and fall.

(Continued on Page 104)

# He Never *Hears* It

## —yet any man can *see* the truth about his looks

## *and wives know this*

If a man could hear the truth about his looks it would hurt at first but in the end he'd be a richer man. If he could hear the truth about his looks he'd keep his finger nails clean; he'd use the dandruff remedy as the directions on the bottle said. If he could hear the truth about his looks he'd use the hanger at night instead of leaving his pants across the chair; he'd have his clothes pressed when they need it.

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A·W·G CLEAR-VISION WINDOW GLASS


(Continued from Page 102

He said chokingly: "Blast it, I didn't—— You were the one that said that."

She began to roll up the sleeve of the sweater which she wore. She had worn it, he remembered, the night before, when it was cool; but the sun poured upon them now, and he said:

"You must like to be hot!"

She extended toward him her bare arm.

"But you needn't gag me," she said tauntingly. "I will not cry."

He was goaded beyond enduring. He had meant to come in all humility, ready in any wise to make amends for his brutality to her the night before. But the injustice of her taunts left him furious. He caught her hand and jerked her toward him so that she came level on her feet and stood there facing him and he said defiantly, defensively:

"That's all right! I didn't think of it, but I might. I would have—by Gad, I would. I knew you knew." Her lips drew in a taut smile. "Why, by Gad ——" he repeated, and could not find a word to add to that. "Well, I would have," he finished sullenly.

She surveyed him. "You'd make a poor lawyer," she told him evenly. "To think you can bully a woman."

"I wasn't bullying!" he cried. "I'd have done anything!"

"Anything?" she challenged maddeningly.

"You're the stubbornest ——"

She shook her head in mock sympathy. "And you're so big—such a big, strong man. Not used to opposition that you can't break down."

He urged pleadingly: "You ought to see how I felt. I was crazy—about Thad—and what had happened. It drove me crazy to know you could tell me and you wouldn't." He cried explosively: "If you had, I'd have had that Chinaman. He got away from me. I wanted him. I wanted to get hold of him."

"You were not so ready to seize him when he faced you," she reminded him derisively.

"If I'd known, even then—gun or no gun!" he cried, and she murmured:

"You're so brave." She knew how to use a tone that could lift welts across his cheek. His cheek was stinging now. He stood inarticulate, helpless to find words, stammered desperately:

"I'd like to—I'd like to—to shake you!"

"You said that before," she reminded him, taunting him. "But you didn't, even then'"

He had dropped her hand minutes since, as though it burned him, and when he did so, she relaxed again along the rock and lay there now. When now he found no word she said in a slow phrase:

"You are very big! I suppose that is why you know so little. I suppose a strong man trusts strength instead of wit. Are you so very strong?" Sudden heat flamed in her eyes, she leaned a little forward. "You big thing," she whispered. "Blundering great fool. I never wanted to see you. Why did you come back here? Go away! Leave me alone! Get away from me!"

He shifted like a culprit from one foot to another.

"Go away!" she cried again.

He shook his head. "Wait a minute," he protested. "I want to ——"

But she cut in. "Go away!" And she pushed at the air between them with her hands. He saw something flicker in her eyes and it puzzled him—something strange and deep, far beneath their surfaces, as though they were dark pools in which a swimmer fought to rise and show himself. He leaned nearer to see, and she put her hands between her eyes and him; he pushed them aside and his heart began to pound.

"Go away," she whispered.

"I know what I want to do," he cried in a great voice, and caught her. "I know—I know what you want," he exclaimed, and his arms enfolded her.

But they encircled something which fought at him with blows and tuggings and with sharp nails. She who had seemed as she lay sunning on the rock so soft and yielding became like steel wires in his arms. He was astonished at her strength, and her very opposition fired him, so that he grappled with her, let loose all his strength to master her. And he was too strong, so that she cried out with a sound like a sigh. Her face turned aside, but Bram found it. He kissed her.

And he was so appalled by that by what he had done and by what his lips discovered—that he let her free and sagged back, almost staggering. The red ball of the sun behind him burned against his neck; he was afire with it, blistered by its heat, parched and dry. He stood stupidly while she raged at him and struck at him with her fists across his guarding arms.

"Oh, you," she cried—"you ——" Found epithets: "You devil! Clown! Booby!" She drenched him with her scorn till he ceased to hear her. She began to tire, and he broke in:

"Listen!" he cried. "You don't mean that!"

"I do! I do!"

He shook his great head. "Not any of it," he insisted—"not any of it. I know."

"You know too much! You're always wrong"

"Listen!" he insisted. "I know what's the matter." He was suddenly very wise. "I know why we fight this way. I know why you make me so mad, and I make you. Why, say, you know too. You've known all along. I can see." He flushed heavily, stood trembling.

"Why," he said, as though amazed by the discovery—"why, I'm in love with you."

She laughed in his face. But stubbornly he shook his head.

"No, that's right," he persisted. "I can see it now—that night we came in here and saw you on the rocks down below the island—before I ever came nearer you than that. And then when we came to the house and you came to the door. Yes, sir, I did—I do—I am, I mean. And ever since ——"

"You—I think you're crazy!" she cried, but there was weakness in her.

"That's what's been the matter with me," he decided, speaking half to himself. "I thought Thad might have gone to see you. And I was sore at that—yes, sir, mighty sore at him. I didn't understand it then, but I can see it now. I was mad because he didn't come back; and then, when I found him, I was mad at myself for being mad at him, and crazy at you because you'd got him into it. Oh, I knew you were in it. But I wouldn't have been so hot at you if I hadn't been in love with you all the time."

He hesitated. "That's why I carried you off!" he cried in great enlightenment. "I didn't think. I just grabbed you. And then I had to think of some reason, something to do ——"

She laughed scornfully. "You love me? Love me? Why, you thought I'd killed him or something!"

"Well," he argued, seeking for an argument—"well ——" Found what he sought and cried triumphantly: "Well, you thought your father did it! You let Lee Wing fool you! You're as bad as me!"

"I didn't," she protested. "I didn't believe he ——"

"You did, or you'd have told me all about it," he insisted. "You're as bad as I am! Exactly."

She was somehow grown smaller, and she seemed to him very little, huddling there. But Bram was not in the least surprised at this; it was as though he had expected it. He was not even surprised at her tone when she spoke again, yet her tone was no longer defiant. It was not even accusing. It was more than halfway to surrender.

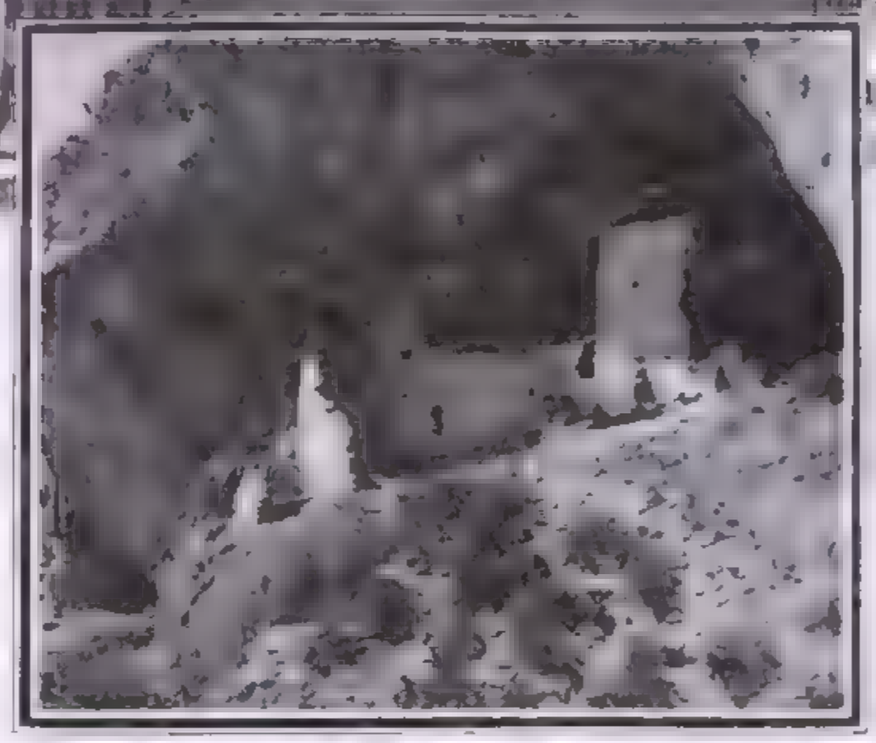
"I would have told you," she asserted—"I would have—but you kept bullying me, threatened to burn my arm!"

And he threw his head back then and laughed aloud, for he knew that she was lost, since she was driven to this last vain

(Continued on Page 107)

# Into the Land of Vanished Peoples

*Take this Apache Trail motor side trip on Sunset or Golden State Route*



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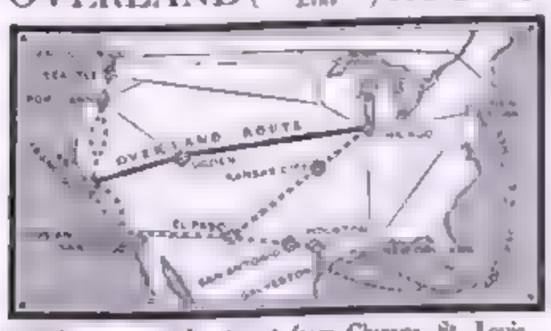


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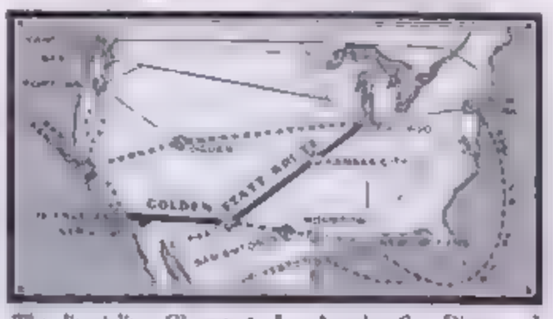


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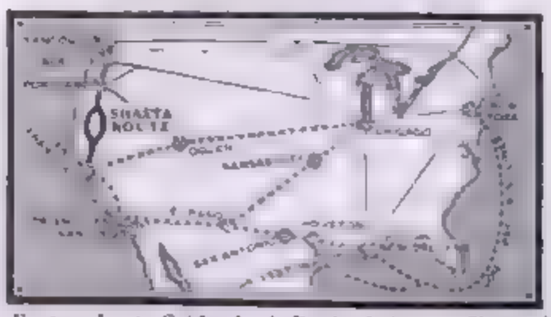


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# A well-known married man talks about coffee

"Many a marriage has gone aground on the muddy dregs at the bottom of a china cup."

## By IRVIN S. COBB

Once upon a time in the town where I was brought up, there lived a man who was the most even-tempered man I ever knew . . . he was mad all the time.

I sometimes think that if that man had been sure of getting a well-made, flavory cup of coffee with his meals he might not have been our official grouch.

You start the average man off right in the morning and you've got a man who's likely to go through the day keeping his balance and doing his duty to his family and his job and the world at large. And one of the best ways I know . . . I'm speaking personally now . . . for starting him off right is to give him a delicious cup of coffee with his breakfast. The fragrance of it will hone up his appetite, the taste of it will give him zest for his morning meal, the lingering afterglow will make the sun shine brighter for him.

I claim that if the statistics were available we'd find that poor coffee has been responsible for about as many domestic shipwrecks as almost any cause you might mention . . . that many and many a marriage has gone aground on the muddy dregs at the bottom of a china cup.

I rate myself a qualified authority. Coffee that is good coffee to start with and is properly blended, properly roasted and properly prepared, can make the day for me; or, lacking these qualities, can mar it. And in all truthfulness . . . not alone because I am being paid for writing this but because I am stating a fact . . . I may say that when I get a cup of Monarch coffee for breakfast . . . I begin the day in better humor than I do when I am denied it. I drink it at home . . . and it goes with me on every camping expedition.

So, naturally, Monarch coffee appeals to me. On inquiry, I find there are reasons why this very well may be.

I'm told that Reid, Murdoch & Company have been making Monarch coffee for 75 years.

I'm told it is one of the few coffees that isn't handled and re-handled by first one marketer and then another. Reid, Murdoch & Co. have their own men right on the slopes of the Andes . . . where the best coffee grows. These agents get the pick of the crop direct from the plantations. Then experts blend it and prepare it; then it goes straightway to your grocer; where you buy it.

Out of what I have learned about the methods of these Reid, Murdoch people, I get a sort of mental picture that is highly pleasing. I say to myself: "This coffee didn't get car-sick cruising about from one warehouse to another. It didn't get shopworn waiting for me, the customer, to show up. These delectable beans came off the tree where they ripened under the golden tropical sun and, with the fresh, agreeable chemistries of the soil and the air and the climate bottled up inside of them, started right for my dining-table . . . with only one stopover on the way. Welcome, you little brown brothers!"

[SIGNED]

John S. Cobb

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(Continued from Page 104)

and feminine defense. Abruptly, yet gently, too, he drew near her; and he caught her close again—this time without words at all.

For a moment she strained away from him, but weakly; then she uttered a low cry and she no longer even weakly struggled to be free. The level sun wrapped them in a sheath of gold.

### XXI

THEY stayed there long, for they had many things to say. They spoke of these things, and so drew together. For a while the matter of their converse was themselves. They leaned against the slope of the bowlder, which burned warm between their shoulder blades, and from beneath lowered lids watched the sun slide down the western sky; and the Camden hills assumed a purple hue that grew dark and darker as the sun drew low. Across the bay the colors were forever changing, like cloud shadows in the high valleys of New Mexico.

She did not even know his name. Bramblet Dickery she found infinitely amusing; declared she would always call him Bramble.

"Because you're so annoying," she explained.

He grinned. "We'll have some fine battles, you and I," he told her. And she tossed her head and warned him:

"Oh, I'll very soon have you in hand."

"I don't know," he argued. "You've got more sense than I have, probably; but if you get me mad enough I'll grab you, and then where will you be?"

She looked at him then, and there were suddenly great depths in her eyes. "Where I want to be," she told him gravely—"where I want to be."

And he said presently, "Gosh, I never guessed you'd be like this."

And she asked "Disappointed?" challengingly.

They spoke in the end of Thad, as though they both had known and loved him well; and she had questions to propound to him and he to her. "The whole thing's been like an earthquake to father and me," she confessed. "Since we came here to live our existence has been so quiet and so calm. I've been blind probably. I never guessed there was anything at all, till that evening when I went down into the ship."

He told her as much as he knew of the dark currents which had underrun the smooth surface of her life—of Lee Wing's sinister maneuvers.

She said thoughtfully, "I was always a little afraid of him. I loved old Joe Lee."

He laughed with a sudden memory. "You know Mrs. Harmon," he asked, "over in the village? She's made a mystery about your father before this. Told us he had a chest of gold in the barn."

She stared at him. "Why, what ever ——"

"She said they used to see a lighted lantern go to the barn and disappear there," he explained. "That was enough evidence for them."

Emily frowned at that in some bewilderment, and then suddenly she laughed. "Oh, I know," she told him. "Father and old Joe Lee used to go to the ships at night, or down to the float; and they always took a lantern, and they'd go through the shed or the barn to hit the path. So the light would disappear. That was it probably. Make a mystery out of that ——"

"It doesn't take much," he commented.

"I know," she agreed, and she said quickly: "Do you know what made father really think there was something wrong? What you said to him about the New York Herald. He always keeps the record of arrivals and departures, and last Saturday's Herald was gone. Lee said he'd burned it to light a fire, and father didn't believe Lee would do that. Lee knew he wanted to keep the paper. So he gave Lee fits all day yesterday ——"

He interrupted: "Say, why did you climb out of the window last night? Lee said he drugged your tea."

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Why, you didn't think I'd be blind, did you?" she protested. "I knew there was something. I wanted to know." And she laughed softly. "Father had been raving at Lee all day, and at supper my tea tasted funny, so when Lee wasn't looking I poured it back in the pot and then pretended to go to bed, and came down to listen to them. I didn't know what father might do ——"

"Or Lee!"

"I was more worried about father, really," she confessed. "He's so violent sometimes."

"I'm glad you came down," he told her presently.

"Why?"

"Because if you hadn't, I'd never have thought to kidnap you," he explained, smiling; and she nodded.

"Then I'm glad, too," she confessed, "that I came down."

She told him in a grave and impersonal tone, as though the matter she related was a dream, how she had come to the steamship that night of Thad's death and found the open hatch there.

"I'd seen the sloop coming in," she explained. "I went down the hatch to get out of his sight, not because I wanted to look around down below. But then I heard something in the hold and I went down the next ladder and I saw them. That was when I cried out. I couldn't help it, Bram. They were hideous in that darkness there."

Bram nodded. "Thad heard you," he agreed. "Nothing'd be likely to stop him then." And he asked after a moment: "Why didn't you run ashore? Why did you go down into the sloop?"

"I was just confused," she confessed—"just running desperately, like a coward. I hardly knew. But I'd been swimming, and I suppose I knew I'd be safe in the water. Lee couldn't swim. Then I swam ashore and made for the house and ran into the kitchen and called father, but he didn't answer, so I ran on out and down to the village. And Lee came after me." She shuddered. "Father didn't wake for hours," she said. "So when Lee was gone I was all alone. That was the terrible time."

He nodded. "I was alone, too," he remembered. "Waiting for Thad up at the Core." And he remained with brooding eyes so long in this abstraction that she touched his hand at last, said softly:

"Bram!" He looked at her. "I'm sorry about Thad."

He nodded; and after a moment his eyes lighted. "Listen," he asked: "Did Thad know you got away?"

"I think so," she decided—"I think so. Yes, yes, I know he did. I remember now. I heard him call to me, heard him say: 'Go it! That's the girl!' And he was laughing, Bram."

Bram's cheeks flamed proudly. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes, Thad would be laughing. Sure."

The sun was gone and the cool airs of evening began to stir. The great bowlders where they stood were still warm, as though a deep fire within them burned. The waters of the bay turned from gold to crimson and to opal and to blue; and above, the sky was a pale blue which by and by grew darker. So they remarked at last the night was coming.

"There'll soon be stars," said Bram.

She nodded slowly by his side. "There are always stars," she agreed, "if you will look for them." And she added: "Bram, I must go home."

"Why?" he protested.

"I have to get supper for father now," she reminded him, and laughed; and he saw that her eyes were dark with happiness. "I have to get supper for father. I have things to do, even today—the everyday things."

"That's the worst of it," he said grudgingly "going back to the everyday things!" But she was wiser.

"No," she told him, "not the worst of it; the best of it, my dear."

(THE END)

"I guess that engineer didn't hear our horn"

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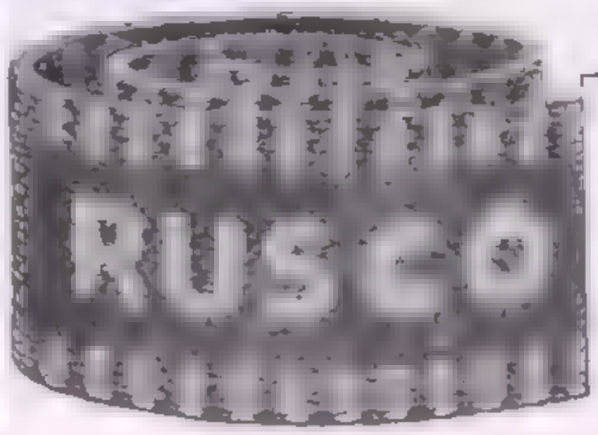


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# DYNASTY

(Continued from Page 29)

grandfather nor Peter for his mother's father. Those names did not ring with sufficient resonance in the ears of parents ambitious for a place in the society of Newport; they savored of the soil and of ancestors who had hewed down trees with axes rather than enemies with swords. The child represented the fusing of the blood of two financial powers, of two considerable fortunes, of families which were of the American peerage, and he must be given a name which would sound well in drawing-rooms, read well in society columns and fall upon the ear imposingly. So, to Amasa's disappointment, the child—in advance of his appearance—was named Woodbury Worthington.

His arrival was not decorous as it should have been: he did not come into the world as a perfect little gentleman should do, but in a manner which might have been chosen by an infant with no sense of family responsibility whatever, attendant with peril to his mother and with consequences to himself which were in the nature of disaster. For a matter of weeks it was feared he could not survive. His father, a vain man, when the full enormity of his misfortune was made known to him, feared he would survive. The child was destined to be a cripple.

One of his little feet was twisted, torn, mishandled so that he must go through life with something resembling a club.

How bitterly J. Steele Worthington resented this affront can only appear as the years made their progress and his conduct toward his son be scrutinized. He was humiliated. He suffered in his vanity. Nature had chosen to affront him in presenting him thus with a malformed child—a child who must walk clumsily in the high place to which he was destined, who would be pitied by strangers, whispered about covertly. Tall himself, and vigorously formed—a handsome young man—he felt a sort of physical shrinking from his son and could not bear to touch him. His thought in those first few weeks was not of how he could ameliorate the condition or how by affection and sympathy he could make up to the child for this ill-natured jape of destiny, but rather of how he might conceal the fact from the world.

Mrs. Worthington—Amasa's wife—was more inclined to blame Marion. Somehow it was her fault. She, too, was humiliated and resentful, and not too careful to conceal her emotions from the convalescent girl who thus had betrayed the confidence of her son and proved herself unworthy of the honor bestowed upon her by the Worthington name.

Marion herself was too ill to know or to care in the beginning, and as she recovered, was too greatly preoccupied with her own condition, with the threat to her beauty, with the chances of regaining her health and loveliness

As for Amasa, he loved the child—loved it perhaps with a tenderness of which he would have been incapable toward a hale and hearty and fortunate youngster. He was not ashamed—he was grief-stricken. He thought not at all about the stigma upon the family dignity, but wholly of the child's calamity, and his solicitude was at once pitiful and admirable. His one thought was: "What can we do for the boy?" To the exclusion of other occupations, he pursued this quest through the offices of specialists, the disputations of consultants. By these he was assured that the child, if he could be given strength to master the first few months, might hope to grow to reasonably healthy manhood. He would walk, but as time went on, with a more apparent limp, for the ailing leg would not keep pace in growth with its mate. No operation would ameliorate the condition. But, with this exception, the child might hope to become a vigorous man. Amasa accepted these dicta with resignation and made such plans as ingenuity and skill could devise for the child's happiness and comfort.

Into this inclement atmosphere the child arrived; upon him blew the blighting wind of hostility. The heir of the house of Worthington was surrounded by an environment which could not but modify and mar whatever of character chance or divinity or heredity had bestowed upon him at birth. An unfortunate child—not in that he never could buy and wear a pair of shoes from the shop, but because of the natures of those closest to him through his formative years; because of their imperfections, their vanities and disappointments and humiliations.

One cannot know at what moment the boy realized his dissimilarity to other children, nor when he sensed the attitude toward him of father, mother and grandmother. Probably it did not come at once, shockingly, but rather as a gradual process, scarcely realized. It is likely he grew into realization and the state of mind which must accompany such realization. His life differed from other lives because of omissions rather than acts—the omissions of that pride and companionship, that solicitous love, that constant presence of parental care, which are the right of every child. One learns by comparisons, and because he was kept secluded, he could not compare. He could not know, in those first years, how he differed in these things from other boys—how he was hidden away, how he was an inhabitant of backgrounds, to be brought forward only of necessity and then with reluctance.

Whatever one may say for the improvement of his bodily condition, one can only deplore the molding of his mind and of his character.

Such were the beginnings of the future possessor of the great Worthington fortune which Hiram Bond was building with ruthless acumen and with an almost religious enthusiasm.

### XV

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND in his message of August 8, 1893, demanded the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act. On the appearance of that message Hiram Bond commenced to draw tight his noose.

"There's a man of backbone and intelligence in the White House," he said to Amasa P. "He's going to stick to gold. Times will improve."

"They seem to be improving for Latham," said Amasa. "I see the quotations on his stock are higher."

"Every point it rises brings him so much nearer to bankruptcy," said Hiram. "Those securities could fall no lower without destroying his credit. I've compelled him to go into the market and buy—and he's buying from us—with more borrowed money. His butter is spread so thin you can see the bread through it."

That night he traveled to Boston and in the morning was in the office of a firm dealing largely in mill supplies; he closeted himself with the executive head.

"Do you want all the business of the Worthington company?" he asked abruptly.

"All your business! Naturally, Mr. Bond. It would be a very big thing for us."

"You can have it for a term of three years."

"But upon condition?"

"I never give anything away," said Hiram. "How much does Willard Latham owe you?"

The man looked up apprehensively. "I've been worrying about that account. Do you know anything? Is there any danger?"

"How much does he owe you?"

"Thirty-odd thousand dollars."

"Commence suit," said Hiram.

"Eh? But that will be dangerous. If he's shaky, that will precipitate matters. I don't want to lose my money."

"I figure you may get ten cents on the dollar—if things go on. Start your suit now and I guarantee payment dollar for dollar."

"But, sir ——"

"The Worthington business in three years will amount to three-quarters of a million dollars," said Hiram.

"You will guarantee in writing?"

Hiram smiled. "Is it likely? But I guarantee. Is my writing better than my word?"

Suit was initiated before nightfall; on the following day Hiram's controlled bank in Bolton called its loans. Both facts were extensively noted in the newspapers, together with the renewed upflaming of the smoldering strike. Frightened creditors rushed to the courts in panic; banks which had loaned too generously upon the prestige of the Latham name reached out to seize what might be seized. There came a frenzied meeting of creditors, attachments, chaos, while Willard Latham rushed from bank to bank, from city to city, in an effort to extend loans or to lay his hands upon new money with which to satisfy old debts. Lest there be a chance that the creditors, in desperation, agree to a composition and an extension of time, dummy minority stockholders representing Hiram Bond, demanded receivership and accounting.

It was a masterly marshaling of events; the moving by a genius at financial strategy of his infantry and artillery, and the hurling in at the correct instant of his massed cavalry. The result was debacle—bankruptcy—a voluntary petition filed by Willard Latham. The president of Hiram's bank was appointed receiver and the threads were gripped securely in Hiram's hands.

Now he appeared in the character of rescuer—his first open appearance in the matter. What could be done? What steps taken to salvage something from the ruins? These questions he asked in a circular letter to the creditors:

> The Worthington company notes with anxiety the bankruptcy of the Willard Latham Corporation. For the good of the trade and financial future of this section of the country it requests a full meeting of creditors to confer with its representatives with a view to rendering such assistance as is practical.

This letter was received with delight and acted upon with promptness. The meeting was called in Bolton and Hiram appeared in person. For a full day he sat grim and silent while men let off steam, made impractical proposals and fulminated. Then he arose to his feet.

"There seems," he said, "to be no disposition to agree. I can waste no more time upon this matter. The Latham Corporation is bankrupt. Its quick assets have shrunk to nothing; its securities are worthless. If its properties are put up at public sale at this time, with the finances of the country in their present state, there will be no purchaser. The mills will be silent, and silent mills fall to rust and ruin. The chief industry of a region will be paralyzed. Thousands of men will be out of work or otherwise affected. And you creditors will realize practically nothing. That is the condition. Do you agree?"

"It is apparent," said the receiver, who presided.

"Therefore, to save these counties from stagnation, the Worthington interests make a proposition. They will buy the assets of the Latham firm lock, stock and barrel. Within thirty days they will reopen the plants to the fullest extent justified by the times. It will pay for these assets in the following manner: Banks will be paid dollar for dollar, because banks must not be allowed to suspend—but in ten-year 6 per cent bonds of the Worthington companies. So bank capital will remain intact. Other creditors will receive fifty cents on the dollar in cash, making a total sum of one million six hundred and thirty thousand dollars. There is our proposition. It is final. It must be accepted or rejected before the hands of that clock point to the hour of four."

He did not sit down, but walked solidly from the hushed room. His massive figure

(Continued on Page 111)

Helmet and Armor Gloves of the 14th Century

IF YOU WERE MAKING IT

SUPPOSE you were to make a vault to protect the remains of one of your loved ones. How would you do it?

First, you would design it so there could be no doubt of positive protection. You would plan it according to the immutable law of nature that water can not rise inside an inverted vessel. You would not depend on man-made seals or locks.

You would want material that is not porous. Why have a vault at all if it allows water to seep through the side walls? Therefore, you would use metal

You would go to the great steel mills for their finest metals to insure rust-resistance, and there you would find Keystone Copper Steel and Armco Ingot Iron, especially manufactured according to Clark specifications, meeting your requirements

And in making the vault, only double-welding of the seams would satisfy you You would want the vault to endure. You would use oxyacetylene on the outside, and electricity on the inside—the best welding processes

Finally, in the finer grade you would have it plated with pure cadmium, to give still greater rust-resistance, and for the very finest you would use indestructible Solid Copper to gauge.

And, of course, you would test the vault carefully by submerging it under thousands of pounds of water before finishing

All of these things are done for you in the Clark Grave Vault. That is why it never fails. That is why leading funeral directors recommend it and give a fifty-year guaranty with every Clark

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

*Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.*

GRAVE VAULT

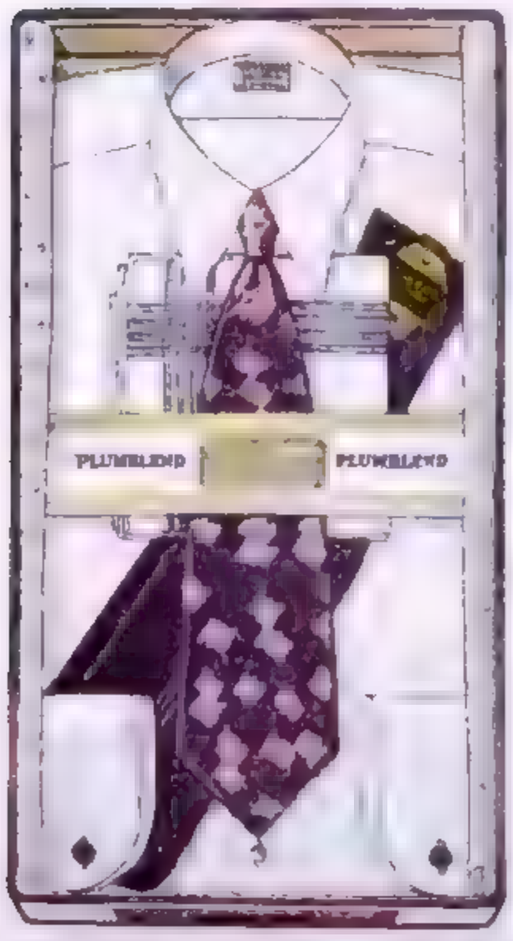
This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark

*A bit late for the game, but up to the minute in dress, two season ticket holders hurry to their seats. The man at the right is wearing the* PLUMBLEND. *The* REDBLEND *is visible in the V of the topcoat at the left.*

THE REDBLEND *Shirt with two separate starched collars; hand-tailored tie of splendid silk; French linen roll-edged handkerchief; fancy silk hose; crystal cuff links; complete . . .* $8.50

# The PLUMBLEND *Complete from cravat to cuff links* $8.50

© Wilson Brothers, 1928




THE PLUMBLEND *White figured madras shirt with starched collar attached, warp-print silk cravat, hand made; silk hose, clocked; linen handkerchief, hand-rolled edge; cuff links of crystal; complete . .* $8.50

November brings the *Plumblend,* new as the first snow flurry. It includes all your visible haberdashery—shirt, cravat, hose, handkerchief, even cuff links—faultlessly fashioned to give the best effect together, harmonized in hue, and related in pattern. No haphazard selection: you make one purchase, pay one price, $8.50, receive one box. No dubious moments before the mirror; you wear the complete ensemble in the confidence that Wilson Brothers Style Committee confirms your taste. Especially effective with suitings in all shades of gray; navy blue and certain browns offer other pleasing combinations. Today in hundreds of haberdashery stores, the *Plumblend* is being shown.

*Shirts · Neckwear · Hosiery · Scarfs · Handkerchiefs · Underwear · Nightwear · Belts · Suspenders · Garters and Novelties*

# WILSON BROTHERS

*Haberdashery*

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • PARIS

(Continued from Page 109

passed down the aisle, and to those men it seemed some permanent, irresistible body: some ruthless, inexorable manifestation of a natural force. The silence continued until his dominance, that imponderable grip with which he held them, released its hold with his absence.

"Well," said a banker, "that's that." Relief was in his voice.

"Better than I dared hope," said another. "That man sees far. He could have imposed harsher terms. No man but a genius, building for the future, would have saved the banks and the confidence of the people in their banks."

"There is nothing to discuss," said a third.

"Then," said the fourth, "I move you that this proposition be accepted according to its terms."

So ended that war. With a cash expenditure of something over a million and a half, and promises to pay in ten years another four million dollars, Hiram Bond secured for the Worthington Company properties which had cost, perhaps, double that sum, had added 40 per cent to its own girth, had opened to itself a new and vastly valuable territory. And Willard Latham, according to Hiram's formula, had been so utterly destroyed that his enmity was negligible as a future menace.

Now followed the period of Cleveland financing. The sale of fifty millions of gold bonds redeemable in ten years—this in January of 1894—was initiated and a bitter storm swept the country. The Knights of Labor applied for a restraining order forbidding the Secretary of the Treasury from making the sale; the Judiciary Committee of the House resolved that the proceeds could not be used for current expenses; the impeachment of Carlisle was demanded—and financiers looked askance at the loan. By personal appeal, Carlisle placed the bonds at a premium of eight million six hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars. But subscribers, to pay for the bonds, withdrew from the gold reserve by presentation of legal-tender notes the sum of twenty-four million dollars, instituting a vicious circle. In August the reserve fell to fifty-two million dollars and in January of '95 to forty-one million dollars. In this emergency Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was called to Washington and proposed the purchase of one hundred million dollars in gold bullion at a fixed price. Three million and a half ounces were purchased from Morgan, Belmont and Rothschild—half to be bought abroad—with 4 per cent bonds at a price of one hundred and four.

A renewed tempest swept the land when these bonds were issued to the public and were oversubscribed in America seven times and in England sixteen times—at a price of one hundred and twelve and a half. There were charges of dishonesty. Mr. Morgan had been a former client, and Stetson, Morgan's legal adviser, a law partner of Grover Cleveland.

Nevertheless the Treasury was relieved and commerce revived in 1895. In January of '96 the Government resorted again to a loan, but this time it yielded to clamor and threw the loan open to the public. In the result of this, Hiram Bond, who had been scanning the horizon, saw an inflow of public confidence. The loan was vastly oversubscribed at a premium of eleven points—a lower amount than would have been realized but for the apprehensions created by Cleveland's Venezuela message of December in the preceding year.

Now came the repudiation of Cleveland by his party, the nomination of Bryan upon the platform of free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of sixteen to one. The victory of William McKinley restored confidence to the business world, which had feared a catastrophe should Bryan be successful. But Hiram, his eyes always upon the future and upon the more ponderable signs of the times, saw more substantial grounds upon which to erect a structure of prosperity. Trade balance assumed amazingly favorable proportions; the reorganized railroads were now upon a sound basis of solvency; crops were bountiful, and the country at large showed a disposition solidly to support a political party which promised to put an end to the bickerings and divisions of the Cleveland Administration. In short, the United States had set its feet upon the ground, seized the plowshare and strode forward determined to plow a deep and straight furrow. Hiram was ready to follow the plowman.

### XVI

THE period reaching through the years of the Spanish-American War and to the new century was one devoted by Hiram Bond to domestic rather than to foreign affairs. It was an era of consolidation or organization. He labored not to acquire new properties but to develop and bring to a full flower of productive efficiency the great properties already assembled under the Worthington name. He stood now upon the threshold of his fiftieth year, and a portrait of him taken at that period shows us a man of massive face, stern to grimness, with heavy-lidded eyes under extraordinarily bushing eyebrows. His hair persisted valiantly; a dewlap was making its appearance; the eyes themselves showed above perceptible pouches, but were level, almost startling in the keen, boring intensity of their gaze. The whole face might stand as an idealization of unbending, inexorable, intelligent will.

His figure was still erect and powerful, though heavier through the middle, and age had added to him a habit of bearing which was both impressive and dignified. As one regards the portrait, it seems a face incapable of softening or of smiling, yet it is of record that neither was impossible.

Curiously enough, no existing portrait or description of the man exhibits that trait which was, perhaps, the most significant of his equipment. Always he seems the doer, the man of action—never the thinker, the philosopher. Yet he was a student—a profound student—and one of the most penetrating thinkers of his age. Had Hiram Bond chosen to put between covers his reflections upon the sociology of the 90's he would have been the recipient of honorary degrees from universities for a better reason than donations to their foundations.

His letters to Professor Witmer are almost wholly personal in their nature—revelations, searchings into his own heart. They show to us his need to explain himself to someone or something; his desire to be understood and appreciated by one human creature at least. But there is one letter which touches upon other matters and which exhibits him as a man whose successes were due as much to clear philosophical study of larger movements and trends as they were to ruthless acuteness in the realm of finance.

"If," he says, "one were to analyze the industrial and economic movements of this generation, three major trends come at once before our eyes: The organization of capital, the organization of labor and the meddling with both by the national Government. From a scrutiny of these we come inevitably to the conclusion that coöperation is the great law of social development. Concentration is inevitable. It cannot be stayed by legislation."

It was with this great current—upon this tremendous social flood—that he navigated his craft; his ultimate goal was an organization of industrial units so huge, so perfectly financed and managed, as to be impregnable to any attack by rivals and secure against any vicissitude of economic upheaval.

Amasa Worthington was in his sixty-fifth year; J. Steele Worthington was thirty-four. The occupation of this young man had become the waiting for a dead man's shoes. He remained a thorn in Hiram's side, but a petty thorn. Danger from him was not immediate, but always he impended, inimicable, voicing threats of what he would do on the day of his accession. From the day of his adventure with the transit company his father had suspected his abilities. There Hiram had wrought efficiently. He had implanted in the straightforward mind of a stubborn man the idea that his son and heir was unfit for great responsibilities. J. Steele, by his own bearing, by uttered words which had come back to his father's ears, had erected another barrier between them—the barrier which must exist between a man in possession and a younger man who lets it be known that he is overanxious to inherit.

So it had not been difficult to exclude J. Steele from any major place in the organization—which the young man resented by declining any place. Inevitably, he formed the habit of leisure, and though he would have resented the insinuation, he would have been sorely vexed at any invasion of this leisure by business. "Vexed" is the word which must be used advisedly. For the young man seemed incapable of any great or deep emotions; he was descending into pettiness, becoming a sort of combination of wasp and butterfly. Against his character nothing could be charged; he was a decent man, living a life of reasonable virtue. No scandals attached to his name as they attached to the names of other young men of enormous wealth—perhaps because of his smallness or of a certain narrowness derived from his mother. But Amasa was sixty-four and all concerned commenced inevitably to prepare for the day of his departure.

"When father dies," said J. Steele. And, "When Worthington dies," said all and sundry, with their eyes upon Hiram and the organization of which he was the cohesive power. To all the world Hiram was a man living under sentence—as Sindbad the Sailor, who must, by the law of the land, be buried with his wife. When Amasa vanished, Hiram must vanish with him. And Amasa was sixty-four.

What were Hiram's thoughts upon the subject are not known unless we can take some hint of them from a letter written in 1900 to the professor.

"Every man," he says, "must have the word 'finis' written after his career. Some men upon their tombstones, some upon their living hearts. As I grow older, it seems to me that individual men do not matter; they are but the spades with which the trench is dug. Nothing matters but the trench. Therefore it behooves every man so to dig that when finis is written upon his career no unskillful or malicious hand can destroy the work he has done. The highest achievement of man is to create the imperishable—and by the imperishable I mean so to have labored that the age will have learned from him; the evolution of his particular art or strife shall have taken a forward step which cannot be retraced. You may write finis to such a man, but it is only a word."

There had been certain happiness during this period—days of contentment and placidity of a domestic character spent at the farm with his wife and son. As Hiram strode toward the farther shore of middle age, he found greater pleasure in the quiet and peace of the old place, and showed increasingly a dependence upon his wife which was pitiful in its intensity. He required her nearness, in her gentle nature was something—some sedative, perhaps which his own restless demanding nature required.

When he was at the farm she must sit in the same room with him, or be about her sewing in the same patch of shade. Perhaps for hours he would pay her scant attention; he never talked with her as some husbands talk with their wives, discussing affairs, making confidences, working out orally their problems. He read or stared before him into nothingness, and Bessie sat, placid, contented, never interrupting. Her life was his, and if his pleasure demanded that she sit forever in silence at his side she was not resentful; it caused her happiness. Yet when she did speak it was with good sense and he gave to her courteous hearing.

"Should not Jason go away to school this fall?" she asked.

"How old is the boy?"

"Seventeen."

"So old! Go away to school? You think he should go away?"

"I believe it will be good for him."

"But Lucille!" he said, and it was an exclamation. "Should he go away from her?"

Bessie raised her eyes to regard him for an instant. "Lucille could go away too," she said.

"To the same school?"

"No, Hiram, not to the same school. I think, Hiram, they should be allowed to miss each other. It will be good for them."

"Nothing has happened? Nothing to indicate that my plans for them are endangered?"

"Nothing. But they are more like brother and sister, Hiram, than sweethearts. A little separation ——"

"Ah!" said Hiram. "Perhaps you are right. But nothing must happen, Bessie. For sixteen years my heart has been set on this."

"I know," she said. "Lucille is a sweet girl."

"And Jason is a good boy."

"He is more like me, Hiram, than you." She smiled gently. "I think he is scarcely like you at all. I hope it is not a disappointment to you. I hope you will not expect more of him than he is capable of giving."

"He has a good brain and a good body." He arose and walked to his wife's side and touched her graying hair. "For the rest, he will be happier. I am glad he is like you, Bess."

"But he will not be a great man like you, Hiram. A good man, perhaps, but not a great man."

"He's only a boy," Hiram answered. "In time I will take him in hand. He's my son."

"Yes, Hiram, you will take him in hand," she said gently. "But you cannot make a sword from a spider's web, nor a bar of steel from a lamb's fleece—not even you. So I pray you will not be disappointed. I pray you will not demand what cannot be given."

Hiram wondered. He had regarded Jason as a child, a boy, and with him as a child he had been content. True, there was no promise of growing to his father's tremendous stature, but he would be a sizable man, strong, healthy. He was of good mind, as his school reports showed, quick, intelligent, amiable. But, Hiram asked himself, was the iron there? Could the son take his father's place? Did he wish Jason to take his place and to be like himself? As all unique men, Hiram Bond was not without pride in his isolation. Did he wish a son who could duplicate his achievements? He answered himself honestly that he would prefer it otherwise. I prefer that he, Hiram Bond, should stand alone, unapproached by any.

"All I shall ask of him," said Hiram, "is that he be able to hold what I have taken; to live and act with reasonable prudence, that will be enough." He hesitated. "I think I could forgive anything in the boy but one disobedience."

"If something should come between him and Lucille?"

"That," said Hiram—and his face became grim—"that one thing I demand of him."

Upon this point the observer would have said Hiram needed to experience no anxiety. Lucille was sixteen, slender, fair with more than her mother's charm. The idea of marriage with Jason had been a part of her education, just as she had been taught that six times six are thirty-six, she had been instructed she was to be Hiram Bond's son's wife. It never had occurred to her to question it. It was a fact—a multiplication-table fact. Nor did Jason question it. Of the two, he was more docile by nature than Lucille. If she did not rebel, it was absurd to suppose he would raise a banner of his own.

"They must marry young," Hiram decreed—"the younger the better."

"Yes, Hiram."

(Continued on Page 114

# We hope you are a skeptic

*Because when you try this* **NEW** *you will get the surprise of your*

THE WAHL COMPANY, maker of *Eversharp*, the world's finest pencil, now offers you the world's finest fountain pen.

It has been long in development, because we sought advances far more important than superficial differences in color or size.

We chose to start at the bottom of the pyramid, and perfected first the lower-priced fountain pens in our line. Today those Wahl-Eversharp pens, priced at three dollars, are known as the biggest values and the largest selling pens in their field.

THEN we took a step upward, to the Wahl-Eversharp five-dollar pen, and designed and styled it also to an entirely new standard.

Now it is a prized possession in the hands of hundreds of thousands of satisfied users throughout the world, who say, "Money cannot buy a better writing pen."

In the meantime we devised and perfected that handsome utility, the Wahl-Eversharp Desk Set, and launched it to success world-wide.

And all the time we were working, we were dreaming out the ultimate pen which was to crown our efforts—that pen which was to be the finest writing instrument the world had ever seen.

THAT ultimate pen is now in manufacture, tested and tried and true—and we have placed upon it the *Gold Seal* of our pride and approval.

It is offered to you through Wahl-Eversharp Dealers as a super-quality product upon which we are glad to stake our whole reputation.

We hope you are skeptical about fountain pens in general when you try this Gold Seal Pen, because the greater your skepticism the greater will be your surprise.

*The New*

## GOLD SEAL PEN

Look for the gold seal on the cap. It means: Fourteen karat gold nib with extra heavy tip of osmiridium, longest wearing metal known.

Point shaped and polished by hand, to jeweler's standard. Smooth writing is insured.

Oversize barrel with surplus ink capacity, the largest number of words obtainable from one filling.

Wahl-Eversharp signature nib and thirteen other graduated points. Pick your own point.

*Priced at Seven Dollars.*

*Black and Pearl $1.00 extra*

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# about fountain pens

# GOLD SEAL PEN

*writing life!*

IT's not easy to tell you about the *Gold Seal* so that you really get a picture of its worth.

But drop in at any Wahl-Eversharp counter and let it write its own ticket—then you'll know!

We have priced the Gold Seal Pen at seven dollars—save only the black and pearl style which is eight. When you've seen these pens, you'll confess these prices are lower than you'd have thought possible.

You may choose your especial pen in the color you prefer.

A personalized pen. From the special variety of Wahl-Eversharp Gold Seal nibs, you may pick for your service the smoothest-moving point that ever signed your name.

## GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE

*This is a perfect pen—manufactured to give lifetime satisfaction. Unconditionally guaranteed against all defects*

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Makes the Best Drink Taste Better

DAINTY, golden-tinted Stone's Straws so enhance the flavor and looks of drinks that without them the clever hostess would not consider a drink properly served. She would almost as soon leave out the ice!

Straws also prevent gulping and thereby aid digestion. Fine for serving milk to children. Stone's Straws are machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. The best soda fountains and restaurants always use them. Get a 10c Home Package at your druggist's today.

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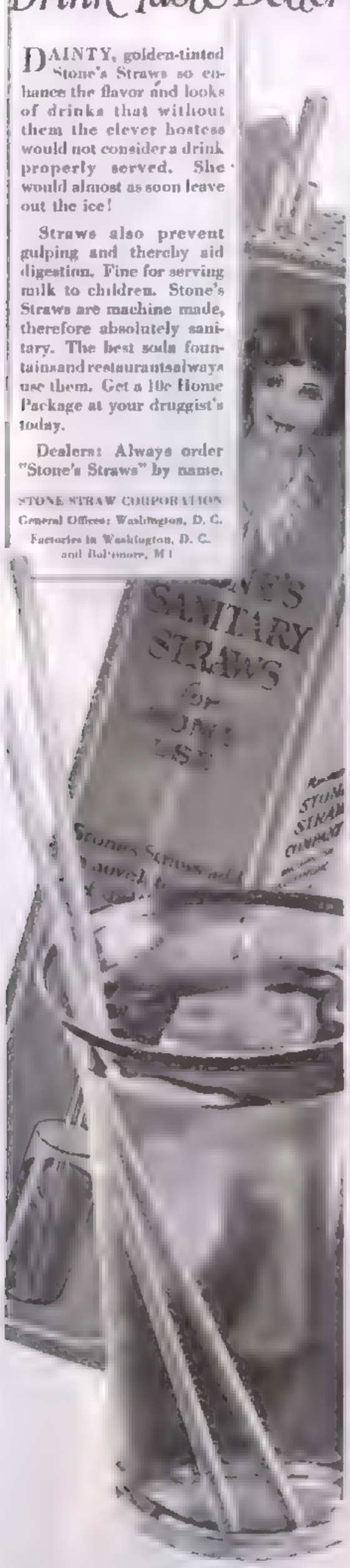



STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS


(Continued from Page 111)

"About the school—I think you are right, Bess—for both of them. Then a year of college. That will be enough. College is fancy work unless a man is to be in one of the professions." He considered the matter pleasantly. "In three years then. The wedding will be in June, as soon as they come home. I'll build them a house—on that lot next the corner. I bought it for them ten years ago—and I'll furnish it and have it ready for them to move into after the wedding trip. But I do hate to see them go away, Bess."

He hated to see them go away, and his wife understood the reason. It was not because he would miss his son, though Jason would be missed, nor that Lucille's presence was necessary to him. It was because he would be deprived of just so much vicarious romance as the period of their absence measured. He would not be able to watch them together for those years, to see them going and coming together, approaching together the day of their marriage. He would not, in short, be able to guide his son's courtship—not considering that where the matter of choice is taken from the hands of the young people concerned there can be no courtship.

Hiram delighted to imagine them in love. Though his associates and his enemies would never have believed it of him, there were hours when he was shut in his office—presumably spinning some web, constructing some adroitness—when he sat and smoked his huge pipe and made up conversations. Hiram Bond composing sentimental conversations between a boy of seventeen and a girl of sixteen!

So the children went to school and then young Jason stepped on to college for a year of higher education. Hiram was lonely. As any father must, he looked forward eagerly to letters from his son, and letters came regularly.

But he did not demand them as he did letters to Lucille; he did not scrutinize his own letters for some word between the lines which would demonstrate his son's love for himself, but jealously he read them for references to the girl.

"Have you written Lucille this week?" his letters asked again and again. "I know how busy you are with your work and with the activities of college life, but let nothing delay your letters to her."

He would have dictated these letters had it been possible; as a matter of fact, he was vastly curious to read them. What did the children say to each other? He could not quite settle himself to anything else until this cherished plan should have come to fruition. Nothing ever had lain so close to his heart; when it was accomplished, he could sigh with satisfaction and feel that life had not been unkind to him.

But business must go and he must move with it—not that he was content, not that he was weary. No one small project or big one could exhaust the vigor of his mind, the restless energy of those mental forces which must do and do and do or be thrown back upon themselves with disastrous results.

He watched the formation of the Steel Trust in 1901 and admired the adroitness of Mr. Frick.

He observed that 90 per cent of such a staple as sugar was controlled by a single combination, and more than 80 per cent of petroleum, and that bankers and brokers and lawyers had caught the fever of concentration of capital and were become promoters of concentrations and groupings. He smiled, perhaps a bit saturninely, at the Northern Securities decision in 1904, which, as he said justly, decided no fundamental question when it forbade the bringing together by Hill and Morgan, under the ownership of a holding company, of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways. Hiram's heavy upper lip curled as he read in the papers of the rejoicings of the public at this vindication of law and thus thwarting of money, and he agreed with those eminent lawyers who doubted the legal correctness of the decision and with those students of economics who had called it futile. It was, in his opinion, an approach to demagoguery by the Supreme Court of the United States.

He saw, too, the growth of the American Federation of Labor—a feeble thing in 1881, but which now almost wholly supplanted the Knights of Labor, with a membership of two million men, and he noted the splendid organization of the railroad brotherhoods. Unification of power among laborers marched step by step with concentration of the power of capital. It was a period when labor rushed eagerly to test this newly acquired power, for during the twenty years since Hiram had associated himself with Amasa Worthington there had been in the country upward of twenty-three thousand strikes and lockouts, involving one hundred and twenty-seven thousand establishments and six million and a half employes.

"Readjustment to a new economic era," said Hiram, and watched with neither rancor nor apprehension. "You can't build a granite foundation without smashing bowlders," he said to Amasa Worthington.

"But we—aren't we a trust?" Amasa asked with wrinkled brows. He did not wish to see himself the center of a cartoon with dollar signs covering his coat, nor to suffer the humiliation of governmental attack in the courts. As his age advanced, that tendency to pomposity increased with it; his dignity became more imposing and more tender to the touch. Outward show—not the ostentation of wealth, but the visible marks of his position in life—became precious to him, and he was jealous of prestige and of place—childishly jealous.

"We're not a trust," said Hiram, "and not subject to attack. We have planned well in that respect. When we have acquired, we have bought assets, not stock."

"Ah!" said Amasa.

"So long," said Hiram, "as we continue this policy, so long as we grow but keep the ownership in our own hands, with none of the falderals of promotion, we are safe. Two dangers lie ahead—one is in taking in the public as a partner by putting the securities of our concern on the open market, the other is in losing the friendship of the Woodbury interests to the east. If we keep our heads and keep Woodbury's friendship, we need never worry."

"I am sixty-eight," said Amasa suddenly. "It cannot be, Hiram, that I have many more years to be with you. . . What then?"

"It is a matter best not discussed," Hiram said.

"Will you miss me, my boy?"

Then Hiram smiled. But what he felt in his heart he could not put into words. For twenty-one years and more this old man had leaned upon him, had been as surely his dependent as if he had been a pensioner. Hiram had dominated him, and Amasa had been happy in that dominance because it had never offended his vanity. Upon that point Hiram had been adroit. The substance was his, but the embellishments always had fallen to his employer.

"We have got on well together," he said.

"But after I am gone ——"

"We will think about that in a dozen years," said Hiram. "What will happen must happen."

Perhaps both would have been easier in their minds could they have known that the separation would not come in a dozen years, nor yet in twenty.

### XVII

IN THAT age of great promotions it was inevitable that such concerns as the Woodbury, the Bainbridge Nixon and the Worthington companies should impinge upon the consciousness of Wall Street. Here was a tremendous opportunity to bring together immensely profitable concerns in a trust which should rival in size that amalgamation of steel furnaces, coke ovens, iron mines so recently engineered by Mr. Morgan under the name of the United States Steel Corporation. Bainbridge Nixon was first approached, and because he was aging and his sole descendant was a virgin daughter of fifty, he regarded the plan favorably. He, like Mr. Carnegie, would sell, but he wanted bonds in payment.

"Which of the other men would you advise approaching first?" asked the representative of the underwriting syndicate. "Worthington or Woodbury?"

Nixon, a man not without astuteness, considered the situation before answering. "Old Peter C. Woodbury died in 1900," he said. "His son is a comparatively young man—and an abler man than his father. He would, I imagine, be reluctant to hand over the reins to another. On the contrary, Amasa Worthington is nearly seventy. There is a situation there. As nearly as I can gather, the old gentleman and his son are somewhat at odds over the management of affairs. Young Worthington makes no bones about his attitude toward Hiram Bond—the real controlling head of the thing, as you know. Bond will fight against us tooth and nail."

"But his actual interest is comparatively small."

"Nevertheless he is the man you've got to consider. Now I would advise approaching the son. Apparently he has no enthusiasm for active affairs. A fixed income from securities would be his idea of an ideal situation. So get to the young man, very privately. If you can get him to work on his father something may be done. But you'll have to walk softly. The minute Bond gets a sniff of this there'll be war."

"Where's the boy?"

"At Newport. Better send a man who tops the Social Register. J. Steele runs to such matters."

"We'll send Lorillard."

"Good choice. If he were to suggest this whole thing is a move to abolish Bond, you'd enlist the young fellow off the bat."

Six hours later J. Steele was flattered to receive a telegram from the socially eminent Mr. Lorillard requesting an interview, which took place on the following day aboard the Lorillard yacht.

The project was laid before him adroitly in a form calculated to be most attractive to him, with due weight given to the elimination of Hiram Bond. He was an eager recruit.

"Put your offer in writing," he said, "so that there can be no error as to its terms. I will go to Carthage tomorrow and see mother."

"Your mother? Is that wise?"

"Nothing," said J. Steele, "can be done without her. And she will approve heartily. . . . If you will leave this to me, I think I can guarantee results."

"But you must be discreet. The business world has a wholesome respect for Bond. A hint to him and the fat is in the fire."

"If my father is persuaded, Bond will be helpless."

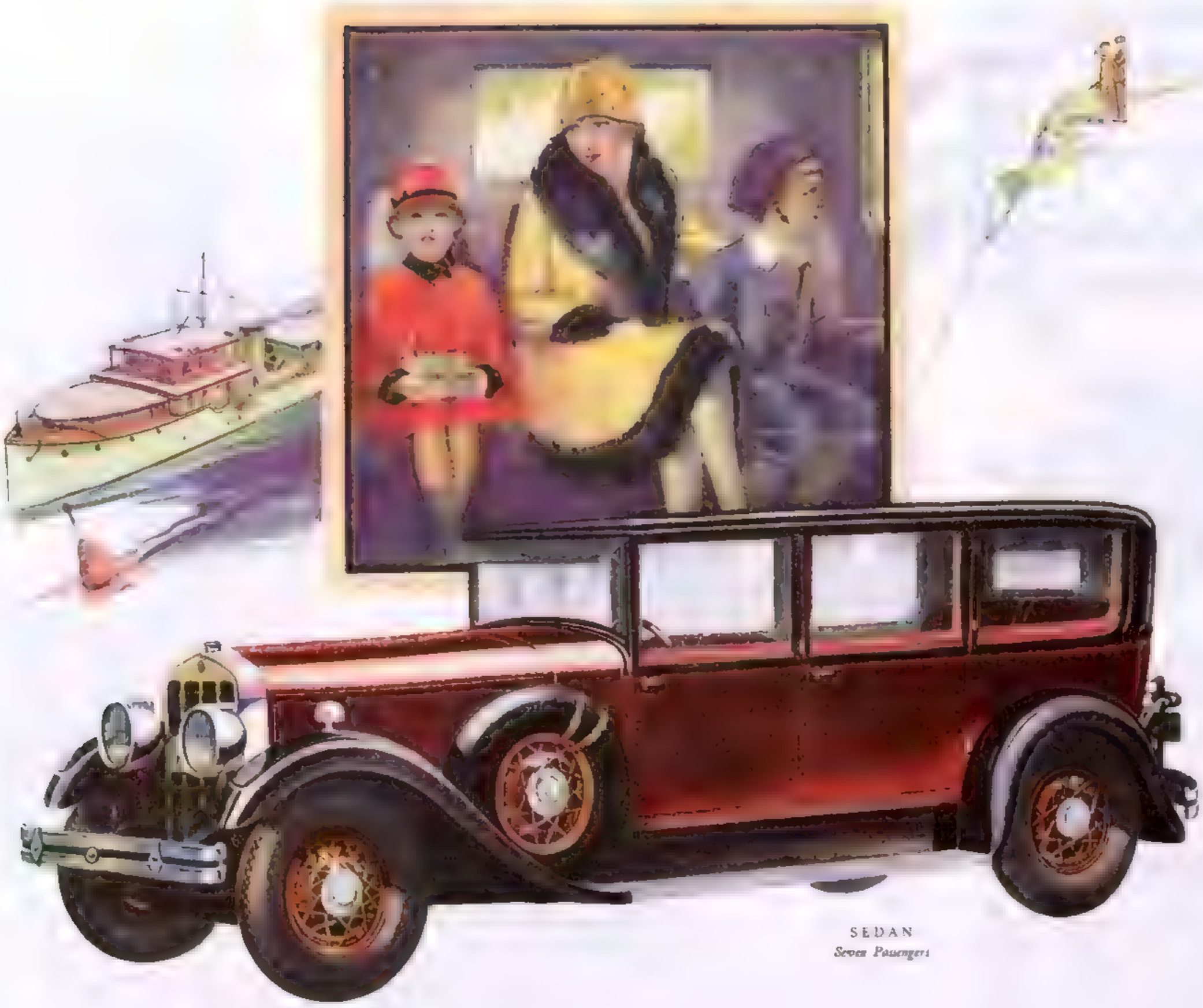
"Exactly—if!"

"Do you think," asked J. Steele with some impatience, "that mother and I will throw away the chance we have been waiting for twenty years?"

"Very well, then. We are depending upon you. Now suppose we leave business to its own devices." He glanced at his watch. "Mrs. Lorillard is looking forward to making your acquaintance, and our guest, the Duchesse de Broglie. I promised our conference would be over in time for tea on the after deck. Just one last word, Mr. Worthington—whatever discreeting you mean to practice should be multiplied by four. In Hiram Bond we are dealing with no ordinary man."

It was a much flattered young gentleman who was set ashore at the New York Yacht Club's station in Newport that night—a young man who had been made to feel that he was upon the eve of reaching that eminence in society to which his station in life entitled him. He had received most gratifying attentions from so great a hostess as Mrs. Lorillard; had been given the impression that he had quite charmed the *duchesse*, and altogether was exceedingly

(Continued on Page 116)



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With a new elegance of interior finish and appointments which has created wholly new standards in modern luxury...

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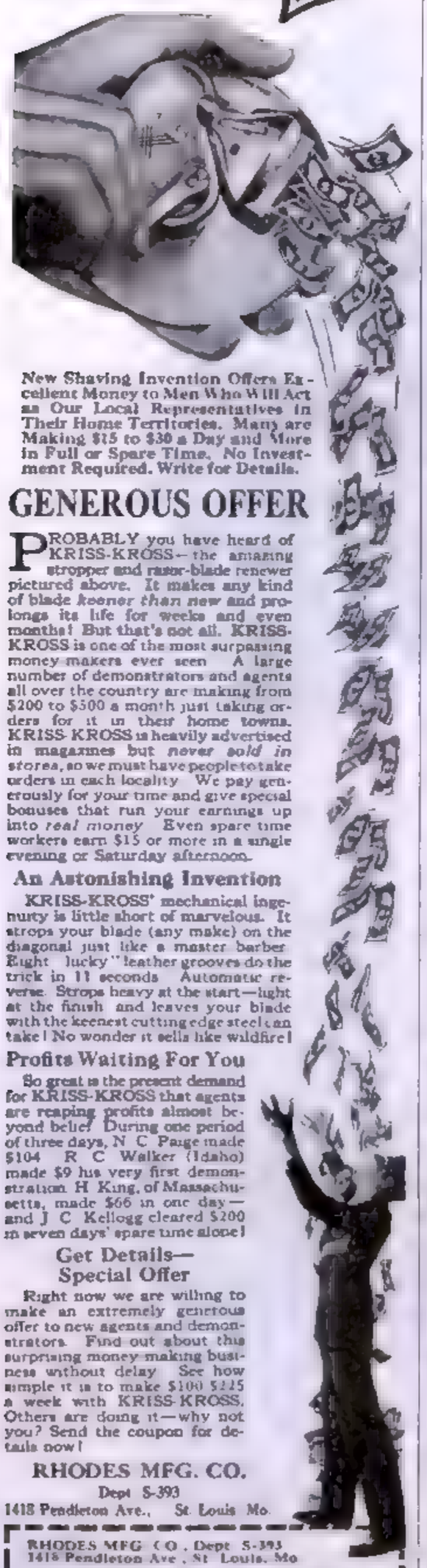

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PROBABLY you have heard of KRISS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor-blade renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade *keener than new* and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. A large number of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but *never sold in stores*, so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into *real money*. Even spare time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

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So great is the present demand for KRISS-KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During one period of three days, N. C. Paige made $104. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration. H. King, of Massachusetts, made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in seven days' spare time alone!

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Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this surprising money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100 $225 a week with KRISS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon for details now!

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(Continued from Page 114)

pleased with himself and with his bearing in high places.

On the following morning he took train for Carthage and drove at once to his father's home, where he was so fortunate as to find his mother alone.

"Mother," he said impressively, "come some place where we can talk—where we will be safe to talk."

Mrs. Worthington, grown more spare but more stately with the years, eyed her son apprehensively. The one fear of her life was scandal.

"What has happened?" she asked suspiciously. "Not trouble with Marion? You haven't been compromising yourself?"

"Nonsense! . . . How about the library?"

"You startled me, Steele, coming so unexpectedly. I don't know what I should do if we were mixed in some scandal. I'm always fearing it. This generation is so free, and an attractive young man is subjected to such temptations. Young women fairly throw themselves at men's heads!"

"So far," said J. Steele dryly, "they have shown a marked self-restraint toward me. . . . Are we safe here? Come into this window away from the door, and listen. Hiram Bond must never get a whisper of this."

"Hiram Bond!"

"Mother, if we can handle father, we can throw Bond out on his ear—and I've done it! It's taken twenty years, but I've engineered it."

"Tell me," said his mother without too much enthusiasm. She shared with her husband a not too enthusiastic estimate of her son's business astuteness.

However, as he showed her the written proposition, named the gentlemen underwriting the scheme and made the project clear, her attitude changed.

"It is possible," she said, "but, Steele, we must be careful. Your father is not easy to handle. And he has such ideas of right and wrong. You'd best let me broach the subject."

"My idea exactly. And father's scruples will come in handy. If you start by telling him you are speaking in absolute confidence—that you must have his word not to repeat what you say to a soul—we are safe—that far, at least. He wouldn't blab after giving his word, not even to Bond."

"Very well. He'll be coming home in half an hour, so you'd better go to your own house. Come over this evening after dinner. I think I know how to go about this."

J. Steele walked down the street toward his own home, and at the door encountered the young woman who acted as society reporter for the local paper.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Worthington," she said. "We heard you had arrived in town—and that's an event. May I ask after Mrs. Worthington?"

"She is very well, indeed."

"And busy, I suppose. We see your names in the New York papers so often." She smiled up at him. "It's hard being a society reporter here—there's so little society to report. I wonder if you wouldn't be awfully sweet and give me just an item or so about yourself and your doings."

"But really "

"Oh, anything," she pleaded. "For instance, what did you do yesterday? Where were you entertained the night before? Just a couple of little things like that."

"Well, if it will be any good to you—night before last we were at the Rigby ball. Yesterday I spent aboard Mr. Francis Lorillard's yacht, where I met the very charming Duchesse de Broglie. . . . That enough?"

"Oh, thank you so much," she said. "You have no idea what a thrill we get in Carthage when we really come in touch with someone who knows the Four Hundred and meets all the visiting nobility."

J. Steele smiled indulgently and turned to enter his house. His vanity had been tickled; he was delighted to let it be known in the vicinage that he had hobnobbed aboard a yacht with a *duchesse*. Nor did he perceive an indiscretion.

Hiram Bond, in his office next morning, read the item of news and so became aware that Amasa's son was in Carthage. His large eyes, more heavily lidded than in his youth, scowled under cavernous brows at the fulsome paragraphs.

"Aboard Lorillard's yacht," he said to himself, "and next morning he rushes home unannounced." He stared across the room grimly and his huge fist rested quiet but clenched on his desk top. "So that's the method," he said presently. "Well—well ——"

That Bainbridge Nixon had been approached by a syndicate, he knew. He knew because he had been expecting some such move on the part of Wall Street for months, and had made it his concern to be well informed of any circumstance which might indicate the opening of overtures. He knew what men had visited Nixon and was able to deduce the success of their mission. The next step would be to approach either Woodbury or Worthington, and evidently Worthington had been chosen.

"Behind my back!" he thought, and knew it was inevitable that it should be so; knew he would find allied against him his employer's wife and son, for this was their great opportunity. "They can't wait," was his reflection. "They can't wait even a few years."

For ten minutes he sat, enormous, motionless, with set face, his thoughts running over the past, counting the years, making inventory of his achievements and of his services to Amasa Worthington. And now had come this crisis! He had built not for himself but for another. He had labored not to enrich himself, not from loyalty to his employer, but to create a thing—to blaze a road, to erect a structure. It was his own. He had made it, was the artist to whom had come the conception, and whose hand possessed the cunning to put the idea upon the canvas of actuality. The paper tokens of ownership belonged to Amasa Worthington; the imponderable, inviaible, nonnegotiable ownership was in his own soul!

He lifted the clenched fist from his desk and the other clenched fist from his knee and thrust them together. Well, the thing was not accomplished. He was not helpless as he would have been had the emergency been the death of Amasa Worthington. Death he could not combat—toward that defeat he was pushed relentlessly, and was aware of his futility to combat the inevitable. But here was no phenomenon of Nature, no immutable law of life and death, but a plan, a plot, formed, directed, to be executed by human beings against whom he would not be helpless. He was not afraid of men.

That thought formed itself in his mind: He was not afraid of men. And then the corollary: But was he afraid of God?

It seems strange that such a reflection could come to him in that moment—that he could pause to inquire then as to his relations with Divinity. But he paused. Where did he stand? What was his belief? What was now his position—who had been a freethinker at thirty?

That night he could not sleep until he had revealed himself to his one confidant—to Professor Witmer.

"Today," he wrote, "I found it necessary to inquire what was my belief or my unbelief. With the years and the accumulation of experiences, we are altered so that we become unrecognizable. There was a time when I could say that matter was matter, that death was death. I cannot repeat this assertion tonight. Because I have seen the working of certain laws, inevitable, inescapable and ruthless. My mind informs me that laws cannot exist without a lawgiver. We cannot have a code without a Solon. If, then, there exist laws not of human origin, there must be a superhuman maker of laws. So I am forced to conclude that there exists a God. The point upon which I am not clear is: What shall I do about it?"

At midnight, in the privacy of his library, he took his first overt action. He called on the telephone for Peter C. Woodbury, Jr., in Boston and insisted upon that gentleman being aroused from his bed.

"Woodbury?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Hiram Bond." It is to be noted there was no apology for the untimely call. "Bainbridge Nixon has come to an agreement with Wall Street. A movement is on foot to approach us next. Where will you stand?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because my plan of action must be determined by your decision."

"My properties are my own," said Woodbury. "I propose to keep them."

"Thank you," said Hiram. "That will make it easier."

"And you?" asked Woodbury.

"I," said Hiram, "must fight for my own existence. . . . Good night."

"And good luck," said Woodbury.

In the morning, before Amasa Worthington arrived at the office—an event which Hiram awaited with impatience—a telegram was laid upon his desk. He let it rest, for his mind was occupied with what he should see and hear when the old gentleman should face him. What would be said? What disclosed of the matters discussed in the Worthington family the night before? Would there be frankness or evasion? Would there be loyalty and steadfastness, or weakness which would be harmful as treachery?

"There is no meanness in him," Hiram thought. "It remains to be seen if there is strength."

Then he opened the envelope and read the brief message it contained.

"Your son, Jason Bond, has disappeared from college," it said. "Efforts to discover his whereabouts have proved unavailing."

Slowly Hiram's fingers closed about the paper, crushing it as if it had been some enemy which might thus be disposed of. But this enemy was not to be disposed of by powerful fingers.

Hiram was suddenly conscious of fear. He who had inspired much of this emotion, but never had suffered it, was afraid. He was dumbly, pitifully terrified by those few terse words—stricken, appalled by their possible implications, by the possibilities of the unknown.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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*Your lumber dealer carries Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board or can get them for you—more than 9000 leading lumber dealers all over America sell Upson Products. Genuine Upson Board can be easily identified by the Blue-center running through each panel edge.*

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UPSON BOARD

UPSON FIBRE TILE

## SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 27)

with excited eagerness every word or motion of the old man. Finally, as I left them, he requested me not to mention the fact that I had met them, as they were on a secret expedition and did not want anyone to know they were in the neighborhood."

That night John Brown camped near a ford called Dutch Henry's Crossing. All the following day—it was Saturday, the twenty-fourth of May, 1856—the party lay on their arms. At ten o'clock in the evening they made their way to the cabin of a proslavery man named Doyle. They knocked at the door and then entered. Mrs. Doyle stormed and raved; her husband said, "Hush, mother—hush." Doyle and his two sons—they were twenty and twenty-two years old—were taken outside the cabin. There was the sound of a pistol shot. Mrs. Doyle was positive about that, but who fired it is still an uncertainty. Salmon Brown declared that his father took no actual part in the killing, but admitted that, if a pistol was fired, no one else pulled a trigger. The cutlasses were used for the execution. John Brown's band then divided and part of it went to the house of Allen Wilkinson, a member of the proslavery legislature at Shawnee Mission.

Mrs. Wilkinson, who was suffering from measles, woke up her husband and said that the dog was barking. Immediately afterward someone outside asked the way to Dutch Henry's. Wilkinson replied when a voice said, "Come out and show us." Mrs. Wilkinson would not let him go, and she could hear whispering. Allen Wilkinson was then told that he was a prisoner and commanded to open the door. He did this against his wife's protests, and four men entered. They searched for arms, Mrs. Wilkinson explained that she was sick and helpless; she begged them not to take her husband away and leave her without assistance. An old man, who seemed to be in command, replied, "It matters not." The next morning Wilkinson's body was found—he had been hacked to death—in a pile of brush.

"We then crossed the Pottawatomie and came to the house of Henry Sherman," James Townsley related. Henry Sherman, however, was out on the plains in search of lost cattle; a William Sherman was marched down to the creek and murdered. John Brown's righteousness was satisfied.

Jason Brown and his brother John were arrested by a detachment of the First United States Cavalry under Captain Wood; they were examined at Lecompton; and, since it was plain they had no part in the murders on Pottawatomie Creek, Jason was released. The younger John Brown, because of his political activities, was held on a charge of high treason, but he too was given his freedom in September. Their father escaped, hiding with his companions in the Kansas woods; and the troops at Fort Leavenworth were bitterly condemned throughout the South for their failure to bring justice upon the old man. Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart had encountered him more than once, and for that reason he was selected, with Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee, to attend a conference at the White House with the President and the Secretary of War, Mr. Floyd, when John Brown was in possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. This was the year 1859, in the autumn; Colonel Lee and Stuart, who was his aide, were ordered to join the United States marines proceeding against John Brown; they surrounded the fire-engine house held by the fanatical old man and his decimated force.

Lieutenant Stuart was informed by his superior officer that he determined first to demand a surrender of the whole party at dawn, and then, in the case of refusal, to have the place taken by a few picked men with the bayonet. Stuart was deputed to read to the leader, who was called Smith, the terms of submission; if they were refused, he was to leave the door and wave his cap. The storming party was then to advance, batter open the door, and capture the insurgents. John Brown had some prisoners confined with him in the engine house, and Colonel Lee was very particular in his instructions about their safety. Lieutenant Stuart, in the presence of some two thousand spectators, approached the informal fortification and notified Mr. Smith that he had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand.

A long parley followed—Stuart had immediately recognized old Osawatomie Brown—in which John Brown, with an admirable tact, presented a number of counter suggestions; but it all amounted to this: the only condition upon which he would surrender was that he and his party should be allowed to escape.

Stuart told him that Colonel Lee would never accede to any terms but those he had offered:

HEADQUARTERS HARPER'S FERRY,
October 18, 1859.

Colonel Lee, United States Army, commanding the troops sent by the President of the United States to suppress the insurrection at this place, demands the surrender of the persons in the armory buildings.

If they will peaceably surrender themselves and restore the pillaged property, they shall be kept in safety to await the orders of the President. Colonel Lee represents to them, in all frankness, that it is impossible for them to escape; that the armory is surrounded on all sides by troops; and that if he is compelled to take them by force he cannot answer for their safety.

R. E. LEE,
*Colonel Commanding United States troops.*

Brevet Colonel Lee, who was in civilian's clothes, stood on a slight elevation about forty feet away from the fire-engine house and carefully supervised the details of its capture. He turned to Lieutenant Israel Green of the marines and asked him whether he wished the honor of "taking those men out." Green at once removed his hat and, simply and sincerely, thanked Colonel Lee. He then picked a storming detail of twelve men, with a second twelve in reserve, and exactly at sunrise Green ordered the attack. Three marines, with sledge hammers, began beating at the engine-house door, but with little effect; Lieutenant Green recognized the futility of that, and seeing a heavy stepladder lying near by, he ordered his men to use it as a battering ram. The door was broken in at the second blow.

The entrance was a ragged hole low down on the right, and Green, stooping, made his way within. He attacked John Brown, lunging at him with a light dress sword—he had neglected properly to arm himself—but striking Brown's belt, it bent double. Then taking the bent weapon in both hands, Lieutenant Green beat John Brown down to the floor. The marines followed, and Private Luke Quin was mortally shot; the man behind him was gravely wounded in the face. In retaliation, an individual hiding under an engine was bayoneted and a second was pinned to a wall. Lieutenant Green then ordered the shedding of blood to end.

John Brown, his second in command, Stevens, two negroes—Copeland and Green—and Edwin Coppoc were captured; the bodies of nine others lay in front of their fort or scattered over Harper's Ferry; seven had escaped into Pennsylvania. The eleven prisoners held in the engine house, Green declared, were the sorriest lot of people he had ever seen. They had been without food for more than sixty hours, and in constant dread of being shot, stood huddled in the corner where Oliver Brown lay dead. Old Osawatomie Brown was carried to the office of the paymaster of the armory, where it was discovered that his wounds were superficial.

The governor of Virginia, Mr. Wise, arrived promptly, and there was a general interview in the paymaster's office. A. D. Stevens had been carried in and lay beside his leader; the two wounded prisoners, their hair clotted and tangled, their faces, hands and clothing powder-stained and blood-smeared, occupied two shakedowns covered with some old bedding. Near them stood the governor, Robert E. Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Senator J. M. Mason, congressmen, colonels, reporters and gentlemen of Virginia. Colonel Lee began the interview by offering to clear the room of all visitors, but John Brown replied that he was glad to make himself and his motives clearly understood. He was asked:

"Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?"

"I do."

"Upon what principle do you justify your acts?"

"Upon the Golden Rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God."

The representative for the New York Herald asked if there was anything further he would like to say. John Brown had nothing to say, only that he still claimed to be there carrying out a measure he believed to be perfectly justifiable.

"I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared, the better. You may dispose of me very easily—I am nearly disposed of now—but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean—the end of that is not yet."

Colonel Lee requested Stuart to go with a few marines to old Brown's house, four and a half miles distant in Maryland, and see what was there. Lieutenant Stuart discovered a magazine of pikes, blankets and clothing and utensils of every sort. He had but one wagon, he was unable to carry away the pikes, and the next day he was occupied by the varied duties of an aide-de-camp. He marched, with Colonel Lee and Green, six miles and back following a false alarm among the inhabitants of a village called Pleasant Valley. John Brown was turned over to the United States marshal; and with Lee and the marines, Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart returned to Washington, unaware that he had taken part in the preliminary to his own high advancement and death.

In the March of 1861 Lieutenant Stuart secured two months' leave; he had determined to follow the decision of his state, Virginia, when secession was proposed. He waited for three uncertain weeks in St. Louis; Virginia seceded and, removing his family to a place of comparative safety—in 1855 he had married a Miss Flora Cooke—Stuart immediately forwarded his resignation from the United States Army to Washington. It was accepted. He proceeded at once to Richmond, where he was commissioned lieutenant colonel in the Confederate infantry. Two months later he was made colonel of cavalry. His promotion was rapid. In September, the same year, he became a brigadier general; July, 1862, he was elevated to major general. His career in the Army of the South was brilliant from the beginning; General Stuart was particularly successful, invaluable, in the extraordinary daring of his raids.

In June, 1862, he made the rapid movement to the rear of McClellan's army that shook the confidence of the whole North in its commander. It became famous as the Chickahominy Raid—with twelve hundred cavalrymen and a section of artillery. Stuart succeeded in the vastly important

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task of locating the right wing of the Union forces. He captured a hundred and sixty-five prisoners and two hundred and sixty horses and mules; he destroyed great stores of Federal property. The Chambersburg raid, after the battle of Sharpsburg—the Northern soldiers called it Antietam—was an even greater accomplishment. In October, 1862, General Stuart's headquarters was near Charlestown, back of Harper's Ferry; on the afternoon of the eighth he ordered his acting adjutant, Lieutenant Channing Price, to present all the official papers that required immediate attention. The morning following he assembled his men and addressed them:

"Soldiers! You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to insure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision and bravery; implicit obedience to orders without a question or cavil; and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you. I have no doubt of its success—a success which will reflect credit in the highest degree upon your arms."

Stuart's swift advance into Pennsylvania, however, was not unobserved. The Union General Kenly, at Williamsport, discovered it and communicated his knowledge—the line of Stuart's march—to General Brooks at Hagerstown. There was no available force of Federal cavalry sufficient to check it. The Pennsylvania farmers would not believe the rebels had invaded the security of their land; when they appeared there was a wide consternation relieved by moments of humor. An advance guard was completely equipped with boots and shoes in a store at Mercersburg before the merchant knew whom he was refitting. He learned it from the receipt given him in conformation with General Stuart's orders. An old gentleman, deprived of the bright bay mare he was driving to a cart, insisted that the impressment of horses had been forbidden by orders from Washington. He scoffed at the assurance that he was surrounded by Confederate soldiers.

General Stuart's discipline was rigidly maintained—nothing was disturbed in Maryland, but in Pennsylvania a systematic seizure of horses began. Six hundred troopers swept the country on either side of the line of progress. Stuart reached Chambersburg at eight o'clock of the evening in a drizzling rain. Two pieces of artillery were laid commanding the town, but there was no resistance. Lieutenant Thomas Lee, with nine men from Butler's command, went forward and demanded unconditional surrender; the rebel force marched in and was drawn up on the public square. Stuart sent Captain Butler to secure whatever funds were in the bank, but the cashier informed him they had all been removed. A military governor for the town was appointed; the pastoral quiet of Chambersburg remained unbroken through the night. Mr. A. K. McClure, then a resident of Chambersburg, had met the Confederates in a committee of citizens:

"Upon being informed who we were, and that there was no organized force in the town, General Hampton stated, in a respectful and soldier-like manner, that he commanded the advance of the Confederate troops, that he knew resistance would be vain, and he wished the citizens to be fully advised of his purpose, so as to avoid needless loss of life and wanton destruction of property. He assured us that he would scrupulously protect the citizens, and allow no soldiers to enter public or private houses unless under command of an officer upon legitimate business. He would take such private property as he needed for his government or troops, and would give receipt for same if desired, so that claim might be made against the United States Government." A squad spent the night outside Mr. McClure's door.

"In a little while a soldier entered the yard, came politely up to me, and after a profound bow, asked for a few coals to start a fire. Soon after others came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump and again received a profusion of thanks. A communication had been established between us, squads followed each other closely for water, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered by this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but the prelude to a general movement upon everything eatable in the morning. About one o'clock half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it with Confederate script. A subordinate officer begged of me a little bread for himself and a few men, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others, but all politely asked permission to enter the house, and behaved with entire propriety. They did not make a single rude or profane remark even to the servants."

General Stuart, with his staff and escort of couriers, bivouacked outside the town. The drizzle increased to a steady downpour. Three times in the night Stuart woke his guide, Captain B. S. White of Maryland, and asked if he thought the rain would make the Potomac River impassable. Their position, with the concentration of Federal troops and scouts on every road, was increasingly doubtful. They marched at dawn over the direct road to Gettysburg, but when Stuart had crossed the Catoctin Mountain he turned aside through Fairfield on the road to Emmitsburg. All day details collected horses, but when the Maryland line was reached the command was assembled in close order. General McClellan had ordered Pleasonton to intercept Stuart near Emmitsburg or Mechanicstown, but Pleasonton wasted two hours; when he reached Mechanicstown, at half past eight in the evening, Stuart was within four miles of him, moving rapidly forward. He had reached Emmitsburg at sunset, after marching thirty-one miles from Chambersburg, and he was still forty-five miles from the Potomac.

General Stuart's escape depended wholly on the speed of his march; throughout the night his column was kept at a trot; by daylight the advance guard entered Hyattstown, thirty-three miles beyond Emmitsburg. Within twenty hours, keeping up his artillery, Stuart had marched sixty-five miles. He had, of course, a great number of horses for the guns and caissons, and during the night there were four changes of teams. He hurried on to Barnesville and then turned boldly south. Pleasonton had moved on toward Poolesville; his force was now on the road occupied by General Stuart, and the Confederate advance came into sight of the Union cavalry. The night had been cold, the rebel soldiers were still wearing the blue overcoats secured at Chambersburg, and they were mistaken for Northerners. Stuart was riding at the head of his advance guard; he restrained his troops until they were close enough for an effective surprise and charged; there was but one disorganized Federal volley. General Stuart now commanded the road to the Little Monocacy; he brought every man of his command safely back to Virginia soil.

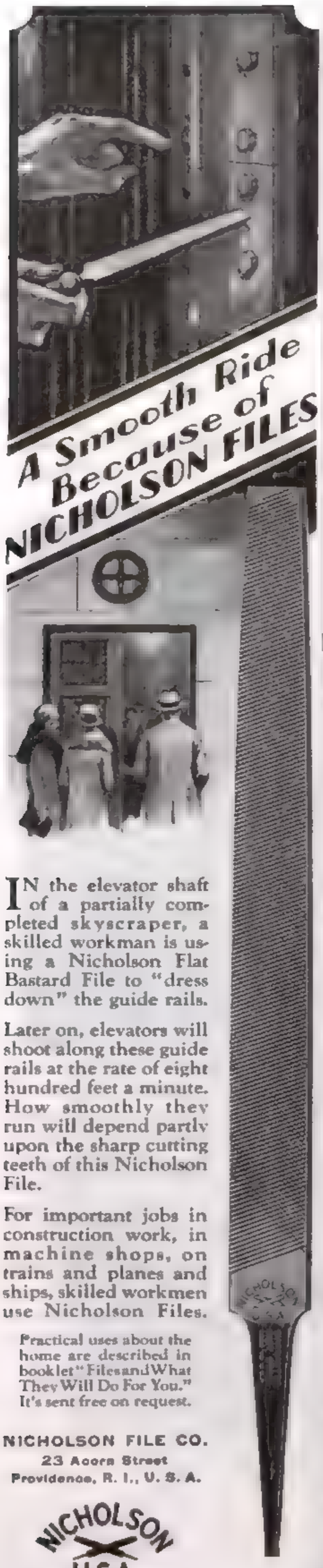
General Stuart returned with twelve hundred horses for the Confederacy; he had captured thirty officials of the United States Government and sent them to Richmond; the government property destroyed at Chambersburg was valued in excess of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. McClellan had sent all his cavalry against Stuart. "That exhausting service," he wrote, "completely broke down our cavalry horses and rendered a remount absolutely indispensable before we could advance on the enemy." Mr. Lincoln's comment was less detailed: "Stuart's cavalry outmarched ours." The Dumfries raid followed the battle of Fredericksburg—Stuart harassed the entire Federal line of communication along the Potomac. One of his men was killed, he had thirteen wounded and fourteen missing. The Union deaths were more than two hundred.

In the spring of 1863 the Confederate Army, although it was in close communication with Richmond, was wretchedly clothed and fed; it was practically without shoes. The Southern forces lay below the Rappahannock, facing General Hooker on the north; Hooker had the most impressive army ever assembled on the American continent. There were a hundred and twenty thousand infantry and artillerymen with four hundred cannon, twelve thousand cavalry. General Stuart, with two thousand men, had to cover a front of more than fifty miles and maintain pickets at the fords of both the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers. The Union advance, at the battle of Chancellorsville, began on the twenty-seventh of April. The small Confederate guard at Kelly's Ford was easily swept away, and by morning, the twenty-ninth, three Federal corps had crossed the Rappahannock. On the thirtieth they were in Chancellorsville; two divisions of the Second Corps arrived by way of the United States Ford; the Fifth and Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, advanced over four pontoon bridges below Fredericksburg.

General Hooker was enormously gratified by his preliminary success. "The enemy," he wrote in an order to his troops, "must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." With that, however, General Lee was not in complete agreement. On the morning of the thirtieth he learned that Hooker had divided his command, and leaving ten thousand men under Jubal Early to hold the line at Fredericksburg, he marched with the rest of his army to Chancellorsville. He had Jackson's three divisions, Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, and McLaw's three brigades—a force of less than forty thousand to meet Hooker's seventy-two thousand.

The field of the battle of Chancellorsville was actually a woods of second-growth pine and black oak; it had been, long before, a charcoal forest. It was a region fourteen miles long and ten miles wide, and, significantly named the Wilderness, its soil was poor, drained by crooked marshy streams; the few clearings were contracted. Chancellorsville was a brick mansion set on high land a mile east of the Wilderness. The use of cavalry was made impossible by the nature of the ground; there were no positions for artillery, no range for the guns. General Stuart recognized this; he received permission to devote his men and a small force of infantry to the holding of an important line of communication—the road to Ely's Ford—and moving forward with the 16th North Carolina Infantry he came in contact with a force of Union cavalry under Averell. Stuart was preparing to attack when Captain Adams, of A. P. Hill's staff, arrived and informed him that

(Continued on Page 122)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(Continued from Page 120)

both Hill and General Jackson had been carried from the field wounded the command of Jackson's corps rested upon Stuart.

General Stuart reached the line of battle at midnight; it had been impossible to conceal the fact that Jackson's condition was grave, and his troops were badly shaken by that overwhelming disaster. Stuart had no information from the commanding general about the movement Jackson had already begun; he was ignorant of the positions of the troops, the condition of the battlefield. There was no possibility, then, of receiving instructions from General Lee; the reply from an urgent message to Jackson was short: "Tell General Stuart to act upon his own judgment and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him." His difficulties multiplied—none of Jackson's staff except Colonel A. S. Pendleton reported to him; his own staff made their first personal encounters with Jackson's officers through the night and the next day.

The corps under him, Stuart learned, had had little or nothing to eat for twenty-four hours; at daybreak Lee ordered him to attack immediately. The battle opened at sunrise with extraordinary fury; Stuart, after desperate fighting, succeeded in planting thirty pieces of artillery on a ridge, and enfiladed by their fire, the Federal line was thrown back. The bearing of General Stuart created an enormous enthusiasm on the field. A Colonel Thomas T. Lowe heard him singing, in the hottest moment of action, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you get out of the Wilderness?" General E. P. Alexander wrote at length: "I do not think there was a more brilliant thing done in the war than Stuart's extricating that command from the extremely critical position in which he found it as promptly and boldly as he did. We know that Hooker had at least eighty thousand infantry at hand. The hard marching and night fighting had thinned our ranks to less than twenty thousand. But Stuart never hesitated or doubted for a moment; he attacked at daybreak, and unlike many attacks I have seen, this one came off promptly on time, and it never stopped to draw its breath until it had crashed through everything and our forces stood united around Chancellor's burning house.

"I always thought it was an injustice to Stuart and a loss to the army that he was not at that moment continued in command of Jackson's corps. He had won the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without that eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment."

General A. P. Hill, when the whole of the Federal Army retreated above the Rappahannock, assumed command of Jackson's forces, and Jeb Stuart returned to his own division. There he was concerned by the familiar lack of arms and equipment: at the beginning of the war the troopers furnished their own saddles and bridles; the English round-tree saddle was in common use; and, in consequence, horses with sore backs multiplied rapidly. The government then furnished a saddle that saved the horses, but at the riders' painful expense. The best equipment, of course, was captured from the North. The lack of proper arms for the cavalry was more serious; a number of Virginia's counties had furnished their cavalry with pistols, but entire regiments were without them. Breech-loading carbines were even scarcer; there were never more than enough to arm one, or at most two, squadrons in a regiment. That deficiency, generally, was made up by Enfield rifles—an inferior weapon. Horseshoes and nails and necessary forges were as rare as they were indispensable; it was not uncommon to see a cavalryman leading his limping horse, with the hoofs of a dead horse—cut off for the sound shoes on them—dangling from the saddle.

In May, 1863, however, General Stuart reviewed five brigades of Confederate cavalry on the broad fields between Brandy Station and Culpeper Court House. Four thousand cavalrymen passed before him; shortly after, two more brigades—one from the Valley of the Shenandoah and the other Robertson's North Carolina troopers—arrived and there was a second review of eight thousand men. In column of squadrons they walked and wheeled and charged; the guns of an artillery battalion, on a hill opposite the grand stand, lent the occasion the sound and rolling smoke and fire of actual war.

General Lee was expected to be present. He failed to arrive, but he notified Stuart that he would review the cavalry on the eighth of June. Little display was attempted; Lee was careful not to weary his troops; the artillerymen were not permitted to work their guns. The movement of the Army of Northern Virginia toward Gettysburg had begun.

On the eighth of July, 1863, the great Northern offensive of the Confederacy receded, and General Stuart covered the front of Lee's army while it waited for flood waters in the Potomac to fall. There was severe fighting between Stuart's command and Buford and Kilpatrick, at Boonsboro and Beaver Creek and on the Sharpsburg front. The cavalry of both sides fought dismounted, supported by small bodies of infantry, and Stuart reported a loss of two hundred and sixteen men. There were, as well, severe hardships; General Stuart's staff had less than half rations; for five days food was only brought to them after nightfall by the daughter of a family with Southern sympathies in Hagerstown. The cavalry moved south, Stuart reoccupied the line of the Rappahannock while Lee's main army withdrew behind the Rapidan. September promised to be a month of rest and recuperation, but on the thirteenth the Federal army advanced and occupied Culpeper County. Stuart attacked Buford's cavalry on the twenty-second, but he could make no impression upon the Union lines. He attempted to withdraw toward Liberty Mills, but found himself completely surrounded by enemy; after a severe engagement he managed to retreat across the Rapidan River. On the ninth of October Lee commenced the movement around the Federal right flank that developed into the Bristoe campaign, and Stuart, protecting the line of march, led Young's command through deep woods and disorganized the whole Union position.

When Lee's army was concentrated at Warrenton, Stuart was ordered to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Catlett's Station; he immediately sent forward a brigade; and at four in the afternoon he joined Lomax, its commander. He left Lomax to guard his rear and proceeded with the rest of his force until, three miles beyond Auburn, he came upon an immense park of Federal wagons; he had penetrated, he discovered, to the center of a Union army. Stuart employed every officer in withdrawing the column to the fields on the north; almost instantly the road was empty of horsemen, artillery and wagons; at dark they were settled in a little protected valley; the artillery was masked on a hill within three hundred yards of the road where masses of the enemy were passing. Men were stationed at the head of every mule team, but in spite of their desperate endeavors, there was an occasional loud disconcerting bray. All night Stuart listened to the multitudinous tramp of the hostile army; at dawn he recognized that a collision was unavoidable. He moved his seven guns farther over the crest of their hill and waited.

Fire opened upon him from the direction of Warrenton, and in an instant his artillery was pouring canister into a wholly surprised force. There was a short period of confusion, and taking swift advantage of it, General Stuart again fought his way through an overwhelming opposition to safety.

On the morning of May fourth, 1864, the war in the Wilderness was renewed. General Stuart was informed that the enemy had crossed the fords of the Rapidan, and he proceeded at once to his picket line, leaving to his staff the necessity of breaking up their pleasant winter quarters near Orange Court House. The staff overtook him late that day, and Stuart camped in the rear of his picket reserve. The next morning he led A. P. Hill's corps over the Plank Road to battle. On the sixth he renewed action in the Wilderness, a close destructive fighting that lasted into the night. On the seventh Stuart's cavalry was engaged in repeated bitter conflicts. Grant then began to move his army in an effort to bring it between Lee and Richmond; his intention was soon discovered and a division thrown in front of the flanking advance. General Stuart joined it with part of Anderson's corps; and at Anderson's request he supported the infantry with his dismounted men, commanding the left of the line.

There was a severe fire, and Stuart exposed himself with even more than his usual indifference; the infantry officers repeatedly begged him to be careful. Stuart had but one staff officer with him; he was not even attended by a courier, and he kept sending his solitary supporter, McClellan, on so many unimportant errands to Anderson that it occurred to him General Stuart was trying to preserve his life. He said at last, "General, my horse is exhausted. You are exposing yourself and you are alone. Please let me remain with you." He smiled at him, McClellan said, and immediately sent him away with another message for General Anderson.

General Phil Sheridan

The ninth of October Philip H. Sheridan with twelve thousand cavalry, strongly supported by artillery, moved to Hamilton's Crossing and on toward Richmond. His advance was promptly discovered and Stuart marched at night against him with Gordon's brigade. At Beaver Dam Station Stuart encountered the Federal rear, but before action he rode to the house of Colonel Edmund Fontaine, close by, where his family was staying. His wife and children, he found, were safe; Sheridan had passed south to Negro Foot, and General Stuart divided his command; he sent Gordon's brigade in direct pursuit of the enemy, and he marched to Hanover Junction to place himself between the Federal advance and the Confederate capital. He reached the Junction at night; it was his intention to continue without stop, but the men under him were exhausted. At the urgent request of their colonel he consented to let them rest until one o'clock.

General J. E. B. Stuart then took up his march toward Yellow Tavern. McClellan, still beside him, said that Stuart talked continually about affairs personal to them. He was, McClellan remembered, quieter than was his custom, his manner was softer and more communicative than usual. They reached Yellow Tavern at ten in the morning, ahead of the enemy, and in full time to draw up between him and Richmond. Stuart sent McClellan with a communication to General Bragg, and when the officer returned he found the enemy in possession of the turnpike south of Yellow Tavern; to prevent capture he was compelled to make a long circle through the fields. He did not reach Stuart until two o'clock, and he learned that in his absence there had been desperate fighting. Colonel H. C. Pate, of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry, had been killed; Stuart spoke of Pate's great gallantry; he seemed pleased with the information brought from Bragg and said that he intended to hold his position on General Sheridan's flank.

At four in the afternoon the enemy suddenly threw a brigade of cavalry against the Confederate extreme left; at the same time they attacked the whole Confederate line, and Stuart—it was his invariable habit—hurried to the point of greatest danger. McClellan's horse was so exhausted he could not follow his commander, but Captain G. W. Dorsey, Company K of the First Virginia Cavalry, managed to stay beside him. Where Dorsey was stationed about eighty men were collected—the Confederate line had been dissolved—and General Stuart, by his personal calmness, held them steady while the Federal troops charged entirely past their position. With his companions Stuart fired into the Union flank and rear, and then the overwhelming tide of men swept back—they had been met and repulsed by the First Virginia Cavalry.

A man who had been dismounted in the encounter, and who was running on foot, turned as he passed General Stuart and shot him with a pistol.

Captain Dorsey tried to lead Stuart's horse to the rear, but the animal became unmanageable, and Jeb Stuart asked to be taken down and allowed to rest against a tree. Stuart ordered Captain Dorsey to leave him and return to his men; to drive back the enemy. He was, General Stuart explained, mortally wounded and of no further use. Dorsey replied he could not obey that order. Another horse was finally brought up, General Stuart was lifted to the saddle, and Dorsey led him toward a less exposed position; then, by Stuart's order, he was given into the charge of a private, Wheatley, and Dorsey returned to his scattered men.

An ambulance was found, and as it moved from the battlefield Stuart, dying, called out to a disorganized force of Confederates: "Go back! Go back, and do your duty, as I have done mine, and our country will be safe. Go back! Go back! I had rather die than be whipped." He left his spurs to a lady of Virginia; his sword descended to his son.

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# THE COVERED BRIDGE

Continued from Page 25

on homemade sleds down the steep bank by the schoolhouse, nor any joyous snowball battles with the bigger boys. Not even the prospect of riding to church in the cutter to the blithe music of sleigh bells, quite reconciled me to the prospect of the long afternoon indoors. I was glad when Enoch Royce drove his sleigh up to the door and sprang out, shouting.

My grandfather, dressed for church, went out to meet him at the step. The man was shaking as if a chill was on him; his voice was high.

"He's dead, MacNaughten! Tarvey's dead! I found him in the road with a harness knife in him!" His shrill titter sounded crazily against the breathless, frozen stillness. "The boy killed him!" he cried. "Come and help me, MacNaughten! I couldn't lift him alone!"

I remember thinking that it would need three men like Enoch Royce to lift Neil Tarvey's huge weight; if Royce had tried to carry him alone, it was no wonder that those beads of sweat should stand out, glistening, on his forehead.

My grandfather wasted no words. He bade me saddle a horse and ride down to the village after Calvin Tupper, charged me to keep a still tongue in my cheek except to the sheriff himself. While I was running to the stable I saw him climb into Royce's sleigh and heard the jingle of its bells.

I rode back with Calvin Tupper in his cutter, leading my horse behind it. The sheriff was as heavy as Neil Tarvey, but his weight was mainly fat, a huge, soft, pulpy man who almost filled the seat of the light sleigh, and whose face, as we climbed the hill at a plodding walk, was as drowsily placid as if we came upon some errand of everyday routine.

We stopped at the railroad and Tupper got out.

"Remember how that boy was dressed?" he asked me.

I discovered suddenly that I wanted the boy to get away, that I had no taste, at all events, for helping to get him caught and hanged for killing Neil Tarvey. I shook my head. Tupper's sleepy eyes studied me briefly and he grinned a little.

"Don't want to help, eh?"

"I don't blame him!" I said hotly. "Tarvey treated him like a dog—worse than a dog."

He nodded. "So your grandfather told me. Well, maybe he'll get off." He waddled into the station and was gone for a few minutes. When he climbed back into the cutter we drove on in silence. It took us a good half hour to reach the covered bridge over the gully, and here, to lighten the drag of the runners over the bare planks, the sheriff climbed out and walked across.

"Hate a covered bridge," he said, as he got in again. "Always like to see all around me when I'm driving."

I remembered what grandfather had said yesterday, but I felt that Calvin Tupper might laugh at the idea that a covered bridge was like a lie. I held my tongue. We came to Neil Tarvey's farm and found my grandfather and Enoch Royce standing in the road; they had cleared away the snow, but Tarver still lay as they had found him, his huge figure looking bigger than ever.

"We couldn't lift him, Tupper." Royce spoke excitedly, moving his hands. The sheriff glanced at him dully, shifted his little, sleepy eyes to my grandfather.

"Seems as though you had the right of it yesterday, Andrew," he said. "Pity we didn't act quicker."

"Yes," said my grandfather. "It's a pity."

Something in his tone caught my ear. It seemed to me that his voice said more than his words and that his glance told Tupper something, but the sheriff did not notice.

"Hate to have to hang that boy," he said, "when it's mostly my fault for binding him out to Tarvey."

Enoch Royce broke in quickly: "It's no case for hanging, sheriff. The boy'd been knocked about till he didn't know what he was doing. MacNaughten will tell you——"

"Already told me," said Tupper. "But I don't know how a jury'd look at it. You can't make out that a crack in the jaw is excuse for murder, Royce. And MacNaughten can only swear to that one blow, by what he told me yesterday."

Royce waved his hands. "Well, I can swear to plenty of others," he said. "I've seen Neil mistreat the boy every time I've been around here—knock him down, kick him, just for the fun of it."

He went on to mention times and places; it was almost, I thought, as if he had kept a watch and record. "Treated him like a dog ever since the day he fetched him home from the poor farm," he declared. "Wonder to me the boy stood it as long as he did."

Tupper regarded him deliberately. "Why didn't you tell me, Royce? Did you figure I didn't care how Tarvey used the boy?"

Royce flushed suddenly. "I"—he hesitated—"I would have told you," he said, "but—but I've always been afraid of Neil. Everybody knows it. I can't help it. I was afraid of what he'd do to me if I told you how he was treating the boy. If I'd guessed it would wind up like this I'd have come to you anyhow, but I thought the boy'd just run off and that'd be the end of it."

"I see." Tupper seemed satisfied. He stooped, wheezing, and lifted Tarvey's shoulder.

"Bare ground under him," he said. "Must have been killed before it started in to snow."

"Yes," said Royce. "It didn't start in to snow till I was pretty near home, and I saw the boy climb into that freight car a good hour before that."

Tupper straightened. I saw his little eyes move as if to consult my grandfather's face, come back to Royce.

"Then he must have been here when you went past last night," he said. "Had to drive right over him, didn't you?"

Royce shook his head. "I didn't come back this way," he said, "or I'd have found him last night. I went up the old road." He moved his hand toward the wooded hillside. "It struck me that I might as well pick up a load of wood and save a trip in after it, so I turned off when I came to the forks and went home that way."

He ran his hand over his forehead.

"I'd promised to draw the widow some of the hickory I've been cutting and I figured I'd better tend to it before snow-fly. I hauled it right on up to her place before I unhitched."

Tupper nodded. At his direction the three of them managed to lift Tarvey's weight and carry it, wading knee-deep in the snow, into the house. Here the sheriff pointed to the old secretary desk. I saw that the lock had been broken, the drawers pulled out, their contents scattered on the rag carpet.

"Robbed him, too," he said. "Must have known Tarvey kept money in the desk."

"He saw me pay Tarvey for some timber," said my grandfather slowly. "That was why I drove up here."

The sheriff glanced through the drawers.

"No money here now," he said. "Happen to remember what kind of bills you paid Tarvey, Andrew?"

"It was gold," said my grandfather. "Five twenty-dollar pieces and some silver dollars."

"If we can find it on him," said Tupper, "that'll settle it. He wouldn't be apt to get gold anywhere else."

He turned to Enoch Royce. "Well, I guess there's nothing else for me to do. Just have to wait till they pick up the boy and then to get him." He paused. "You must be about the nearest kin Tarvey had ...ren't you? I guess you better take charge of things here."

Royce shook his head. "Neil wouldn't be apt to leave his property to me," he said. "He never had much use for me and he's got some cousins on his mother's side that'll probably heir the place. But I'll look after things if you say so, Tupper. You might see Squire Dutton when you get back to town and find out if Neil made a will. And it'd save me a trip down if you'd tell Hendrie to come up and see about the funeral."

It seemed to me that some strange change had taken place inside the man; he had ceased, at any rate, to sweat; his hands were still and his voice had steadied. The thought came to me that perhaps all this was because Neil Tarvey was dead and Enoch Royce would no longer be afraid of him, afraid of being shamed by him.

There was a sound of sleigh bells in the road and we all moved to the door. I knew the shaggy roan and neat single-seated sleigh for the Widow Lowten's. She would be driving down, I guessed, for Sunday dinner at her daughter's in the village. I liked the widow, a soft, plump, pleasantly stupid woman; there had been some talk that Neil Tarvey had been paying her attention lately. I wondered whether the news of this sudden, violent end of him would shock her. The sheriff moved out to the roadside and stopped her.

"Morning, Belle," I heard him say in his fat, sleepy voice. "Say, did Enoch Royce fetch you a load of wood last night?"

The widow seemed as startled by the question as I was myself. I saw her face, already pink from the cold, turn quickly red.

"What if he did?" she said sharply. "What business would it be of yours?"

Tupper shook his head. "None, I guess, as long as he fetched it. And he did, eh?"

"What of it?" she said, more tartly than before.

Royce came quickly forward. "Neil Tarvey's bound boy killed him yesterday," he said. "If I hadn't gone over the old road to draw that load of wood for you I'd have found him here last night. I guess the sheriff had a notion that maybe I did find him." He laughed softly. "I guess he was sort of checking up on what I told him, to find out if I lied."

The woman's face went blank. "Neil killed—who—when ——"

My grandfather laid a hand on Tupper's fat sleeve.

"Let Royce tell her," he said quietly. "He knows more of it than any of us."

Royce, I thought, needed no urging. It seemed to me that the telling of his story somehow magnified him in his own sight. He dwelt, at least, on his part in it, as if eager to take credit for a major rôle in what had happened.

It was a clear, straightforward story, confirmed here and again by what I knew. He had passed Tarvey's house, he said, in the early afternoon, as he carried his last load down to the railroad, and had seen Neil then, splitting stove wood in the shed. He had not seen the boy at that time; he had caught a glimpse of him, scrambling into the empty box car just as the freight train pulled out. He repeated his talk with grandfather accurately enough. Leaving us, he said, he had been reminded by the quickening storm of the wood he had promised to draw for Belle Lowten. By going home over the old road he could pick it up on his way. He had done this, delivered the wood—as Belle could swear—not much later than seven. Driving down over the new road this morning, he had found Tarvey's dead body in the drifted road.

"Lucky for me I took the notion to draw that wood last night," he said. "Guess if I hadn't, Tupper might try to make out that I came this way instead, and that it was me that killed Neil."

The woman seemed to push the suggestion from her as ridiculous.

"You?" There was in her voice something of the contempt I had heard in Neil Tarvey's. I guessed that she might have based her opinion of Enoch Royce on what Neil had said of him. "It was never you," she said. I saw Royce's face redden under the sting of the tone. "The boy might have done it." Her lips tightened. "If the poor creature found the grit to do it, I've small blame for him. Neil Tarvey was a brute to him, first and last."

I saw that whatever truth there might have been in the whisper of Tarvey's interest in her, she was not sorrowing, at least, over his death. It seemed to me that Enoch Royce had something of the same thought; I saw him lift his head to look at her, saw his face lighten queerly, as if he made a discovery that pleased and heartened him.

My grandfather put in a quiet word.

"Belle," he said, "this wood that Royce brought you—had you bargained with him for it beforehand, or was it a sudden notion of his to fetch it to you as a gift?"

His voice seemed to rob the question of the offense it held when Tupper asked it. She answered him calmly and willingly enough.

"There may have been some talk of it," she said, "but there was no bargain. The first news I had of it was when I found him unloading it at my woodhouse door. It was his notion to bring it as a gift, but I wouldn't take it so. I paid him for it."

My grandfather nodded slowly. Enoch Royce swung round to face him. Again I wondered at the change in the man; somewhere he had found courage, yes, and a kind of dignity that sat decently upon him.

"MacNaughten," he said, "I passed over Tupper's hints that I knew more of this affair than I had told, but I won't pass it over at your hands. It is Tupper's trade to suspect and disbelieve; he is paid to thrust his nose deep into other men's concerns. But you have no warrant for ——"

"Royce," said my grandfather, "this is a strange tone for you to use. Yesterday, when we talked here, butter would not have melted in your mouth. Today you have shed your old manners as a man might put off a ragged coat. I am wondering where you have found this sudden courage, Royce."

It seemed to me that the man slid back into the ragged coat of my grandfather's figure.

"Surely," he said, "even a man who has no appetite for quarrels will resent it if he hears himself slyly charged with murder! It is no secret that I was afraid of Neil Tarvey; I want no trouble with you or any other man, but I will not listen patiently to veiled hints that there is blood on my hands."

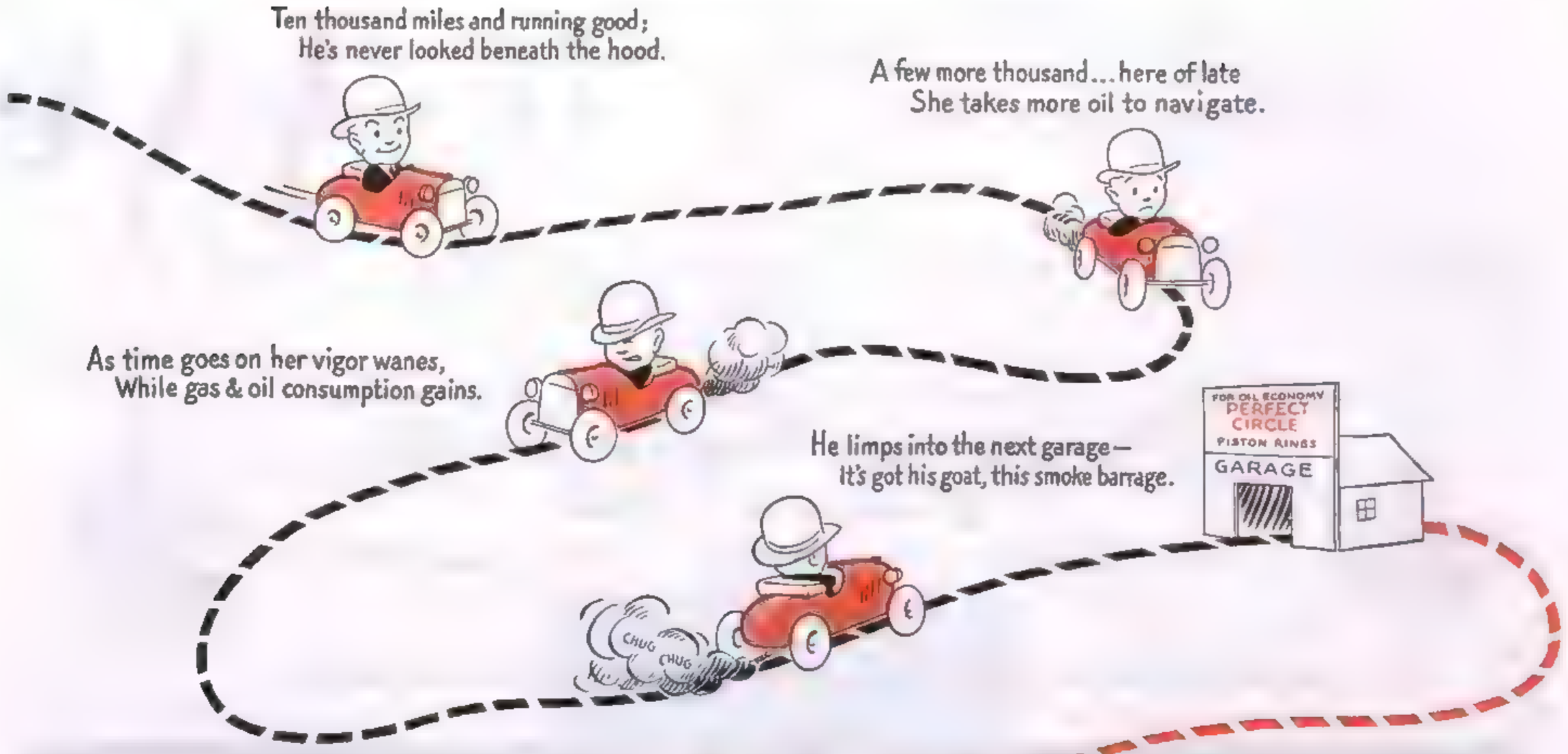
"Then," said my grandfather, "I will give you more than just the hint. I will make the charge, Royce, that you killed Neil Tarvey. Will you listen patiently to that?"

Royce's lean shoulders straightened slowly and his head went up. Just so, I thought, any honest man would have looked under such an accusation; for once I could even forgive him the sudden wetness of his brow. Yesterday my grandfather himself had told Neil Tarvey that fear might bring out sweat like this on a man's face, fear or any sharp and heavy strain on nerve or wit.

"I am bound to listen," said Royce. "You would not make that charge without some evidence that must seem almost proof. And if there is such evidence I am bound to hear it. Why do you think I killed Neil Tarvey, MacNaughten?"

"For many reasons," my grandfather told him quietly. "First, in such cases, it is laid upon the state to establish motive, and I will begin there. You hated Tarvey, Royce, even more bitterly than you feared him; you hated him so that when you forced yourself to fawn on him and flatter

Continued on Page 131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(Continued from Page 126)

him, the effort of it made you sweat—as you are sweating now!"

"Come," said Royce. I thought he found again the queer new heart of which my grandfather had spoken. "I am sweating now, you say. Does this prove that I am plotting to kill you, MacNaughten, or Tupper?" He waved his hand. "But say that it is true—say that I hated him. Will you try me for his murder on that evidence?"

"Slowly," said my grandfather. "You hated him. It is the oldest motive, and the strongest, but it is not enough to make a murderer out of a timid man. You had a better one, Royce—those timberlands that were left to Neil Tarvey under a life tenancy and will come to you now that he is dead. Just now, when Tupper spoke of the inheritance, you were quick to tell him that you looked for no share in Tarvey's estate. Had you forgotten the timberlands, Royce? Or did you think I did not know about them?"

"I did not think that Tupper meant to refer to them," said Royce evenly. "It seemed to me that he had in mind only the house here, and the farm, in which I have no chance of sharing unless Neil died intestate. But grant that count too. I will succeed to certain tracts of timber by Neil's death. You argue that I must have killed him, therefore?"

"I lay bare a motive," said my grandfather. "You knew that Tarvey was in treaty to sell off the timber, as he had a right, under the terms of the will, to sell it, leaving nothing but barren cut-over lands for you. It is another reason, Royce, but I do not call it proof."

"Then come to your proofs and be done!" Royce showed a flash of anger. "Suppose I had a hundred reasons to kill Tarvey, the fact would mean nothing without solid proof that I did kill him."

"We will come to proofs soon enough," said my grandfather. "You knew that Tarvey made it his habit to mistreat the bound-out pauper he took from the county farm, but you said no word of this to Tupper. Because, you say, you were afraid of Tarvey's anger if he learned that you had told. But yesterday, when you heard me warn Tarvey against the boy, you made light of the danger, belittled it. I wonder, Royce, whether you did not cling to a hope, until you saw that boy crawl into the empty freight car last night, that he might do the killing for you. I wonder ——"

"I wonder," Royce broke in hotly, "when we shall hear your proofs. All this is wild guesswork, against which there is the weight of all the evidence. Even if there had been no mistreated, sulking pauper here, even if he had not disappeared, none of these things you advance would have a feather's weight in court."

"Very well. We shall come to proof then." My grandfather spoke more soberly. "By your own account, you saw the bound boy climb aboard the way freight. That would be a little after five."

"Nearer half-past," said Royce. "The train was late."

"Half-past, then. You stopped to speak to Luke and me, at our lane end, a little after six. You say that you took the old road across the hill, picked up a load of firewood and drew it to Belle Lowten's. You were there, she says, by seven."

"Yes. And unless you impeach your own testimony or Belle Lowten's, you prove that I could have had no hand in Tarvey's murder," said Royce eagerly. "There would have been no time for me to drive on here, after I saw you, to kill Tarvey, to drive back to the end of the old road and so across the hill to my woodlot and to Belle's by seven, stopping to load my wagon on the way. The thing couldn't be done, MacNaughten."

"No," said my grandfather, "and it was not done. You drove on here, Royce, after you left us. You found Neil Tarvey in the road. I do not know how the quarrel rose between you, nor how you laid hand on the harness knife, but I know that you killed him with it. I know that it was you who broke into his old secretary desk and scattered his papers about. You could not drag him out of the road, though, when you tried it; you must leave him there, and leaving him, you must invent this story of going round by the old road to explain why, if the boy had killed him, you had not found him."

I could see the beads standing out on Enoch Royce's face, but he showed no other sign of any inner strain.

"So," my grandfather went on, "you whipped up your team and drove on to your own house. And while you drove the thought came to you to build up evidence of innocence by drawing a load of wood to Belle Lowten. You had made no bargain with her, but you could bring her this one load, all the same, as a neighbor's gift. So ——"

Royce struck in quickly: "So, you say, I drove back over my end of the old road, a good mile and a half, to my woodlot and still came to Belle's by seven! All in a thick drive of snow, and at night too! Your story falls to pieces, MacNaughten, of its own weight."

"No," said my grandfather. "Because that is not part of my story. You had no need to drive into your woodlot: there was plenty of hickory to be had at your woodpile beside your house. You threw on a load of it and went on to Belle's. I make sure, Royce, that you found excuse to ask her what time it was."

I saw the woman stiffen and nod. Royce, too, saw it. He shrugged his shoulders.

"There's so much truth in it, at least," he said. "My watch had stopped and I asked Belle what time it was. She will tell you that she saw me wind and set the watch."

Again Belle Lowten nodded. My grandfather paid no heed.

"That is what happened, Royce," he said.

"I hear you tell me so," said Royce, "but I am still waiting to hear your proof."

"Look," said my grandfather. "We have here two fixed, proved points—in place and time. At my lane end at six, at Belle Lowten's next, at seven. To pass between those two points within the hour, either you drove along this road here, where you would have us believe that Neil Tarvey lay dead, or you went, as you claim, by the old road across the hill. These are the two choices, and the only two."

"One," said Royce, "is enough for me. I went by the old road, I tell you."

"And I tell you"—my grandfather's voice rang out strongly—"that you came by this one. And the dry, bare road where we found Neil Tarvey lying dead proves that he lay there before more than a dust of snow had fallen. If he lay there when you came, Royce, how did you pass him? Why did you drive on and leave him lying there, and say no word to Belle Lowten? Was it because you were afraid to give the alarm until there had been time enough to leave no risk that we should find the body with warmth still in it? Or was it because ——"

"I tell you," said Royce harshly, "that I took the other road. You have built up a cock-and-bull story, but you have no shred of proof. It is my word against your guess, MacNaughten."

"It is the truth," said my grandfather, "against a lie."

"Yes," said Royce. He had recovered the queer, new courage and he spoke almost flippantly. "Let's see you prove which is which, then."

"And that is an easy task," said my grandfather. "For the truth is an open road and the man who travels by it looks about him and may see the country and remember it. But a lie, Royce, is a covered bridge, and the man who crosses by it walks in darkness. How did you cross Alberson's Gully, Royce, last night, if the old bridge fell yesterday?"

I saw the sweat stand out again on Enoch Royce's face, suddenly the color of a toad's belly. He would have tried to run if Calvin Tupper's hand had not fallen on his shaking shoulder; he broke out suddenly into crazy, babbling entreaties and excuses. My grandfather drew me away from the ugly sight and sound of him.

There was no speech between us as we plodded back through the deep snow, leading my horse by the bridle rein, until we came to the dark bridge that crossed the gully. There was nothing pleasant, now, about my fear of it, and I set foot unwillingly on the scarred, resounding planks.

My grandfather's hand rested on my shoulder, as if he knew what was in my mind.

"A covered bridge," he said softly. "If Enoch Royce had traveled by the open road he would have looked about him, Luke. But his lie, that he made so carefully fast at either end, carried him blindfold. And see how pitifully weak it was at its middle. He did not even know whether the old bridge across the gully had fallen; there are a hundred such breaks, a thousand, in every bridge of lies."

The word woke a sudden question in my mind. We had spent all of yesterday together; there had been no word, in my hearing, of any broken bridge.

"How did you know the old bridge was down?" I asked him.

"I did not know it," he said, "because I have not gone that way to see. It was a dark bridge for me; unless Royce had told the truth, it must be as dark for him."

He squared his shoulders as we came out of the shadow into clear sunlight, shining on clean snow.

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Liquid

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Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

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*Lafayette Pattern Coffee Urn Set, Chromium Plate, Blue Diamond Finish*

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*New Jeweled and Period Designs in Nickel, Silver and Chromium Plate*

*Jeweled pieces mounted with Sapphire, Garnet or Jade Berylite. Silk cords and crystal tops to match.*

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

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**Now available on a pre-war basis**

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THROUGH improved manufacturing processes and mass production UNIVERSAL appliances can again be had at the low prices prevailing before the war, when a dollar had nearly twice the purchasing power it has today.

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Sponsored by a manufacturing experience of over seventy-five years, our trade mark UNIVERSAL assures a lifetime of satisfactory service. It has stood the "test of time" and represents the best value obtainable, whether that value be measured by quality of materials, by workmanship, by attractiveness of design or by performance in the home.

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*"Master Metalsmiths for over three quarters of a century"*

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Heaters from $4.50 to $8.00

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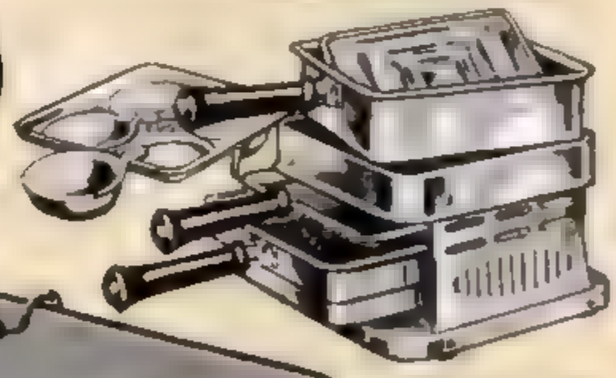
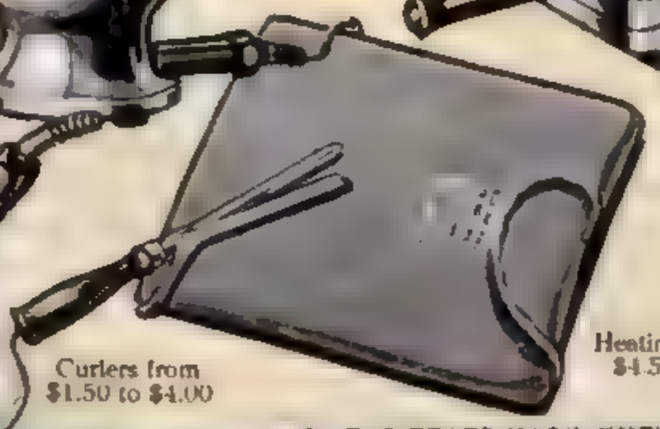


Table Stoves from $7.95 to $5.50



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THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

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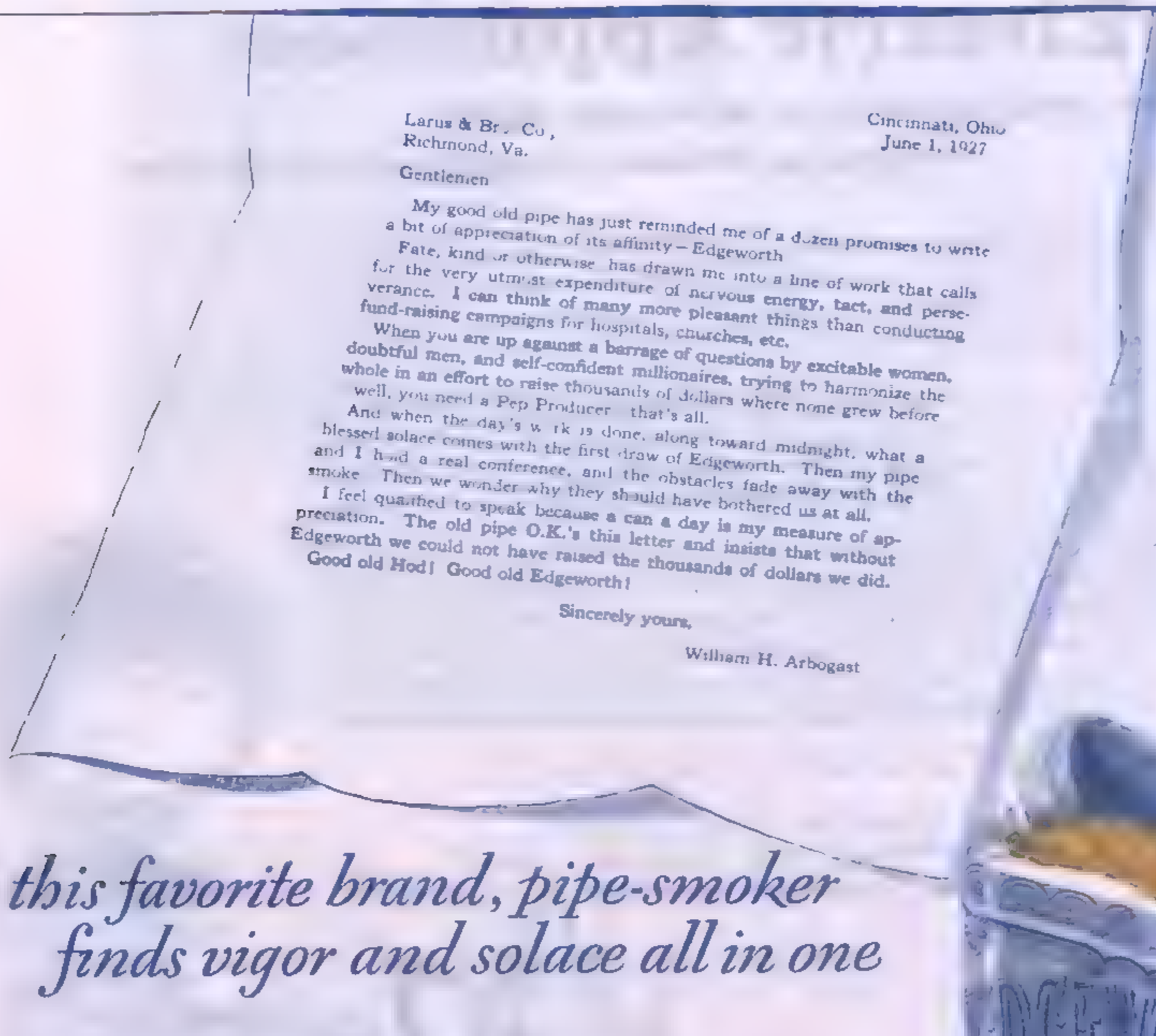
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

# PEPS *him up all day long . . . .*
# SOOTHES *him when the sun sets!*



Larus & Br. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Cincinnati, Ohio
June 1, 1927

Gentlemen

My good old pipe has just reminded me of a dozen promises to write a bit of appreciation of its affinity—Edgeworth

Fate, kind or otherwise, has drawn me into a line of work that calls for the very utmost expenditure of nervous energy, tact, and perseverance. I can think of many more pleasant things than conducting fund-raising campaigns for hospitals, churches, etc.

When you are up against a barrage of questions by excitable women, doubtful men, and self-confident millionaires, trying to harmonize the whole in an effort to raise thousands of dollars where none grew before well, you need a Pep Producer that's all.

And when the day's work is done, along toward midnight, what a blessed solace comes with the first draw of Edgeworth. Then my pipe and I hold a real conference, and the obstacles fade away with the smoke. Then we wonder why they should have bothered us at all.

I feel qualified to speak because a can a day is my measure of appreciation. The old pipe O.K.'s this letter and insists that without Edgeworth we could not have raised the thousands of dollars we did.

Good old Hod! Good old Edgeworth!

Sincerely yours,

William H. Arbogast

*Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice are both sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes*

*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.*

## *In this favorite brand, pipe-smoker finds vigor and solace all in one*

LET a man find just the right tobacco, and his pipe sure does become a true and faithful friend—a constant companion through his sorrows and his joys. It is ready to encourage him during the rush of the day, and soothe him in the hush of the evening when a pipe, a book, and an easy chair make the world a pleasant place to live in.

If you would like to find out just what it is about this pipe "affinity" (as Mr. Arbogast so aptly calls it) that binds together so closely members of the Edgeworth Club all over the world, let us send you samples of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice to try in your own pipe.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these generous samples you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it—its likable quality is always the same in every season.

# JONAH

(Continued from Page 31)

The morning of the special divisional shoot that was to be run off for the benefit of some baker's dozen of senators and representatives, a hoary and aged wharf rat lost his footing on a cross beam and fell upon Genevieve's forward deck. Thereafter it fled aft at the gallop and scuttled ashore via the gangway, where four of Genevieve's crew could see it leaving the boat, and quaked to their marrowbones. During the shoot Genevieve fired only one shot out of four, and that went almost one hundred yards wide of the target ship, and it took quite two hours to locate it, bring it alongside and secure it on deck, during which time Gus Mastick put the palm of his hand smack on the burning smudge and fried it quite thoroughly. Furthermore, it was known smilingly in the division that Genevieve's periscope had been sighted three times during the attack and that on paper Genevieve had ceased to exist.

It was that evening that Mr. Middleton, the skipper, stirred his coffee desultorily in the deserted mess and frowned at Mr. Burns, his second in command.

"Al," said Mr. Middleton, "what is the matter with us?"

Mr. Burns named several and sundry punishments that might be inflicted upon his immortal soul if he knew. "The whole outfit is shot to hell. They jump if you speak to them, and they go around looking as if they hadn't been paid since Josephus Daniels was secretary. They've gone yellow—that's what's the matter. The chief tried to tell me a couple of days ago. It's got something to do with Eagle Beak, what's his name?—McCraber."

"The cook?"

Mr. Burns nodded. "They don't like him. Half of them are afraid of him, for some reason or other. Big Gallagher hasn't spoken a word to him for weeks and won't look him in the face."

"But the rest of them get along with him all right?"

"Not according to Jardine. They just hang around with him because he's easy to kid. He is dumb, you know. Came up the other day and asked me for a requisition for two new vents. Said the old vents had been cracked in a dive the day before."

Mr. Middleton scowled. "He ought to know his oats by this time."

"Oh, they've hounded the poor kid until he doesn't know his ear from his elbow."

An hour later Pago-Pago, the Filipino Blight who lost Mr. Middleton's laundry, ate his toothpaste and stole his cigarettes, found Jardine, the chief petty officer, and managed to get it across that he was to report himself at Mr. Middleton's quarters pronto. Thereafter Jardine spent a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour unloading the story of ten great healthy men who were convinced that the only thing that stood between them and a mucky entrance into the hereafter were a horseshoe, crossed fingers, swastikas and rabbits' feet.

Mr. Middleton laughed. Mr. Middleton frowned. Mr. Middleton swore and called solemnly upon the gods that be to witness the fact that the Navy had gone sour—yea, under his very eyes—sour, soft and senile. Mr. Middleton asked if it would be required of him to go aboard Genevieve nightly and croon his men to sleep with soft lullabies, or to hold the trimmers' hands soothingly as they pounded depth-gauge rims, or mayhap provide lavender water and smelling-salts racks within reach of the Kingston valve releases, or would it be sufficient if he merely put in a request for a few nursemaids, first-class, to whom he might deputize these duties.

Jardine listened to the suggestions most uncomfortably while the warm blood of embarrassment crept up his neck and his feet took the fidgets; then very apologetically he offered the alternative.

What finally happened to Genevieve is nobody's business, and it is put down with the greatest tact and the sincere hope that all honest men who read it will lock it within their souls forevermore, and for the honor of the service, forget it.

There were, in the forward torpedo room that fateful day, Buck Gallagher, Gus Mastick and Jerry Jerome, together with three rabbits' feet, three Mizpah rings and the horseshoe on the bulkhead. Just outside, in the battery-room gloom, Finlay McCraber crouched to pass the firing word, for Genevieve, ever since the divisional-shoot fiasco, had entered upon a vicious program of problems that kept her continually cleared for action under active service conditions, as a theoretical raiding submarine preying on theoretical enemy shipping and blockade cruisers should be. In fact, so far had Mr. Middleton's ingenuity, fanned by the flames of his righteous anger, gone that Genevieve's crew had not breathed one full breath of leisure in more days than they had fingers.

On the day in question, Genevieve had no more than entered into the first ten seconds of her first crash dive when "Collision stations!" roared through her inwards. Finlay dove into the torpedo room as Buck Gallagher and Jerry slammed the door and threw down the clamps, shutting the four of them off from the rest of the boat. Almost immediately the lights snapped off, leaving them in total darkness. A moment later Genevieve was felt to settle gently upon the sandy bottom. Thereafter there was no sound of anything save the soft breathing of four men. It went on and on and on.

Ten minutes by Gus' radium watch; then there came a hoarse whisper: "Say, ya don't suppose—ya don't suppose ——" The breathing, quickened until it soughed like the passing of wings in the darkness.

Someone said, "No, n-nothing's really happened. It's just ——"

"But the lights?"

"We was notified of a drill, wasn't we?"

"My Gawd! The bulkhead's cold! You don't suppose the battery room's flooded?"

"It is cold! Say, how many fathoms do you think?"

"Not more'n three, anyways. My Gawd! Do you really suppose —— I knew it—I knew it! Wha'd I tell ya!" Panic swept suddenly through the rabbit footers and lashed them with the quirt of fear. They huddled together, shivering. Then it came. A dull, metallic vibration above their heads. Jerry reached upward with trembling hands and put his finger tips against the pipes. It was being beaten out with a hammer from somewhere aft, and the dots and dashes were almost impossible to differentiate. His imagination did the rest.

"It's true!" he croaked. "We caught it! Oh, what'll we do? What'll we do?"

Then quite suddenly, and without any reason behind it all save the fact that none of them could swim and Finlay could, they grabbed him and their breathing buffeted his face in great gusts.

"Lissen, before it's too late. They'll be chlorine, with the battery room flooded ——"

"We're not deep—only a couple of fathoms, Finlay! Ya gotta do it!"

"You ain't foolin' me now?"

"No, honest ta Gawd we ain't! They wouldn't of signaled if they could get help any other way. You gotta!"

"Ya gotta get ashore—ya c'n do it easy—an' telephone the base—an' ——"

Finlay struggled mightily as they lifted him and threw him off his feet.

"Hey, wait a minute! You ain't foolin' me? Hey, hey, fellas! All right!" He went limp, fear creeping into his own heart. "All right, fellas, I'll do it."

They shoved him in the upper starboard tube, headfirst, scraping his shoulder miserably on the breech. There was a clank and a frightful moment of desperate panic; then Finlay, in a milk-white column of bubbles, was catapulted headlong, with the blood bursting in his temples and his lungs dead within him. He thrashed mightily upward through the water, toward the screen of light above him, and made it just as his mouth opened for air. He floated for a second; then he turned over and started furiously for Devil's Point Light. He had taken twenty strokes when he heard the sound of an exhaust behind him, and a hail.

There was Genevieve, dripping and gleaming in the sunlight. Three minutes later he was aboard.

"Gee, I'm glad, sir," he said. "I'm glad you got it fixed. I mightn't have made it. It's a long way an' I hurt my shoulder."

Mr. Middleton put a hand on his arm.

"Good boy," he said. "Straddle up there aft of the bridge. You'll dry off in a few minutes. Take off your shoes."

Mr. Middleton said nothing further. Genevieve turned around and started back. She chugged up the river in dripping, black silence, and in silence she tied up. In silence Mr. Middleton stood at the gangway and ever and anon, as a man came up from below and caught his eye, that man flushed pink to his hair roots and looked quickly away.

When Mr. Middleton left with Mr. Burns, Hoke Evans cupped his hands and yelled to Jardine:

"The captain says to get a crew ready, chief, an' paint out them yellow streaks."

Finlay was worried. He looked Genevieve over carefully; then he went up to Hoke and said, "What was it happened?"

Hoke looked at him closely for a moment. "Finlay, my boy, it wasn't nothing but a drill, but I'll say you got more guts than any yellow buzzard aboard this tin can, an' if they open their traps to you any more, you let me know about it."

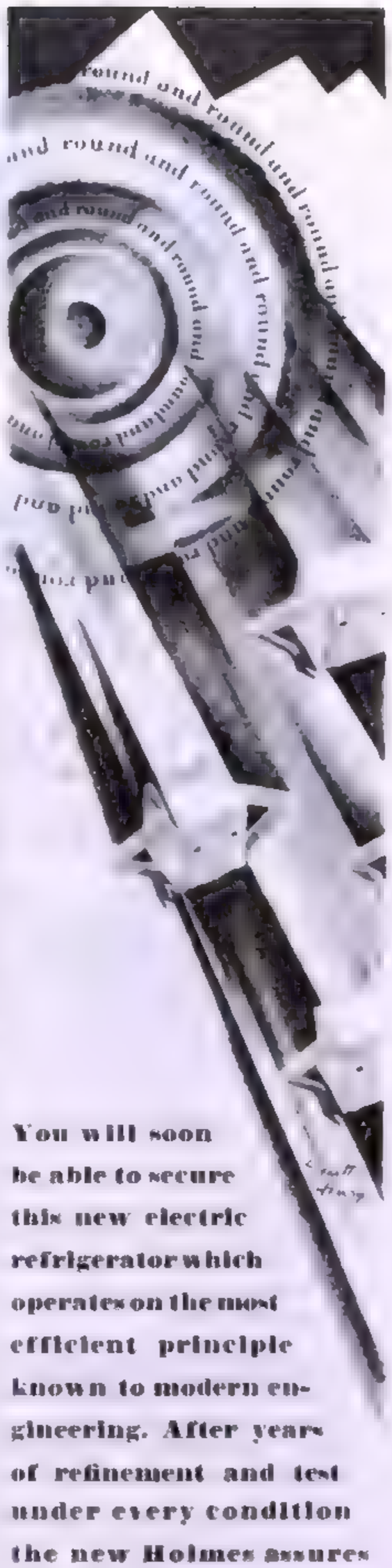
"Wasn't nothing?" Finlay's mouth dropped open. "You ain't foolin' me now? It must of been somethin'! We heard the signals—you mean they was just foolin' me?"

"That was just practice, too, son—communication practice. Sparks asked you fellas forward 'Who was the governor of a certain state' and 'How long was a piece of string'—that's all. You was supposed to answer us back just to show you heard us. We tried it on all the compartments, an' when you guys didn't answer, we blew an' came up."

"Then they was foolin' me!"

"Well," said Hoke, "if you ask me, I'd say they was so scared they fooled themselves too."

"So they was foolin' me, hey?" Finlay's mouth closed tightly like the mouth of an angry goldfish, and two red spots appeared on each side of his nose, the tip of which went suddenly white. "They been foolin' me for three months—they been foolin' me, d'y' hear? I know it!" He turned around and started wildly along the deck. He leaped across the gangway and stood in front of Buck Gallagher. "You been foolin' me!" he yelled in Buck Gallagher's face.



You will soon be able to secure this new electric refrigerator which operates on the most efficient principle known to modern engineering. After years of refinement and test under every condition the new Holmes assures *trouble free* refrigeration for the home.

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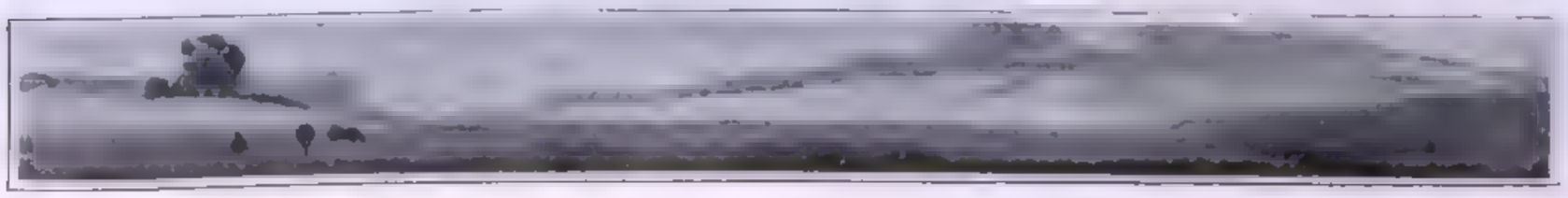
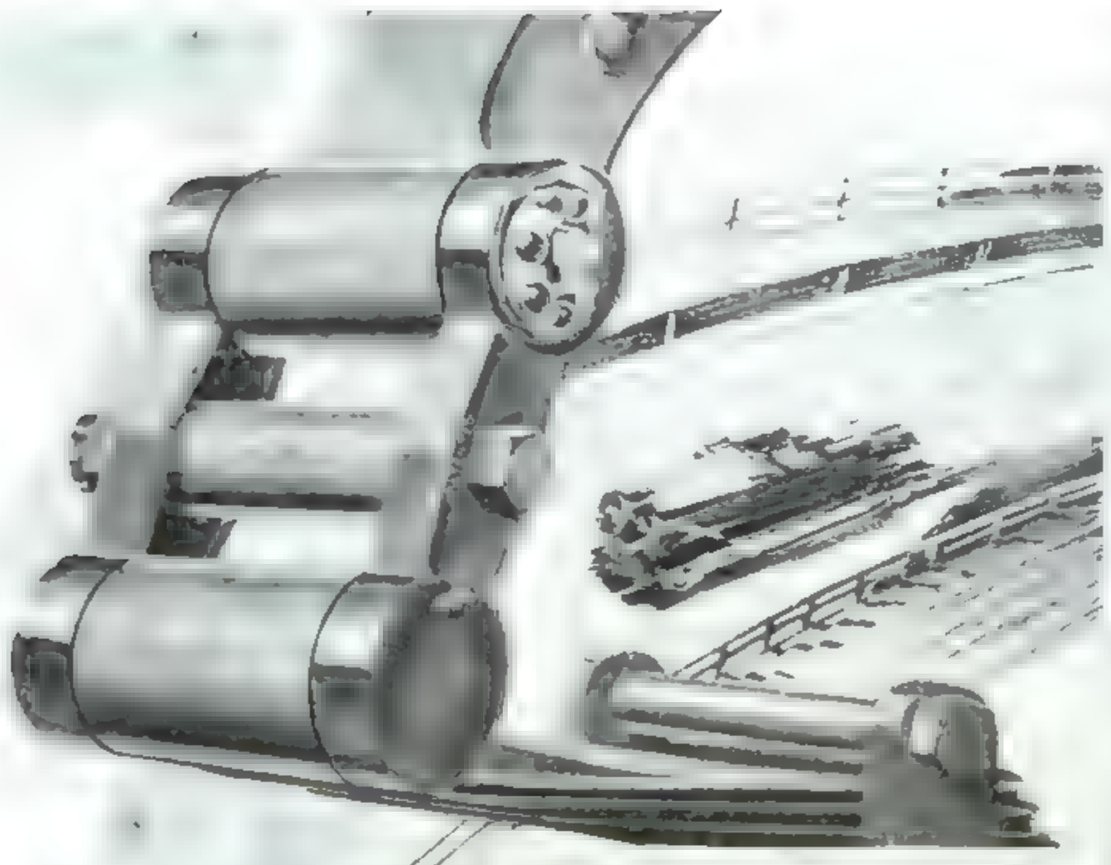
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR





# 30,000 miles *in* 26,326 minutes

## *on Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles*

WHIRLING around the Atlantic City Speedway a Studebaker President Eight Roadster speeded to a new stock car record of 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes—an average of 68.37 miles per hour for 19 nights and 20 days. Three minutes later another roadster—then two President Eight Sedans—flashed across the finish line—all averaging better than 63 miles per hour for the 30,000 gruelling miles.

For 120,000 miles Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles were in continuous motion—carrying more than 80% of the weight of the cars—under tremendous side strain when turning corners and skidding on the wet track. Despite the severity of the conditions, Fafnir Shackles required no lubrication—no mechanical attention of any sort throughout the entire run. At the finish, the shackles were performing as efficiently and silently as the first hour of the test.

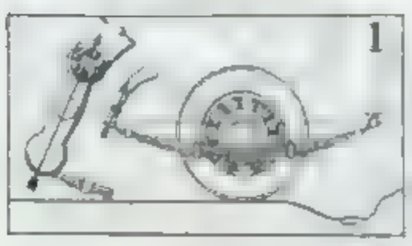
With Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles greasing is eliminated at the twelve points which, in the past, required greasing most often. Spring action is free and unvarying. No squeaks, no rattles, no sidesway are possible, ever. New car riding comfort remains a luxury to be enjoyed for the life of the car.

*Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles are available as replacements for most makes of cars. Distributors are now being appointed.*

THE FAFNIR BEARING CO. — *Shackle Division* — New Britain, Conn.
*Distributors for Canada*
Knight Rebound Controllers, Ltd., 752 King Street, East, Hamilton, Ont.

# FAFNIR

## BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES




1 *Normal position of shackles and spring when driving on a smooth road.*

2 *Extended position of shackles and flattened spring when wheels strike a hole or a bump.*

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE *of* BALL BEARINGS MADE IN AMERICA

and he clipped that gentleman upon the jaw in the manner that is called making hay. Buck lay down and slept. Finlay jumped across him to Gus Mastick and yelled, "You been foolin' me about new vents!" And he tapped that man down also. Then he whirled around on Jerry Jerome, and he said, "You been foolin' me too!" And he put his head down and rammed Jerry on the wishbone, doubling him into a sitting posture and leaving him gasping.

Hoke Evans caught him from behind and lifted his feet off the ground. "Finlay! Stop it! Whyn't you tell somebody you c'd fight? Come on, cut it out, boy! We need you fer the bouts. Don't bust a mitt on them swabs!"

Finlay's arms stopped flaying and his feet touched the planking.

"No!" he yelled. "Git the rest of 'em, anybody. I'm gonna eat 'em all up! Let me alone, Hoke! They been foolin' me! I'm gonna hit 'em all! Bring 'em out here!" He waved his arms again.

"Sure," said Hoke, "you're gonna clean 'em all up at the eliminations on Sat'd'y, but you better rest awhile now."

"You ain't foolin' me?" said Finlay.

Hoke shook his head solemnly. "I never fooled you, Finlay, much. It was the bright boys done it, but I guess they won't do it no more. Shake hands."

But Finlay did not clean them all up at the eliminations.

He stood in front of Mr. Middleton's desk and twisted his cap in his hands.

"The chief and I were talking you over a couple of weeks ago, McCraber."

"Yes, sir?"

"And he thought you weren't getting along very well. Thought perhaps you might want to try another boat or go onto destroyers."

"No, sir. That wasn't it. I didn't say anything about that; I only said I'd like to maybe take a torpedo course when I got a chance."

Mr. Middleton nodded. "Mr. Burns said you spoke to him about that. Well, it's been arranged, and you're to report on the third."

"Aw, gee!" said Finlay. "That's slick, sir."

"Yes, I thought you'd like it."

"But, say, sir, when I git finished, I c'n come back to Genevieve, can't I?"

Mr. Middleton frowned. "You want to come back? I thought you didn't get on with the crew very well?"

"Aw, hey; they used to fool me a lot, but they stopped that now, sir."

"They used to fool you—you mean they hazed you?"

"Yes, sir, but I guess I fooled them, too, so it's sorta quits."

"How's that?"

Finlay looked down at his feet and flushed. "Well, sir, my pop's an undertaker out home, an' I wanted to be an undertaker, too, because I guess it's a pretty nice business to be in. An' of course I used to sit up sometimes with Joe an' Mac they work for pop, you see—an' we'd mebbe play three-handed euchre at nights an' I liked it. An' I didn't mean to at first, but I guess I got all the boys on Genevieve to believin' I was a real undertaker, which I wasn't, but just got the stories from hearin' Mac, who's a real embarrmer, an' Joe talk. So that's how I fooled them."

Mr. Middleton bit his lips in a mighty effort. "I see," he said. "Well, you shouldn't have deceived them that way. Tell me, do you still want to be a real undertaker?"

Finlay shook his head sadly. "No, sir, I can't be. Pop—pop told me that I'd have to give it up on account—on account of my face." Finlay grinned sheepishly. "I guess it is sorta funny-looking, an' of course you hafta be solemn an' dignified in that business."

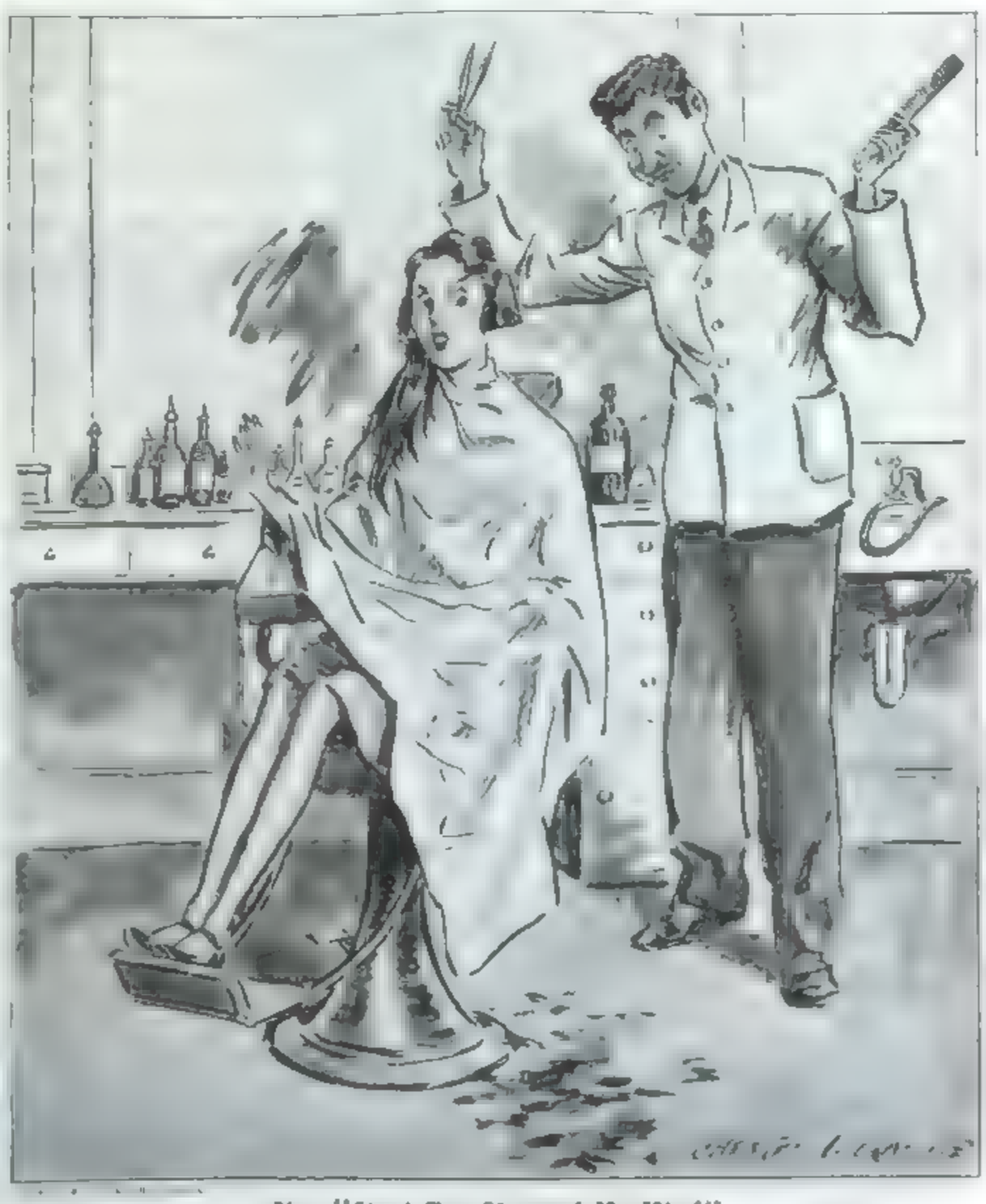
"McCraber," said Mr. Middleton, "when you're ready, you let me know, and wild horses won't keep you from coming back to Genevieve."

"Yes, sir—oh, thank you, sir! An' I won't fool them any more, cross my heart!"

Mr. Middleton held out his hand. Finlay rubbed his on his hip, before taking the skipper's.

"Good luck, and work hard."

"Aw, hey! You ain't foolin' me! I'll work all right, sir."



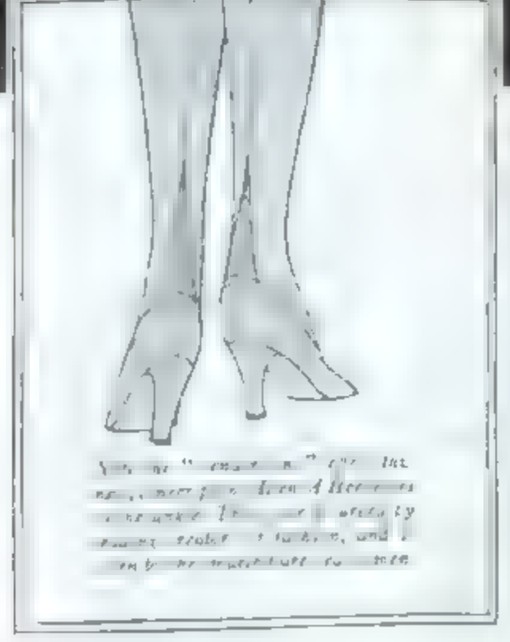
*Shot "Stop! I've Changed My Mind"*

# *Found! by* Screen Stars

*—A Certain Type of Hosiery that makes Legs More Slender and Shapely*

ESTHER RALSTON
PARAMOUNT FEATURE PLAYER

*selects this lovely new creation with the smart Allen-A Heel*



A RECENT discovery of screen stars now throws an entirely new light on the importance of hosiery *to shapeliness of ankle and leg.* It means much to every woman.

For, when a certain type of hosiery was worn, it was found that even the most perfectly formed legs seemed more attractive. Ankles slimmer. Legs more graceful. Knees more rounded.

That is why screen stars of the rank of Esther Ralston are turning to this new type of hosiery.

Miss Ralston selects this new Allen-A hose* that women the country over have asked for. A gloriously clear Service Sheer, with the smart Allen-A Heel. *And very reasonably priced.*

It is full-fashioned to hug ankle, leg and knee creaselessly. It has an extra-fine, soft lisle foot that wears amazingly. And the Allen-A Heel not only makes the ankle appear marvelously slender, but reinforces the heel as well.

You will find this Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3750. Only $1.50 the pair. If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*[illegible] $1.50 [illegible] $3.00 the pair

# Allen-A *Hosiery*

*For Men, Women and Children*

# 7 of New York's largest hospitals say . .

## *"Avoid harsh toilet papers"*

*Preferred by Careful Housewives*

Made only of fresh, pure materials, Scott tissues contain no impurities. They are strong. Yet amazingly soft and absorbent.

Feel Scott tissues: they are like old linen. They sink instantly in water, evidence of their high absorbency. Millions of women know they cannot find toilet paper anywhere of greater luxury or more complete safety.

PERHAPS you are accustomed to buying "just any" toilet paper.

But if you could talk, as we did recently, to seven of New York's greatest hospitals, you would quickly see the harm you may be doing your family.

"There is no doubt," one hospital puts it, "that the repeated use of harsh paper can cause considerable irritation, and that this irritation is also a possible seat of infection."

### *Many papers unsafe*

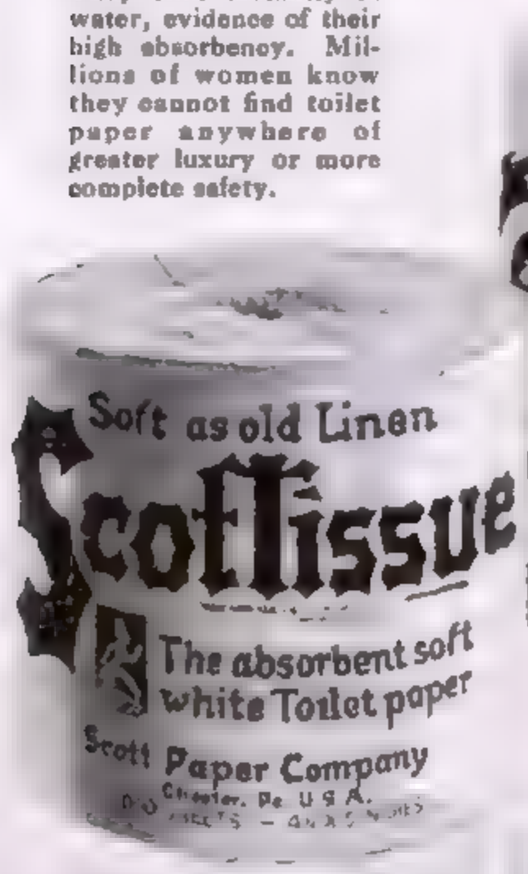
Many papers today are hard-finished -harsh. Certainly they do not cleanse properly. Often they are made with impure by-products.

To be safe," New York hospitals say, "look for three things in toilet paper—Softness, Absorbency, Purity."

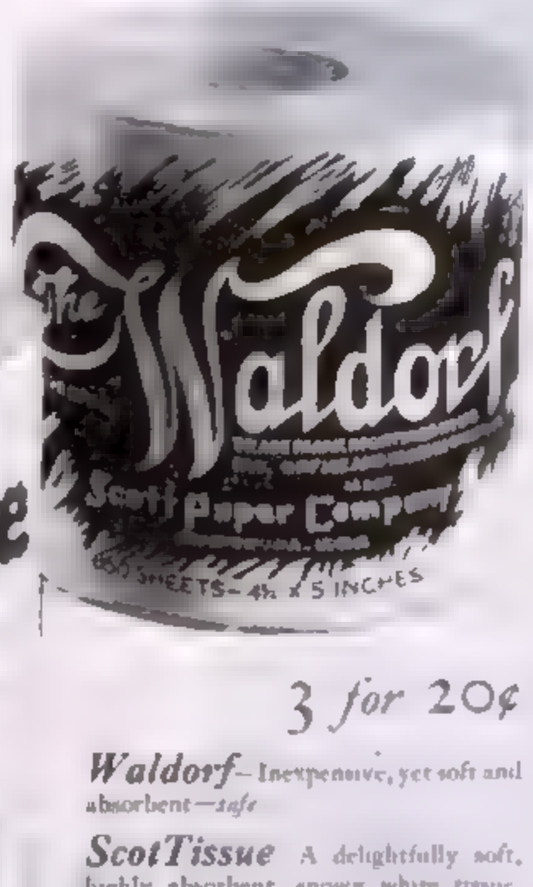
In two famous special tissues—ScotTissue and Waldorf, you will find these important qualities.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are made for their purpose. They have great absorbency, in order to cleanse thoroughly. They are specially soft, to avoid injury to delicate membranes. Laboratory tests show them entirely free from mechanical and chemical impurities.

The next time you buy toilet paper ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. More than 107,000,000 rolls are being bought this year by careful American housewives. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.




2 *for* 25¢




3 *for* 20¢

***Waldorf***—Inexpensive, yet soft and absorbent—*safe*

***ScotTissue*** A delightfully soft, highly absorbent, snowy white tissue Preferred by many fastidious housewives

**Fit standard built-in fixtures. These prices for United States only.**

Copyright, 1928, by Scott Paper Co


# GAMBLER'S GOLD

*Continued from Page 11*

gold to carry. There's nobody would steal from Dan Shanley."

"You'd baby me!" Kit Levett cried resentfully. "I tell you, Dan, I can sleep with one eye open with the best of them. You couldn't lay a finger on me that I wouldn't be awake. I'd feel the dust going out of that belt like blood flowing out of me."

So Dan Shanley went away to take his trick at the wheel. It was a soft night, plum-colored low down, and the stars showing low, and a silver swirl of water under the brig's black counter. The leech overhead rippled and snapped.

*"Oh, Californy—*
*That's the land for me;*
*I'm going to Calaveras*
*With my washbowl on my knee."*

He sang under his breath, and he was thinking that nothing was better than the wheel of a good ship, so long as her pumps would suck and her sails would fill. The cook had a devil in him—a demon as big as a ground hog by actual measurement—and he served rascally dinners of codfish and hard-tack, but Dan Shanley wasn't finicky about his food.

He saw Daphne Chase standing against the rail in that bright-colored serape that was too big for her, and a muslin petticoat with scarlet flounce, and blue satin shoes.

"You'll be going home?" he said to her.

"To my aunt in Maine. I'm sick of the gambling tents and all the beards and rubber boots and the red flannel shirts."

"I'll shave tomorrow. I've got a razor duller than a lecture on woman's rights."

"You can't escape the gamblers. You'll see; Larry Pingree will start his faro bank as soon as the blacklegs get their sea legs."

"Faro. That's good for a time, but there's no music like the spin and clatter of a wheel," Dan said, looking aloft and keeping the wind on his left cheek bone. "I was a gambler myself before I signed the contract against gaming."

"And against women," Daphne Chase said. "You're not forgetting that."

"Ay, and women. That's a deprivation too. Still, there's no love like that between man and man. There's no bond like partnership."

"So I think too. It asks nothing and gives everything—the shirt off your back and maybe the soul out of your breast. Many the time I've thought, would to God I had been born a man," the girl cried softly, and stepped a step away with the roll of the brig. She came back closer and tapped the brass telltale spoke with her forefinger.

"That's a fair wish," Dan said. "The man is freer-footed, and he doesn't carry the burdens. I've never talked long to any woman that she didn't use those very words to me—she'd want to be a man."

"But not any man—that doesn't mean. A man like you."

"Well, naturally. And on the other hand, mark you, I've never known a man that would wish himself to be a woman, even in a dream. But do you not be turning into a man on my hands. Why, there's not a mortal man under the canopy of heaven with eyes like yours," says Dan, forgetting one of the clauses in his contract. "I like you better as you are. Why should you be a man?"

"Well, then I mightn't be a slave."

"There's slavery enough in men. Look at my poor partner, slaving in the mines, when he should be sitting in a counting house. And now what is he but a slave to his gold, shackled to it there, and never moving from his bunk? He'll go to the bottom with it sooner than swim without it, let me tell you."

"That's one kind of man. Now you yourself wouldn't be so foolish, I know."

"Not I. I'll never break my rest, sleeping with one eye open. Why, for that matter, all the time we were panning the gold rivers, Kit and I, I was thinking, 'Wasn't it for Kit, I could dig it quicker out of the gambling tents; and what little gold we had would be only just the mist before the shower.' But he wouldn't have it, and more than once the little beggar browbeat me for sitting lazing, watching the Mexicans and the Celestials blowing gold in their brass bowls—you know, shaking it up and blowing the dross over the edge, but not too hard or the gold goes with it. Dear, dear, how they slaved—all but the Indians—and mind you, there's a heavy tax on the Chinese that work in the diggings, because it's said the fairy princes of China have sent the rascals here to carry all the gold out of the country. And for my part, if they took it all, I think we'd be the better off."

"Still, you wouldn't lose what you have."

"Wouldn't I? Say I lost it now, I'd be a ruined man, maybe you're thinking. But there's this about a ruined man—there's no ruining him further. You've seen a man lose all his dust at monte and throw himself down Suicide Stairs, and then men the next day read about him. 'A ruined man,' they'll say, and cluck their tongues and wag their heads. Why, and all the time three-quarters of the world and more are ruined men, if ruin is just lack of money, and still they are happy enough with three square meals a day and maybe a good ship under their heels. It's the gold that boosts you up and puts air under your heels, and then it's the falling back that makes the landing hard."

"I've seen them in the air at Russian Hill."

"That's an unbecoming sight for woman's eyes."

"I've seen worse."

"So you have, singing in the gambling tents. It's well you're going away around the Horn, out of the reach of them. . . . Oh, Jerusalem, my happy home, how hot it's getting! There'll be wind and rain out of this. It'll be a clever blow, you'll see."

And so it was; first a gunshot of wind over the quarter, and then a lull, and then wind again, blow and stop, blow and stop, a ring-tailed snorter; and old Gove herded the passengers below. They sat there in their bunks, guarding their gold; the crown jewels in the Tower of London wouldn't be guarded better by the giant soldiers eight feet tall there; and still what was it after all but dust—dust—the golden fruit wrested from the dark mines away among the lonely mountains?

They stuffed handkerchiefs in the deck seams above their heads to keep brine drops from dropping in their eyes, because the dusty dry old brig worked like wicker in a seaway and ran before the wind like a lathered horse.

"I can hear two pumps at it now, Dan," Kit said, when his partner came below.

"Ay, lad, it's just the forcing of her through the water that opens her forward. The wind's going down. It'll be a flat calm tomorrow. Let me rub your legs in a little rattlesnake oil."

"There's no need," said Kit, and there was petulance in his voice.

"'Tis not only a duty, it's a pleasure," says big Dan, and his partner growled from the pillow: "You're just too urbane."

Sure enough, the storm blew out and it fell a flat calm again. The passengers came on deck with circles under their eyes and their knees knocking together.

"What do you think of that lot?" Captain Gove muttered to Dan, meaning Pingree and company.

"Bad hats. Levelers, for all I know."

"Levelers?"

"Ay, they belong to the Society of Levelers, that take from the rich and give to the poor."

"So I'm thinking," Captain Gove said, swinging on his heels. And that night, as every night, he read a chapter in the Bible

*Continued on Page 141*

# Smooth as silk

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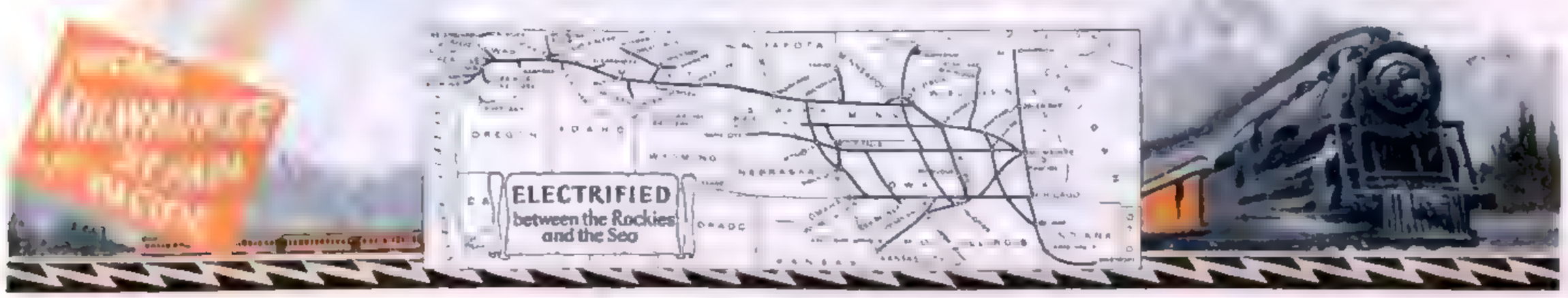

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(Continued from Page 138)

before turning into his bunk in that cotton nightshirt that was leaded round the bottom like a mackerel seine, to weight it down if he was called on deck in a wind.

Next day was burning hot, and water leaked out of the water casks where the hoops hadn't been tightened, and the steerage caterers reported that there were rotten potatoes already in the bins. The brig's awning was spread aft, and the passengers, on a ration of a quart of water a day apiece, began to substitute cock cobblers, gin slings and brandy smashes. This gave them bottle courage, and first they played dominoes and checkers, and then they pitched pennies; next it was rattle and snap; and by three in the afternoon Pingree had his faro bank set up in the shadow of the cabin hatch.

A red fog came winding round the ship and dyed the dry sails red and painted the shark's fin red that was nailed at the end of the main yard for luck, and the cheeks and arms of the gamblers were red as blood, but they had eyes only for the dust that they were shaking out of buckskin belts and carpet bags; and some fiddled and sang, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Pingree sat dealing, as cool as ice in autumn; and now the ship was oozy with gold. The pitch rising in the seams had grains of yellow dust caught in it, Pingree's finger tips were gilt, there was a tinge of gold in the fringes of his black mustache. Mrs. Gleason was squatting on her heels among the gamblers now, and Pingree let her win a little. He had his plug hat at his elbow, bottom up on the deck, and on his other side a little nail keg lined with a woman's satin skirt, and the tide of gold crept up the sides of these receptacles and the buckskin belts were getting limper and lighter all round.

When he caught sight of little Kit leaning in the gangway, the gambler purred, "A pinch is only a dollar."

"The more you lay down, the less you take up," Kit said, and made a grim mouth.

That was a Newburyport maxim, and there were those among the blacklegs who knew it to their cost, but the heat and the gin slings and brandy smashes had gone to their heads and nobody among them would give the word to stop.

Old Gove had nothing but bleak looks for them. He'd walk past, pulling his beard first with one fist and then with the other, thinking of ways to interrupt them. It was nothing to a shipmaster who won or lost, maybe you'll say, but then he had got it into his head that all this gambling was what had made the wind die out—he thought that Nature herself wouldn't be above mingling into men's morality.

At last he objected to Sim Fossett's sitting in his skin, as against good morals and ship's proprieties; since he wouldn't allow that a tattooed shirt was any shirt at all, and furthermore heaven knew when it had been laundered last.

Sim Fossett said it was a shirt, for wearing qualities, that would outlast the best that a man could buy in the shirt-tail stores of San Francisco, and old Gove, cold as blued steel, retorted that maybe that would depend on the way the man conducted himself that wore it.

Sim Fossett said under his breath that the captain might shortly find himself sitting in his bones, if he turned from ship's business to criticizing other people's clothes; and so the beginning of bad blood was noticeable. Captain Gove and his crew came hauling the larboard chain cable aft, interrupting the gamblers, to bring the brig down by the stern and so check leeway; and then a whisper went round that he was lost and couldn't put his finger on the ship's position on the chart, on account of the vessel slipping back on some current he didn't know the force of.

Next he came and told them in so many words that he had made a miscalculation in his dead reckoning, he was coming in on a lee shore, and he called for volunteers among the blacklegs to go into the whaleboat and tug the ship along with oars, since a foot one way or another might make all the difference between their loss and their salvation.

And most of them tumbled into the boat, but the bad hats held back. Mrs. Gleason went on playing with them and losing Gleason's money, and Gleason pulling his heart out in the whaleboat. The red fog was thick, and dropped through the shrouds and smeared the decks; and some said it was ash and some said it was animals, like bugs too small for the eye to see, and nobody knew. Either way there was no cure for it.

The blacklegs pulled away a couple of hours in the whaleboat, but when night fell, they came aboard again, not wishing to tug an oar in the night, for just the benefit of a lee shore.

They stuck candles in the deck and went shaking dust out of their belts again. And Pingree sat backed against the hatch in his flowered waistcoat, with dust all round him, and doubloons and gold eagles and Mexican dollars.

So Captain Gove vowed he would furl all sails and heave the brig to, beginning tomorrow, if the gambling didn't stop.

"He'll never dare do it actually, I suppose," Daphne Chase whispered behind her hand to Dan Shanley. He dusted the red rust of the larboard chain cable off his hands. True, the passengers could muster as much artillery as Captain Gove, or more, and no men in the world had had more practice in shooting from the hip and other difficult angles. It was Gleason himself—a mild man as those men went—who had shot the husband of his present wife to make room for himself.

"He's mulish, Captain Gove is," Dan said. "And would they dare to put a bullet in him when there's nobody else to navigate the ship?"

"There's you, you mustn't be forgetting."

Dan Shanley said, "Yes, naturally me, both for the celestial and the terrestrial," and he changed the subject by humming a snatch of his favorite song:

*I'll scrape the mountains clean, dear girl,*
*I'll drain the rivers dry,*
*For a pocketful of rocks, my pearl;*
*So, darling, don't you cry.*

"There's not a ripple on the water," Daphne said, not alluding to his singing. There was no noise but the low voices of the gamblers and the creak of the relieving tackle. The ship didn't have steerage way on her now.

"No, it's calm."

"If there could only come a storm. That would scatter them."

"Yes, a breeze of wind would scatter them."

"But I suppose there's no wind within a thousand miles."

"You can't be telling where the wind is always," Dan said. "It springs up like misery out of nowhere, and you not looking for it."

"It'll be like that tomorrow, if there's wind and he furls his sails," the girl cried, a little sharply. "Dan Shanley, can't you see that things are on a shoestring here?"

"Ah, so they are."

"And you standing idle and doing nothing."

"Hold you." He stared over the rail; then, reaching a hand through a bay in his shirt, brought out a fistful of yellow dust and threw it into the water with one careless sweep, like a sower sowing a field to wheat. "Maybe that will buy a breeze of wind. Who knows?" he whispered. The palm of his hand was lined with gold and he dusted that off against his leg like the chain rust that had been there before it. "And why are you making these saucer eyes at me all of a sudden? Have you never seen wind bought before?"

"I've heard men pray for it."

"And what is the costliness of prayer? If it's not answered, well, then, there's nothing been paid cash on the nail. This is different. Here is value received—the dust itself. The gold buyers of Montgomery


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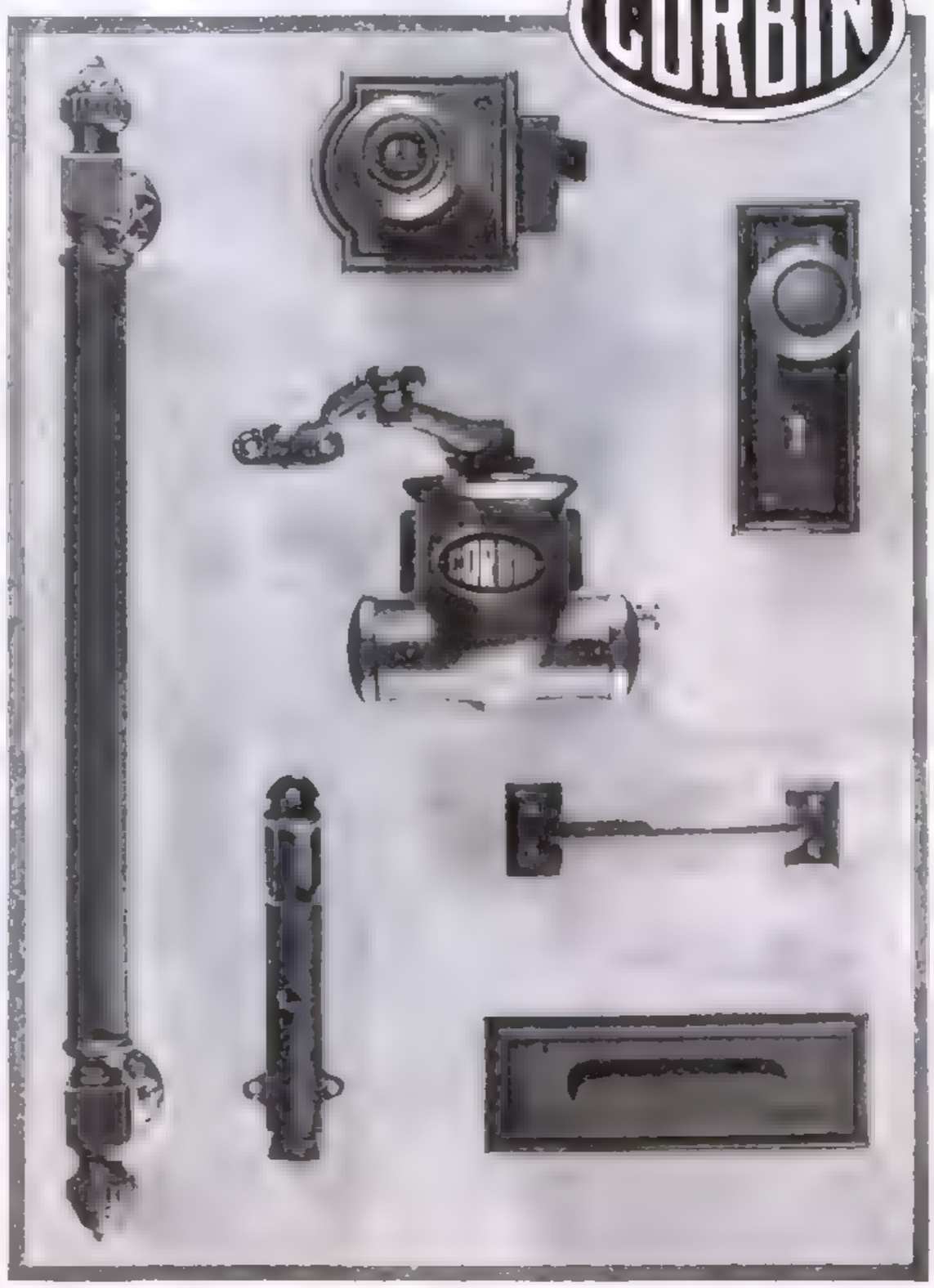

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Street wouldn't refuse it. Why should Nipkin himself?"

"Neptune?"

"Nipkin, yes."

"It's heathenish. You don't believe in Neptune."

"Don't I now? I'll believe in any man's god once, for the experiment of the thing. I've thrown tobacco to the Indian god in a rapid and saved my skin. Why shouldn't I throw a pinch of dust to Nipkin? Why not? There's no telling what a pinch of dust won't do, and life's blood as like as not spilled already on account of it. Here's little Kit going home to buy his love with it. 'Twill unlock a heart—a human heart queer if it won't reach as far as where the winds have headquarters. Come," he said, pinching her arm a little, "I'll make a clean breast to you, little Daphne, and maybe then you'll not be hankering to be a man so much. Are you thinking we dug this gold out of the hills—the boy and I?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Nary grain. Religion was our luck. There was no gold in the earth, first and last, for us, but I could easy see it was all concentrated in the gambling tents. So I gambled eight nights running while the boy slept. I had the luck of the devil and bursted the bank, and I took the gold I won and salted down our digging with it. 'Twas a coyote digging away in Coon Hollow, and that was a place deserted by all, and there was nobody came to warn the lad that he was digging gamblers' dust out of the earth, where I had planted it. You've never seen a glory hole the like of that, and the lad mad with joy digging it up. It was then he got that light into his eyes you'll see there now, like as if only the body of him was sitting in your midst and the soul visiting away. Still and all, it's gambler's gold he's taking home to the little woman by the picket fence, my girl. The fires of hell made it. What if there's a handmade curse out of hell along with it?"

"Suppose he knew."

"Ah, if he knew—if he knew this minute—he'd throw the dust into the sea, and not to buy wind with either. There'd be no place the wind could blow him. He's the most religious man under the canopy of heaven, and hard as nails on principle. . . . Did I do wrong to break my contract against gambling? Mind you, it would have been only the bones of the lad I'd have brought home else. There was he in a Spanish hammock, the poor lad, with the wind shrieking through the wall and the flame sinking in him, the way you'll see it in a lamp with no oil. And me loving him like a brother and feeling him lighter in my arms every morning, and he hanging onto the mines like grim death to a rusty nigger, and never willing to give up the search till he could put his fingers on the gold. . . . Well, what's your answer, girl?"

"I'll never tell you," Daphne Chase murmured.

"You think maybe harm will come of it? You think the curse is faster than the ship; I can see that," he muttered dismally.

"That wouldn't be too fast," she said, trying to make light of it.

"Well, here's the wind I bought from the old fellow, any road, and delivered right to my doorstep," Dan said, and he gave the girl a little punch against the upper arm and nodded aft. Sure enough, in another minute the brig shivered like a spurred horse; there was a creak of blocks in the dark, a snap and rasp of canvas, and the water boiled under the counter. "Maybe you'll give Nipkin credit now."

She made a little motion to him with her head to hold his tongue, and he turned around. There was Dimas Cervantes loitering near, with the ends of his braids stuck in the corners of his ugly mouth. The wind had blown out the gamblers' candles and the gamblers were getting up and stretching themselves. Captain Gove was yelling out to the mate to look alive and strike the topgallant sails.

The wind came heavier and heavier. It filled the sails like wine foaming into empty wine skins. Captain Gove ordered the blacklegs below, and with the wind in their throats they bowed to his authority. Soon enough it was blowing a Paddy's hurricane; the topmasts swayed like coach whips and the main boom bent like a bow, and it was just God's providence if it didn't break like matchwood in the middle.

By midnight the seas ran mountains high and broke onto her, the heaviest clear aft, since the sea was still abaft the beam, and the brig running before it on her long legs like a scared rabbit. Next they were under nothing but close-reefed main and topsails; but then old Gove couldn't forbear setting the fore-topmast staysail, along with the reefed foresail, and that was an unusual thing. Hailstones rattled on the deck big enough to put your eyes out; the lookout turned back to and the man at the wheel was hard put to it to snatch a look at the binnacle.

Dan Shanley went down into the after cabin.

"Don't let her go down under me," Kit whimpered from his bunk. The big man's hand closed over his partner's.

"And you with the fortune teller's answer in your pocket, giving you a good voyage to Massachusetts?" he said. "Go down! She'll never go. She's comfortable as an old shoe, lad."

"Comfortable. She's coming all adrift, by the feel of her!" Kit cried fearfully.

"While she cracks, she holds. She's safe as a church, barring a seam or two."

And back on deck with him. The brig was fair in the trough, and the seas standing perpendicular alongside as high as the fore-top, but they couldn't quite contrive to drop inboard. Only now and again their tops would curl into her waist, and these were what made it hard for ship handlers.

Old Gove was busy as a bee with the honey crop short. He was under bare poles now.

"What would you do next, in my position?" he asked Dan, being the kind of man that was naturally waiting to act on another man's suggestion.

"How would it do to set the staysail and goose-wing the fore?" Dan said. "There'd be just a little rag of canvas then to bring the weight of the wind forward and steady the steering."

"That's the ticket," Gove agreed. There'd be no merit in keeping her under bare poles longer than needful, with a fair wind. They hauled aft the lee sheet and hauled up the weather clew, and made a three-cornered sail; and even now she couldn't escape the sea altogether. At three bells in the morning watch she shipped solid water over the after house. It poured down the whole bigness of the after gangway and put the smoking light out. There it was black as a blind man's pocket, and the blacklegs wrestling around with their carpet bags and nail kegs of gold, and a rumor going around that the ship had opened out at last and was going to the bottom.

And Dan in their midst calling for his partner: "Kit, lad, where are you now?"

And Kit didn't answer. The big man got a lantern from the locker under the stairs and lit it. And there was Kit out of his bunk, senseless on the black deck, with a streak of blood across his cheek and the buckskin belt emptied of dust. Dimas Cervantes, still in his short clothes, was sitting on his chief's nail keg with the satin lining, and Pingree was in his bunk with his knees up to his chin and the hatful of gold wedged between his knees. Fossett and Gleason were farther forward.

"Blast your yellow souls, you've rifled him!" Dan roared.

And then Kit's eyes were open and his hand went out to the buckskin.

"It's gone, Dan. The gold is gone."

"Lad, if only you'd let me have the handling of it. Who was it hit you then?"

Kit Levett didn't know. It was after the ship heeled and water came down the gangway that he got out of his bunk, and his legs buckled under him, but whether he struck his own head in falling forward or

(Continued on Page 145)

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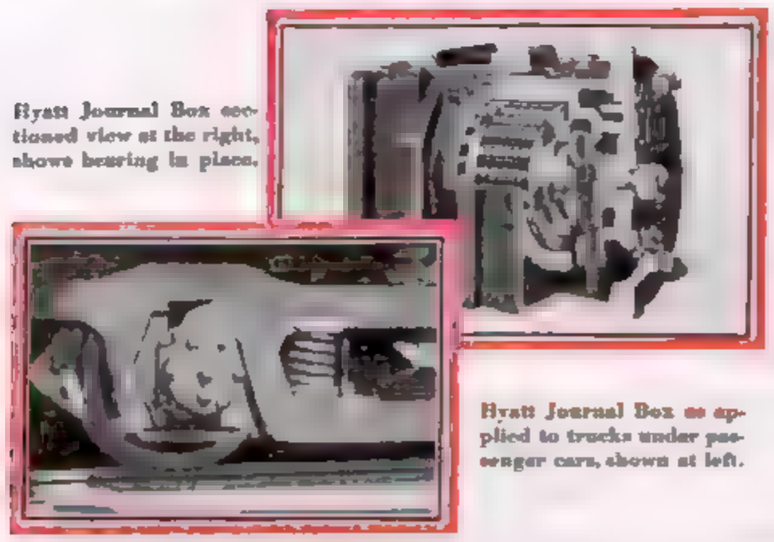

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MORE than sixty railroads in the United States and Canada are replacing plain brass journals with free-running Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings . . . they are eliminating jerky starts, sluggish pick-ups, jolting stops . . . they are reducing operating costs and banishing the hot-box menace.

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HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Newark Detroit Chicago Pittsburgh Oakland

*Enjoy your Trip*

# ON HYATT QUIET ROLLER BEARINGS

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 142)

somebody had hit him from behind, he couldn't say.

"Take me out now and pitch me over the side," he begged his partner. "Lighten the ship of me, I tell you. Take a spike and knock me over the head with it."

"Steady. Steady over the shoals, lad."

Dan lifted Kit back into the bunk, and the boy lay there with his face in the pillow and never moved. And then the mate was yelling down to Dan to jump on deck and lend a hand at bending the new mainsail. The sea was moderating—wind and sea both—and no time to lose now, he'd advised the captain, for the brig was short of water and must be driven hard for Callao.

Ah, but if you knew Dan Shanley as I knew him, in the days when he drove a timber-colored stage to Saddle Mountain; if you'd heard him yell "Sit up to windward, bulls," with the coach thundering along a sloping thread of road against a craggy wall, and the near wheels six inches off the ground and the gully yawning for him, and he with the brakes jammed hard, and the lines gathered in one fist and a cigar in the other, and the passengers scrambling to the high side to weight her down—I say, if you knew the man as I knew him, you'd know he wasn't done with Larry Pingree and the levelers, though ship's business took him away a little time from the scene of carnage.

All that watch the waves leaped after the brig—thirsted after her, you might say—and she escaping out of them like a seed squirting out of a lemon. But water was nothing to Dan Shanley. He'd handled lakes and rivers at the diggings the way a lady would hand round a teapot. "So—so," he would say to the brig, with the wheel in his hands. It was like speaking to a horse that had got the bit in his teeth and threatened to break out of his tackling.

"How would it do to let her lie up a quarter of a point higher?" he yelled into Gove's hairy ear.

"That'll be the ticket!" Captain Gove roared back.

And then it was eight bells and the wheel relieved. And Dan took the captain below into the master's cabin and told him about the theft of the lad's gold. Old Gove juggled his tongue tip against the roof of his mouth and made sympathetic sounds with it, but he didn't think the gold would ever be recovered.

"There's no identifying dust," he said, "once there's been a mingling."

"Maybe, though, there's a way to frighten it out of the man that took it."

And Dan whispered in the old man's ear.

"That's the ticket," Captain Gove agreed.

It was three bells next day in the first dog watch when he had all the after-cabin passengers on deck, and the bad hats with them. They came, bringing their gold with them—they wouldn't be parted with that—and the captain made his speech to them.

"From gambling to thieving is only the one step!" he roared, with one fist hung in his beard. "And now one of you has stolen the poor lad's gold! And I know the man!" he said, stepping up to the bad hats on his crooked legs. Pingree sat on his keg of gold, with Fossett on one side of him and Cervantes on the other; and any one of the three could have flashed a gun at the drop of a hat, but old Gove knew how to follow another man's suggestion. "I have the proof good and sufficient, never fear," he went on, "but if I point the man out, the rest will hang him from a yardarm in spite of anything I can do, and that will be an ill omen for the ship. Here's the plan, then, for you: Do you go down, one by one, to the foot of the stairs, and each takes his gold with him; and let the man that has the lad's gold shake it through a hole in the top of a blue box he'll find there with the lid nailed down and a funnel in the hole. Let him shake twenty tumblers through the funnel with a tumbler he'll find there; and every man to be five minutes below by the watch. And there'll be public prayers on deck for the immortal soul of the man if he fails to make restitution," says Captain Gove, with his nail-gimlet eyes boring through their skins, and the bad hats giving him back look for look, with grins on their faces.

So the after-cabin blacklegs went down the gangway one at a time, each taking his gold with him, in the proper receptacle, belt, or bag, or barrel; and Dan Shanley took his turn with the rest, because he was there with the others when the theft took place.

And when the last man came up, Captain Gove sang out, "Bring me up the box now, a couple of hands!"

And two of the sailors hoisted it out on deck and pried the cover off. Sure enough, there was a heap of gold dust in the bottom. They measured it and it came to twenty tumblers, lacking a fistful or so.

"Boy, bring mé your belt here," says Captain Gove, and he shook the gold back into Kit Levett's belt. Kit reached out a hand for it with his cheeks sucked in and the old unholy light coming back into his eyes. He hadn't thought the ruse would work, and no more had anybody, because the bad hats hadn't the look about them of remorseful men. They managed to look as surprised as anybody when they saw the gold. Pingree got up off his barrel.

"Maybe I can solve the mystery," he said, and he sprang close against Dan Shanley and ripped a knife from side to side of his midriff. The women screamed and clutched their throats, and the men stood like wooden images. Then Captain Gove got Pingree by the wrist and tortured the knife out of his fingers. But Dan wasn't hurt. The gambler had only struck through his shirt to the buckskin belt, and put a slit in that, and now deck sand was pouring out of it.

"There's your man," Pingree said, pointing with his free hand. "There's the man you're so skittish about hanging at the yardarm. He took his own partner's gold, and when you frightened him into putting it back, he put sand in his belt out of the sand bucket to plump it out."

"How should you know that?" Daphne Chase cried.

"It was easy enough to see the sand was gone out of the bucket."

"But why should you think it was Dan that took it?" the girl pursued him.

"Maybe I know a rascal when I see one," Pingree said.

"I heard him ask the boy for his gold at the beginning of the voyage, and the boy wouldn't give it up," Mrs. Gleason cried.

And then Dan said politely, "Maybe my partner will say a good word for me. . . . Kit, is it likely I'd steal dust from you, lad? Is it likely, the way I've dragged myself in the dirt after you?"

And Kit, standing against a rack of capstan bars, didn't answer.

"Speak up!" Dan cried. "Kit, tell them they lie! Would I steal gold from you, the way we fought for it at Feather River? Why, lad, we've been lower together than the Digger Indians, and well you know it. We've burned prairie grass to roast the grasshoppers and pick 'em out and eat 'em; and now would I play you a trick like this?"

"Dan, what's the sand doing in your belt?"

"I'll easy satisfy you. What if it's to take the place of the gold I threw at Nipkin to buy the wind? God love you, better maybe the fairy princes of China had sent to take it all away before I ever laid my hands on it," the big man cried brokenly.

"Dan, it won't wash. I don't say you'd steal, but you didn't mean for me to go back to her—that's the long and short of it. It's just that iron will of yours, and nothing will ever do but things must just go as you say."

"My will, lad? When did ever I set my will against yours? If you said go, didn't I up stakes and go, and if you said stay, didn't I stay? I've been nothing but the shadow to you all these months. But it's the monstrous pride of you, that nothing can be done for you. You can't sit quiet

(Continued on Page 147)


# A PLEASANT LITTLE SIDE LIGHT ON YOUR BANK

None would go quite so far perhaps as to rank the standing of a bank by the checks it issues.

But it's interesting to note that the modern, progressive, well managed bank is likely to be careful about the checks it uses.

Open up your check book now. See whether your checks have *wavy lines* running across them.

If they have, it means that your bank has adopted La Monte Safety Paper—the standard in check paper throughout the country.

You'll observe that these checks have a dignified, substantial air about them—a real distinction—that reflects not only the standing of the bank but your own standing as a business man.

La Monte Safety Paper is used by 60% of the banks of the leading metropolitan centers. It is durable in texture, with an easy, clean writing surface . . . It is a really *safe* paper—protected on both sides against mechanical or chemical erasures. George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

# WHICH FEATURE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT?

$10,000 in Prizes
YALE-BOND
Flashlight Feature
Slogan Contest
1st Prize 2,000
2nd Prize 1,000
3rd Prize 500
1180 Other Valuable Awards!
1—You can transform a YALE-BOND Flashlight into a powerful Electric Candle, merely by unscrewing the head and standing the light on end.
2—YALE-BOND Flashlights are made with genuine Fibre Cases, instead of easily-dented metal tubes. They will not bend or break.
3—Sturdy metal Shock Absorbers firmly cushion the batteries in YALE-BOND Flashlights and thereby protect the bulb against breakage.
4—The YALE-BOND 3-Way Safety Lock Contact Switch prevents accidental lighting and power-wastage when the flashlight is not in use.
5—The Safety-Seal—exclusively YALE-BOND—protects the power of YALE-BOND Mono-Cells by preventing energy-draining short circuits.
6—This is the Mystery Feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells. Your dealer will tell you all about it when you visit his store.
YALE
BOND

## Select the Feature you think best and write a Slogan about it!

So advanced, so remarkable are the new YALE-BOND* products that they sweep far beyond all previous achievements of the Flashlight and Battery industry. Embodying all the skill and experience of YALE-BOND engineers, they present elements of utility, beauty, reliability and safety unapproached by any other similar products.

In order to determine which *one* of the six distinctive YALE-BOND features is of greatest popular appeal, we shall distribute $10,000 in prizes—*1183 separate awards*—to those who submit the best slogans on the points they consider most important.

### *Only 5 Features Shown Here!*

At the top of this page, five of the outstanding YALE-BOND features are briefly described. Full details concerning the *sixth* important point are contained in a special folder, including the Official Contest Blank, which is obtainable through authorized YALE-BOND retailers everywhere.

Tune in on the YALE-BOND "Slogan Contest" program, broadcast over the Columbia System every Saturday at 10 P. M.—examine carefully an actual YALE-BOND Flashlight and Mono-Cell at your dealer's—read the Contest Folder for further details—and start in on your Slogan ideas—*now!*

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
*(Formerly Yale Electric Corporation)*
Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco

YALE-BOND Radio "B" Batteries—that restore their own power when not in use, Flashlights, Mono-Cells, Radio "A" & "C" Batteries, Storage & Dry Batteries.

** In order to prevent possible confusion with the products of other manufacturers, Yale Flashlights and Batteries will hereafter be called by the name "BOND."*




### RULES OF THE CONTEST

1 The contestant should study carefully the six features of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells which are described on the Official Contest Blank. He should then select the one he believes the most important and write one or more slogans on that feature. Prizes will be awarded for those slogans which, in the opinion of the judges, best describe the YALE-BOND features.

2 Contestants may submit as many slogans as they wish.

3 Each slogan should be written on a separate Official Contest Blank—supplied free by YALE-BOND Dealers everywhere.

4 Anyone may enter the Contest except those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation, or members of their families.

5 In the event that a winning slogan is duplicated, each contestant submitting the duplicated slogan will be paid the full amount of the prize

6 All entries must be received not later than midnight of December 31st, 1928, addressed to Bond Electric Corporation, Jersey City, N. J. The prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

7 All slogans submitted in this contest become the property of this company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

8 Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name in any advertising that may be prepared announcing the winners.

9 Awards made by the judges must be considered final.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Jersey City, N. J
*Dear Sirs:* Please send me Free Contest Blanks.

Name *(Print)*.....
Address
City ..... State
Dealer's Name
Address

*YALE-BOND RADIO "B" BATTERIES RESTORE THEIR OWN POWER WHEN NOT IN USE*

'Continued from Page 145'

under a favor—that's what's brought me into my fix, lad. Oh, Jerusalem, my happy home, don't I know that well? Kit—little Kit—here's the truth: I put the gold in the box, yes; 'twas me that told the captain how to rig it, as he'll testify, but that was just a trick to get my dust into your belt."

"A trick?"

There were knife points in the pupils of Kit Levett's blue eyes.

"A trick, sure enough. Well I knew you wouldn't take it from my hands as a gift, and your own dust pilfered from you. That's the truth, that's the skinny of it, lad, and no woman in Newburyport is going to put a stopper on my tongue now. I'm a selfish man. I'd part with the dust to her, because that's nothing to me. I don't value that. I'll buy wind with it, but I won't have my partner thinking I'm a thief."

Kit Levett didn't lift his eyes. He stood silent, with his fingers twisting at the fat belt around his waist, and the bad hats began laughing like demons out of hell. It was getting dark.

"A little absence of proof is no obstacle to a hanging, but now we've got the proof," Pingree snarled.

Just then the cracked bell over the binnacle was struck twice in the second dog watch and the bell on the foc'sle answered it. There was a stir among the blacklegs; their eyes flashed and turned in their heads. They were remembering it was a bell like that that rang when a thief's body dangled from the derricks of the Sand Lot or Russian Hill.

A voice cried "String him up!"

That was Gleason. His wife's losses had soured him.

"There'll be no hanging on my ship!" Captain Gove roared. He pushed in among the bad hats and got Dan by the elbow.

"Get aft into my cabin while I parley with them," he muttered in Dan's ear.

And Dan didn't move and didn't seem to hear.

"Will you do as you are told?" Daphne Chase whispered, brushing against him. "Or will you have the boy having your blood on his conscience, with all the rest of it?"

That shot went home. He found himself willy-nilly in the captain's cabin, sitting there dumb and heavy on a sea chest. And then the captain came in, running water from a rain squall that was beating on deck.

"Look you, my man," Captain Gove said; "there's never been a hanging on ship of mine, and I'm too old a man to countenance it now. Still, they muster more guns, and the sentiment's increasing. I've got to let you slip—that's the plain English of it. Here we are twenty miles off the land. There's a high projection of it I saw half an hour before dark, bearing northeast from the ship; and it's a little port I forget the name of, but ships touch there to refuel—I know that. The whaleboat's towing astern; there's water and food there, and a compass. So drop you down into it and get you gone, and the Lord have mercy on your soul."

So there was Dan smuggled into the whaleboat in a downpour of rain. He stood up in the stern with an oar trailing in the water, and never moving a muscle of him. He hardly knew when the rain stopped rilling in the water, but after a long while he saw, looking landward, the loom of a mountain, and back of him the tall black patch on the black water that was the brig slipping creaking away. And then there was a shape that ducked out from under the boat cover crumpled in the whaleboat's bow. He caught just the slimness of it, and the glow of yellow hair.

"Kit!" he cried. "Kit, lad!"

"It's no compliment to me, mistaking me for Kit Levett!" Daphne Chase cried at him with an angry flourish of her arms. "I won't—I won't be likened to a man who would see you dangling from a yardarm, for all I know, and never lift a hand to save you. But he couldn't if he would."

"Ah, it's yourself is here with me into the boat," Dan said, and his knees sagged against the wet oar.

"It's because I know the channel through the mountains here. I can show you through the surf," Daphne said. "But I can't think of a man so repulsive to me that I wouldn't come with him, for that matter, if he would just take me off a ship like that. Watch the steering, if you please. The wind's coming."

"Wind. I overbought it. I overplayed my hand with Nipkin, little lady."

"You didn't. Can't you see, blind eyes? Kit Levett's better off without you. Now he'll stand on his own legs, if you're not there to wait on him by inchmeal."

"Will he though? I'm thinking they'll get his gold away from him again."

"Didn't the fortune teller prophesy him a good voyage?"

"I'm thinking the fortune teller was leaning heavy on Dan Shanley."

"And I suppose it's out of reason if he leaned on Daphne Chase a little? Didn't I threaten the captain with your blood on his decks? And didn't I put him up to letting you slip over the rail into the whaleboat? Would the poor man ever have a thought in the world if it wasn't whispered in his ear? And didn't I bargain with him for the boy to go into the cabin with him, where nobody could lay a hand on him?"

"You did so? Glory be, you're a forehanded woman!"

"And you're a mighty man, but still you're in sore need. You haven't a particle of knowledge of the world, I can tell you that, Dan Shanley."

"Thank you, ma'am. It's more an old wife I am, like those in calico dresses in the log houses at Murderer's Bar, weeping and wailing for dead men. Well, and what was I but an old wife to the lad, nursing him when he was sick, telling him little lies to encourage him, planting gold at his feet and putting pillows at his head? I gave him the shirt off my back, I held back nothing. Well, then. Only saying he'd given me a wink out of his eye, standing there. If he'd made a motion to say, 'Dan, old staver, it was never you took my gold.' But no, not a word." He seized her wrist. "Come, then, you saw the lad last. Is there no message from him? It isn't likely he'd be leaving his old partner in the lurch without a fare-ye-well. . . . Not a word. I'm nothing better than the cow that lost her calf."

There was a bright sparkle of tears on Daphne's lashes, but Dan didn't see that.

*The Upper Part of Amicalola Falls Near Dahlonega, Georgia*

"I tell you what," she whispered. "Kit Levett had too many reasons to be grateful to you, and gratitude's just nothing but a weight around a body's neck. 'Thank you' for this, and 'thank you' for that, always heaping up on his back and bowing him down, till he was just on all fours to you, and well you know it. It was you that had the whip hand all the time, Dan Shanley. Isn't it more fun helping than being helped? Wouldn't you rather preach yourself than just sit dumb under a dull sermon? You would. You know you would. And now let him go back and be a help himself to that girl in Massachusetts and forget him."

"It's the education does it," Dan muttered, staring. "It must be what you learned in the Sandwich Islands coming to your aid. Oh, my, it's plain, if you were a man, I'd never get on without you, to keep putting me in mind of one thing after another."

"Haven't I been wishing myself into a man all my life?" Daphne cried. "I can. I'll wish myself into a man at just the drop of a hat. I'll ——"

"Wait now; stay your hand. Maybe I like you better as you are. So—so, what am I talking of, and me a ruined man! But hold you, it's not ruined at all I am, I'm just remembering. There's five hundred dollars in the heel of my boot that I earned by washing dishes in San Francisco while the lad was sick."

"Poverty is just a name to a man like you."

"Isn't it the truth? Still it would have a bad look for you to be casting in your lot with me. It's no business to you to be linked to a man pouring hot metal in an iron foundry. Wait, though. I've got an idea into my head just now of shooting birds with their crops full of the seeds of the beautiful wild flowers of the San Joaquin, and drying the crops and shipping the seeds in them East to florists that never saw flowers."

"Watch the steering, you'd better."

"Better I did. Better you'd kept on walking down Suicide Stairs when you came to the water, before you'd be taking up with one the like of me."

"What would be the good of my education in the Sandwich Islands if I couldn't keep my wits about me better than that?" Daphne cried. "Lucky for me I'm a woman after all, and not a man, or there I'd be, like Kit Levett, under your thumb and not able to say my soul's my own."

"It's never you would be under the thumb of a blind man like me, feeling his way, and wind and tide against him. I'm thinking, now, the gratitude would be all in the other pan of the scales, saying you'd see eye to eye with me, saying you wouldn't leave me in the lurch like ——"

And Daphne whispered against his throat, "I'll throw myself down those stairs now, Dan, before I'll leave you in the lurch."

Dan Shanley felt something rising through him from his heels to the crown of his head. It was a gust of wind rolling his dry soul along. And another man, with the same breadth and bigness as himself, stood up inside him.

Dan Shanley the helper was being helped himself; he felt an arm round him and he was ready to drop to his knees, and the novelty of the thing rolled him along as the dark wave swinging under the keel hoisted the boat a little nearer to the mountain. Dan took the butt of the oar in his two fists and felt the boat's buoyancy pass into his body.

"Show me now the channel through the mountains!" he shouted.

"I can! I can do it, Dan!"

Bending down with the oar rolling between his knees, he said to her, "You're the partner for a man. And one thing I'm thinking—I'll not be having the trouble with you I did with the past partner. You'll never—you'll never be running away from me for any woman."

"Starboard!" Daphne cried. "Starboard a little more!"

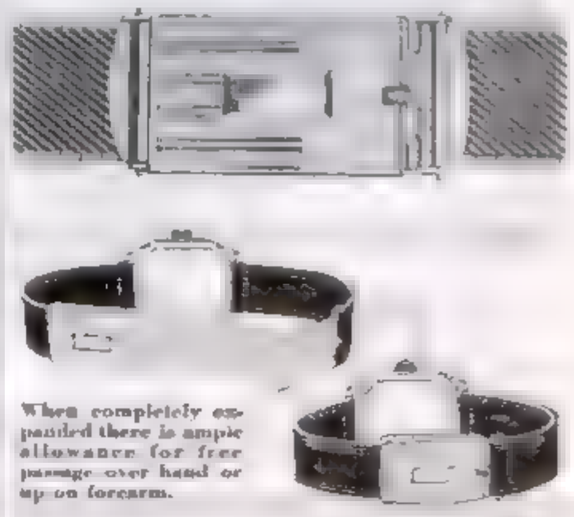
And Dan took another grip of the oar and starboarded as he was bid.

## Another Good Wrist Watch Gone Wrong

HE *had* to take off the watch to wash up. Absent-mindedly he left it there, just long enough to do a vanishing act. Too bad he didn't have a Krementz Band. He could have slipped watch, band and all *right up on his arm*. That's the difference between Krementz Bands and other wrist watch straps. There is no buckle that must be opened. Instead, a neat case holds three expanding links that permit watch to be slipped on or off—over the hand. Safer, surer, easier.

Jewelers have them in gold plated casings with leather or flexible Milanaise mesh bands—$7.50 to $15; also with solid 14 kt. and 18 kt. gold and solid platinum casings. Write for name of nearest jeweler.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

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# IT HAPPENED TO A RUBE

(Continued from Page 21)

next morning. There it was on the sporting page, the first cartoon of mine ever published in the big-time circuit. It all seemed too good to be true, and I could scarcely wait until I had broken the good news to the family. It was almost unbelievable that success had come so easily—all so contrary to the stories I had been hearing for years of how young artists would have to try and try for months before they could get a foothold. Yesterday I was a little nobody; today I was famous. Within a few hours San Francisco would be ringing with the praises of the new artist who had stepped from obscurity into preëminence. I could picture the commotion which would take place at thousands of breakfast tables when the Chronicle was unfolded and the readers found the Fan Kid there to greet them.

And just think of it—here those people were asleep now, wholly unaware of the sensation in store for them. Wasn't life a funny thing?

I reported at the Chronicle office the next afternoon with no thought of snubbing Bunker or any of the rest of the fellows. It happened that I was the first one on the job, which accounted for any lack of cheering as I entered. Within the next hour they straggled in one by one. That nobody spoke to me I attributed to their confusion over the sudden rise of one whom they had treated so shabbily when he was down. Yet I was in position to be magnanimous. It was not the part of greatness to be petty; in this hour of triumph I could afford to be generous—to be bigger than they had been.

Bunker came in, glanced at me and spoke a friendly word to the office cat. Poor fellow, he must be feeling a bit sheepish about the turn of events; it was up to me to break the ice—to put him at his ease and let him see that everything was all right with me.

"Good morning, boss." I'd heard the others call him that, and it seemed so nice and informal. "What's the program for today—another sporting cartoon?"

Bunker slumped back in his chair and looked through me.

"Good morning, Michelangelo," he said. "Do you realize you've been dead for more than three hundred years?"

A faint suspicion came to me that I had misinterpreted the atmosphere of the art department. For a man suffering from remorse, Bunker was on a funny tack.

### *Genius Unappreciated*

After his first greeting Bunker apparently forgot I was on earth and gave his attention to a layout he had been working on. When I was reasonably sure he had nothing further on his mind, I strolled over to my favorite spot in the farthest corner of the room and tried to make sense out of it all. The one impression which stuck was that the Chronicle art editor didn't subscribe to the Goldberg family theory that their second son, Reuben Lucius, had arrived with the bang they thought he had. It was all quite astounding that anybody would have the nerve to speak thus to one who could make a cartoon which a big paper such as the Chronicle would publish, but his words were too fresh in my mind to make any mistake about the trend of things, to say nothing of the fact I could still hear the laughter going on among the other members of the staff.

I made another sporting cartoon that day, took it to Mr. Simpson and he threw it into the wastebasket. This performance was repeated the next day and the next, and after it had been going on with monotonous regularity for several weeks I concluded that all editors were lunatics. Meanwhile my comrades in the art room were doing everything they could to make life easy for me. Every day while I was at work at the little desk I had bribed the janitor to dig out of the storeroom for me, they would stand back of me and make wise cracks about the wonderful stuff I was turning out. Another favorite stunt was to send out for slices of watermelon and to drop the rinds on my drawings so that I would have to do them over again.

### *An Artist Turned Carpenter*

This drudgery went on for three months, though the hazing I had been subjected to in the first few weeks let down. The break came after three months of it. Simpson sent for me and gave me an assignment to cover a football game at Berkeley Prep, where his son was attending school. I had an hour or so to spare before going to the football field, and this time I spent in the library studying old pictures of players in action. Then I sharpened all the pencils I could find, arranged the cardboard on my desk and got everything ready so that I could get going without delay upon my return to the office.

When I got back at six o'clock in the evening I found the top of my desk nailed down and all the paraphernalia gone. Fred Small, now an artist in New York, was the only one about the place, the others having gone out to dinner.

"Who did this, Small?" I demanded.

"Well, you just can't tell who did it," Fred replied. "It might have been one fellow and again it might have been another. There's never any telling who does a thing like that."

Fred himself left in a few moments and I sat there thinking it all over. A fire that had been smoldering for weeks suddenly flared up. For three months I had been behaving like a boob, submitting meekly to being kicked around the office, and now they had piled on the last straw. What was the use of it all? If I stood for this the crowd would simply do something worse the next time.

No, they'd never get another chance to make me the office simp. Either I was going to get kicked out of the Chronicle Building on my ear or force them to show me some respect. It was sink or swim for me from this moment.

With that resolution now firmly fixed, I hurried to the machinist's shop in the composing room and obtained a hammer and a handful of nails. Then I returned to the art department and nailed down every desk in the room, including Bunker's. When I had finished, every drawing and layout and photograph on which the staff had been working was out of sight and safely secured. I surveyed the job with satisfaction and went to dinner.

When I returned at half-past seven the others were already back, each hammering away at his desk to remove the nails I had driven into the tops. Everybody gave me the once-over as I entered, but not in the usual way, and I was conscious of a different atmosphere about the place. This time I strode boldly over to my cubby-hole, picked up a hammer one of the fellows had been using and gave my own desk top a few hefty wallops. Then I arranged my working tools as they had been earlier in the day and plunged into the job of turning out the football cartoon. It was finished three hours later.

I was still in a belligerent mood when I took the finished product out to Simpson.

"If you don't like it I'm sorry, but it's the best I can do."

Simpson was obviously surprised at this assertive tone from one who had been so docile. He was smiling as he looked over the cartoon and pronounced it all right. Incidentally, he became sold on the idea of sporting cartoons about this time and decided to run one every day in the Chronicle. I've often suspected that his son's influence had a lot to do with this decision.

Back in the art room I got the surprise of my young life. Bunker called me over to his desk and said: "That's the best stunt you've ever done around this office—nailing up these desks. If I'm not mistaken you're going to get along much better as an artist from now on."

It did have a remarkable effect. Not only did I become a strong friend of the man who had been my hardest knocker—Bunker but the other fellows now accepted me as one of the regulars and never tried any more practical jokes.

Colonel De Young, the publisher, underwent a change of heart about newspaper comics at the same time Simpson did. Aside from the Sunday colored supplements, the only pen-and-ink drawings newspapers had much use for in those days were political cartoons, which were usually run on the editorial or front pages. Colonel De Young had told my father that he didn't see much of a future for the newspaper comic artist and that he thought it would be better for me to engage in some more substantial work. But now he was more tolerant toward these features than he had been, and it is more than likely that the space the New York papers were devoting to them had something to do with his revised judgment.

The sporting page began coming into its own simultaneously with the increasing popularity of the comic. Sports had always been looked upon as a sort of necessary evil in most newspaper shops—a sop to the low-browa—and the space allotted to them was seldom more than a full page, if that much. It was a tradition that a sporting editor had to be a pretty heavy guzzler of rum and that the chief function of his office was to hold the stake for an important prize fight. But now the editors and publishers of newspapers were beginning to sense that the public's interest in the two major professional sports, baseball and boxing, was being supplemented with enthusiasm for outdoor pastimes in which they were the participants instead of spectators.

### *Illustrated by the Author*

The Bulletin was going in for sports even harder than we were, and I got it into my head that I would have a better opportunity if I could make connections there, taking the place vacated by Tad when he hit the trail for New York. I pestered the art editor so hard that he finally took me on at ten dollars a week, which was two dollars less than the pay I was getting after eight months on the Chronicle. And though this financial sacrifice hurt, I figured that by the practice of economy I could make up the loss.

Hy Baggerly was the Bulletin's sporting editor. Not long after I had started doing cartoons for his page he sent me to Reno, Nevada, to cover the fight between Marvin Hart and Jack Root for the heavyweight championship, which Jim Jeffries had agreed to give to the winner.

Jeffries himself was the referee of the bout, and as far as popularity with the public went he bulked larger than either of the two contestants. The crop of white heavyweights at that time was pretty sad. There was nobody in sight who measured up in any way with Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sharkey and one or two others who had been holding the center of the stage up to this time but who were now passing out of the picture.

A week or so before the fight I was astonished to receive a wire from Baggerly telling me that the man he had intended sending to Reno to write the story of the bout was ill and that I would have to do the reporting. I wired back to him that I didn't know anything about writing a newspaper story. Outside of drawing, all I knew was the science of wheelbarrows, but he shot me a hot answer to the effect that I'd have to begin learning forthwith. So in addition to the daily cartoon on training, I wrote a column telling about what was going on in the training camps and quoting the predictions of the well-known sports as they drifted into town. Fortunately I had taken no rhetoric in my college course, so my literary style was original and in keeping with the intelligence of the sport followers.

Newspaper artists of that period were entirely unfamiliar with the art of making money. Every time an artist went to the cashier's office for his dinky pay envelope the publisher felt like a philanthropist. Whenever the iron ball started rolling in one of those weird attacks of economy with which newspaper offices are seized periodically, it invariably hit the art department first. Not for the world would the retrenchment hounds fire Stupid, the dumb copy boy, who smoked cigarettes in the office and slept on the job, but they seemed to take civic pride in tying the can to downtrodden disciples of the pen-and-ink cult.

### *Waiting for Opportunity*

The sporting cartoon commanded little respect. People used to say to me that they supposed I was working up to political cartooning, which was regarded as the only thing worth while in newspaper art. Syndication and the daily comic strip were unknown. Every newspaper of importance had its own political cartoonist, who worked for it exclusively and enjoyed local distinction only, except in a few rare instances, such as that of Homer Davenport of the Evening Mail, New York. Editors believed it impracticable for artists living in one section of the country to satirize current happenings in a way that would appeal to the people of another section. Anything which lacked the local touch was just a lot of hooey to them.

California was falling hard for the new idea of the daily comic strip at the time I got it into my head I wanted to go to New York. The Bulletin was paying me then thirty dollars a week. When I announced my intention to quit they said they would boost it to fifty dollars if I would stay, but even my father's intervention couldn't induce me to change my mind. I was completely sold on the idea that the big city was the one place where a fellow in my line had a chance to make good in a real way. For one thing, it was common knowledge in newspaper offices that the New York papers had scouts out looking for promising material. A collection of originals adorning the walls of a club to which I belonged had cast a spell over me. These drawings were the work of Powers, Davenport, Swinnerton, Opper and Edgren. I had spent hours in fascinated study of them, and it was of the utmost significance to me that their creators were located in New York.

I waited for one of the Eastern scouts to discover me and give me a ticket to New York. When I heard an unexpected knock on the door my heart jumped and I thought "That's probably Hearst himself come to take me in his private car." But it always turned out to be somebody selling ointment to keep artists from getting corns on their elbows. I was twenty-three and I felt that if I waited a day longer before going to New York my long white whiskers would get tangled up in my wheel chair and my progress on the road to fame would be hopelessly retarded. I thought of the Biblical saying: "Many are called, but few are chosen." It seemed to me that none were called, and that was that. So there was nothing for me to do but go without being called. After all, New York was pretty far away. They might be calling me, but I couldn't hear them. The radio was not yet invented. When I got on the train at the Oakland mole I broke down and cried. Two old ladies sitting opposite moved

(Continued on Page 152)


# Cools *and* Soothes *tender skins*

THE moment Ingram's touches your face . . . you feel the difference. It *cools* and soothes as you shave. It leaves your face refreshed . . . no burn . . . no smart . . . no matter how tender your skin, no matter how dull the blade.

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**7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others**
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Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

## 7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon ...and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

# *Ingram's Shaving Cream*

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1650-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
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I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free Shaves.

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*Plymouth 4-Door Sedan, $735*

THE hundreds of thousands who have already inspected the new Plymouth style and smartness and have experienced its smooth and economical performance, its luxurious comfort, enthusiastically acclaim it as an entirely new high measure of dollar value in the lowest-priced field . . . ℂ They have found in the new Plymouth "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine, which uses any gasoline, an abundance of power for any requirement; . . . ℂ greatest safety in its squeakless light-action, internal-expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, efficient in any weather; . . . ℂ absolutely brand new beauty and distinctiveness of appearance with chromium-plated slender-profile radiator, arched-window silhouette and "air-wing" fenders; . . . ℂ *full-sized,* luxurious bodies; deep, fine upholstering, with ample room for all adult passengers; . . . ℂ with the economy, dependability and the long life assured by Chrysler's unique plan of Standardized Quality . . . ℂ All these things are given at so low a price—$675 to $735—that this car must justly be considered the most unusual dollar value ever placed upon the market.

**$675 AND UPWARDS**

| | |
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| Roadster . . . . *with rumble seat* | $675 |
| Coupe . . . . . | 685 |
| Touring . . . . . | 695 |
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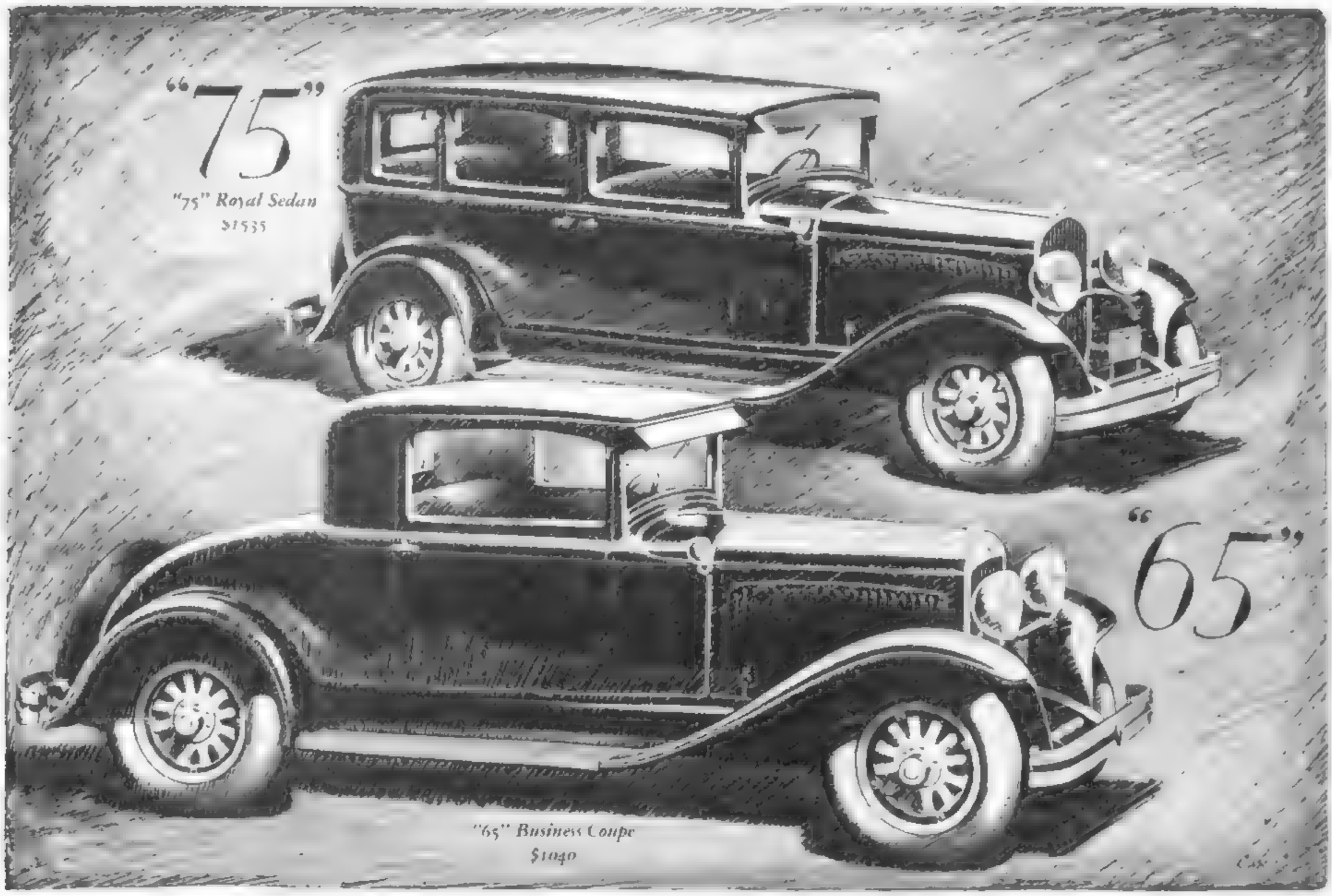
| De Luxe Coupe . . *with rumble seat* | 735 |
| 4-Door Sedan . . . | 735 |

*All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.*

# PLYMOUTH




# *Pyramiding Sales Records Re-Affirm* CHRYSLER *the Authority!*

WHAT is the true significance of the universal approval of the new Chryslers—"65" and "75"? . . . ¶ Doesn't it simply prove once more that whatever Chrysler does marks the way for all automobile design? . . . ¶ How else explain not merely the tens of thousands but the hundreds of thousands of discriminating buyers who have crowded Chrysler showrooms everywhere? . . . ¶ How else explain that in a few brief weeks these new cars have established new Chrysler sales records in practically every city in the country—records that continued to grow week by week until today there are *ten times as many orders* for Chrysler cars as a year ago? . . . ¶ And this vast chorus of approval has been equally as great overseas as at home . . . ¶ Doesn't this demonstrate that what Chrysler builds establishes the vogue of the industry even more emphatically than did the first Chrysler of four years ago? . . . ¶ Be sure to see these great new Chryslers. Ride in them and drive them yourself. Learn why the whole world is saying, "*Chrysler has done it again.*"

**New Chrysler "75" Prices**—*Royal Sedan, $1535. Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655; Crown Sedan, $1655. Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), $1695; 5-passenger Phaeton, $1795; 7 passenger Phaeton, $1865; Convertible Sedan, $2245. (6-ply full-balloon tires.)*

**New Chrysler "65" Prices**—*Business Coupe, $1040. Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-Door Sedan, $1065 Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, wire wheels extra*

-any 6 inch Belt

DRIVE RIGHT

YOU will marvel, when you see this Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer in operation, at its effortless efficiency. Weighing but 56½ lbs., this wonderful new machine will lace any belt, up to six inches in width, in 1½ minutes.

And it develops the almost unbelievable pressure of 37,500 lbs., embedding the Clipper Hooks, in perfect alignment, absolutely flush with the belt surface—and without damage to the fibers of the belt.

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QUALITY BELT LACING

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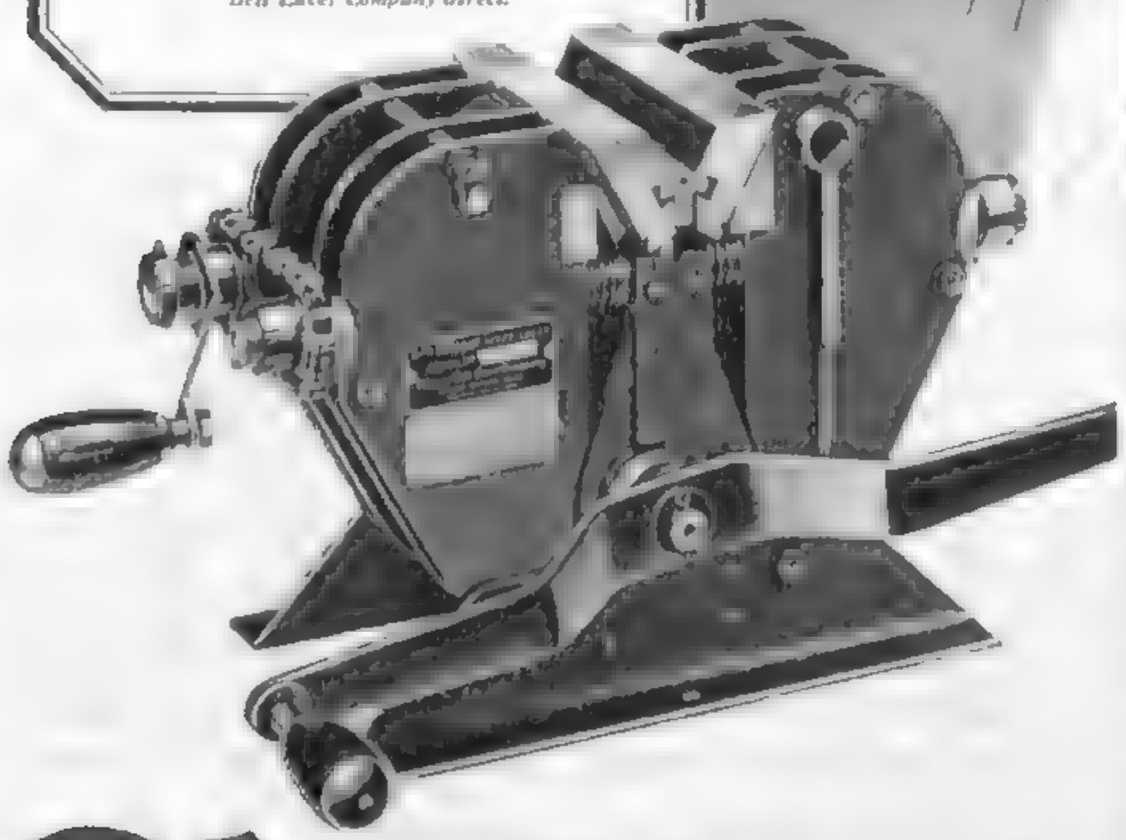
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

*Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the big eight-inch ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration communicate with your nearest Clipper dealer or with the Clipper Belt Lacer Company direct.*



Clipper
No. 6 Speed Lacer


*(Continued from Page 149)*

away. In those days when a grown person cried in public it was generally supposed that he had gazed too fondly upon the dizzy fluid. The crying jag was a national institution.

Harry Mayo Bunker, who had put me through a merciless hazing when I was breaking in on the Chronicle staff, met me on my arrival East and invited me to put up at his studio in the old Lincoln Arcade Building, Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street. I soon discovered that Bunker's quarters were the favorite rendezvous for the night owls of New York newspaper life. Nearly every night a bunch of them would crash in for a poker session just about the time I had disappeared under the sheets for a little sincere sleeping.

Three of the regulars were Tad, the Journal cartoonist; his brother, Ike Dorgan, then a sporting writer on the same paper, and Henry Raleigh, the artist. Their game was as quiet as a riveters' picnic. The idea of the players seemed to be that the one who could shout loudest and smash the most furniture stood the best chance of winning. Tad excelled in this respect. I would wake up at 4 A.M. to find a poker sharp sitting on my neck holding a full house and singing Sweet Adeline. I thought how tame the San Francisco earthquake had been.

I asked Bunker how I should go about connecting with a New York paper, and he told me not to be in any hurry about trying. Though I didn't appreciate it at the time, his object in advising me to take it easy was to stave off as long as possible the punishment he knew I was in for. Park Row regarded the young artist who thought he had a chance of crashing the gate simply as another candidate for a park bench. It had all sorts of game laws to guard the older denizens from extinction at the hands of editor Nimrods. One of the familiar sights of the district was that of a meek-faced youth walking into a newspaper office with his precious sketches and walking out again with precious little ceremony.

### *A Chance to Improve the Paper*

The Morning Telegraph was my first point of attack. I told the boy at the gate to say to Irving Lewis, the executive editor, that Mr. Goldberg of San Francisco wished to see him. The boy sniffed at the bundle I was carrying—it looked like a roll of blankets, but walking all the way from San Francisco seemed to have certain merits, so he omitted the usual raspberry.

"Now just supposing there was an opening here, which there isn't—but supposing there was—what could you do for the Morning Telegraph?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"I thought I might be able to improve the paper."

Lewis gasped. There was a gun lying on his desk and he seemed so outraged by my impertinence I was sure he was going to shoot me.

"So that's it, is it? You think this paper needs improvement and that you're the boy wonder who can do it. Well, listen here, young man: Nobody can improve this paper. We have the best men in the market and we can get plenty more like them."

Apparently he had the idea I was skeptical, for he marched me off to the library and proudly exhibited the back files of the Telegraph to convince me how good it was. Being in a hurry to land a job and knowing that the outlook was hopeless there, I was sorry I had started the controversy.

The Sun, Globe, Evening Telegram and Evening World in turn declined to avail themselves of my services.

Hy Baggerly had given me a letter to George Hughes, city editor of the Evening Mail, but I had held out from using it, because I preferred getting a job on my own merits, if I had any, rather than depending on friendly influence. Now I had combed the field pretty thoroughly without making a dent on New York's hard-boiled editorial front, so I decided to use Hy's note of introduction. It was necessary that I land a job before long. The bankroll of $300, with which I had started out, was slipping fast, and the time was approaching when I should have to visit uncle with the liquid assets, a diamond ring and gold watch which Eddie Graney and Morris Levy, California fight promoters, had given to me, and a diamond-studded penknife from Jim Coffroth.

George Hughes told me how glad he was to meet me and how sorry there was no opening

"The Mail has the greatest cartoonist in the world—Homer Davenport," he said.

"Yes, I know you have Homer Davenport, but my work isn't the same as his."

"No doubt you're right on that point," Mr. Hughes agreed; and again I toted my bundle of sample sketches out of a newspaper office.

That night I decided on a new tack. A great idea had come to me at last. Taking count of what had happened to me in the New York newspaper offices, I suddenly discovered that the only person who had not yet turned me down was the sporting editor. Of course there might be some excuse for this, since I had not tried to see any sporting editors. But I dismissed that unpleasant thought and bore in mind simply that sporting editors had the reputation of being pretty good scouts.

### *All Right for a Starter*

I hated office boys. The one who halted me at the editorial offices of the Evening Mail next morning said:

"Say, you're the boob that was in here yesterday, ain't you?"

With much dignity I informed him I was in there yesterday, but was no boob; that Mr. Hughes was a friend of mine and that I now wanted to see the sporting editor.

"Take my tip, Jack, and don't butt in on Fred when he's makin' up. He's apt to pi a form on your conk."

"Fred who?"

"Fred Wenck, the sportin' editor. He's a athalete."

At my insistence the boy reluctantly took my message to the ferocious and athletic Mr. Wenck. He returned in a few moments, told me I was to go in, and muttered: "Don't blame me, Jack; I gave ya plenty a warnin'."

A stockily built, dark-complexioned young chap with the pinkest cheeks I had seen in New York stopped me as I entered the city room.

"You Goldberg? I'm Wenck. Well, whatinell do you want?"

"A job. I'm a cartoonist. I've got some samples with me."

"And you've also got just two minutes to show 'em."

Wenck studied them for a much longer time than he had allotted for the inspection.

"They're not as rotten as I thought they'd be," he said at length. "You say you made 'em?" He looked me over as though in doubt. "You're sure you made 'em?"

"Honest, I did."

"Leave 'em here and come back tomorrow morning—but not when I'm making up the sporting page. Get me?"

When I returned next day Wenck told me he had talked it over with the "big cheese," whose identity I found to be T. E. Niles, the managing editor.

"How much salary do you want?"

"I don't know. What do you pay?"

"Well, I tried to jimmy $75 a week out of the boss, but the big flounder won't stand for more than fifty smackers. The only person a managing editor wants to get good jack is the managing editor. I think they're all full of hop myself. What about the fifty fish?"

I had almost taken a flop when he mentioned $50 as the salary. Ten a week was the most I had expected to start out with in New York.

"I'm not fussy about the dough. Fifty'll be all right as a starter," I said a little loftily.

"Then consider yourself on the pay roll at a half century per. There's a meeting on of the A. A. U. at Madison Square Garden. Go up there and see what you can dig out of it."

James E. Sullivan and Justice Bartow S. Weeks were the chief officials of the Amateur Athletic Union. It was Justice Weeks who made this first assignment much easier than it might have been otherwise. He wore whiskers, and they were a godsend to me. I doted on a face covered with a fresh crop of spring foliage. Not only have whiskers always appealed to me as one of life's greatest mysteries, but I had found them extremely helpful in reproducing likenesses. If an artist gets a bewhiskered gentleman's foliage right he doesn't have to fret much about the other details.

Wenck looked at the half-page cartoon I made and said it wasn't as good workmanship as the samples I had shown him. But he used it and I wasn't fired.

At the end of three months I was drawing a seven-column cartoon which ran across the full width of the sporting page. In the three center columns it was deeper than at the two ends, a shape which was useful for make-up purposes, as the center drop kept the headline type from running together. My regular formula was to make a central cartoon, with four smaller pictures around it, two on either side.

It bothered me how I could use the space in that three-column drop to the best advantage. One day I spoke to Franklin P. Adams F. P. A.—then the columnist of the Mail, about it.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Adams, "what funny questions people ask? You meet a fellow who's been out of town and say to him 'Hello, you back again?' On an August day, with the thermometer at 100 even, a man is pushing a lawn mower around the front yard and oozing like a sponge, when some nut comes along and asks 'Cutting the grass?'"

Foolish Question No. 1 appeared in the three-column drop next day. It showed a man who had fallen from the top of the Flat-iron Building, at that time the best advertised skyscraper in New York, and saying to the goofy one who asks if he's hurt: "No, you idiot. I jump off this building every day to limber up for business."

### *Foolish Questions Under Contract*

I had no intention of making Foolish Questions a comic feature. Its origin was purely accidental, and my idea was to run one whenever I couldn't think of anything else to fill up the three-column drop. But after several of them had appeared I discovered that they had struck that human note which gets anything of this kind over, whether it is a drawing, a song or a piece of writing. A whole flock of letters began coming in, reading: "Dear Rube, here's a funny one for your Foolish Questions," and then outlining an idea. Some of the readers of the Mail went so far as to call up with their suggestions.

In a week I had promoted Foolish Questions from its obscure place at the bottom of the daily cartoon to the more conspicuous position at the right-hand side. Fred Wenck, feeling a personal responsibility for me, seemed especially tickled about the good break. Fred was a member of the swimming squad of the New York Athletic Club, and every now and then he would turn over to me a suggestion for the series which one of his fellow athletes had made. In less than two weeks from the day the first Foolish Question appeared, he asked me how I'd like to sign a contract for the remaining nine months of the year.

"The big noise"—Niles—"has loosened up enough to give you sixty-five dollars a week for the next six months and seventy-five dollars for the following three months. I wanted to make it seventy-five dollars and one hundred dollars, but there never was an M. E. with any sense. Some day the ideal newspaper will be published without a managing editor."

This salary bump was so unexpected I began wondering whether everybody around the Mail office had gone bugs. It seemed to me just a question of when the day of reckoning would come and we should all wake up in the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Wenck, Niles, I, and everybody else who was in any way *particeps criminis* to the swindle.

The humorous side of scientific effort has always appealed to me strongly. Some of the things the students had to do when I was attending the College of Mining at the University of California used to impress me very forcibly. Especially was the course in analytic mechanics a scream. Freddy Slate, professor of physics, had charge of this course, and it seemed to me that the university had used rare judgment in its choice of the right man for the post. Analytic mechanics and Freddy Slate were exactly suited to each other. In analytic mechanics you were introduced to the funniest-looking contrivances ever conceived by the human mind and in Professor Slate you met a gentleman with a red beard, large Adam's apple and big gold-rimmed spectacles. A fine, scholarly gentleman too. The fellows all loved him.

### *The Barodik Brothers*

Professor Slate had invented a machine by which the weight of the earth could be determined. It was a complicated system of test tubes, retorts, hoses and any little odds and ends he could find around the laboratory.

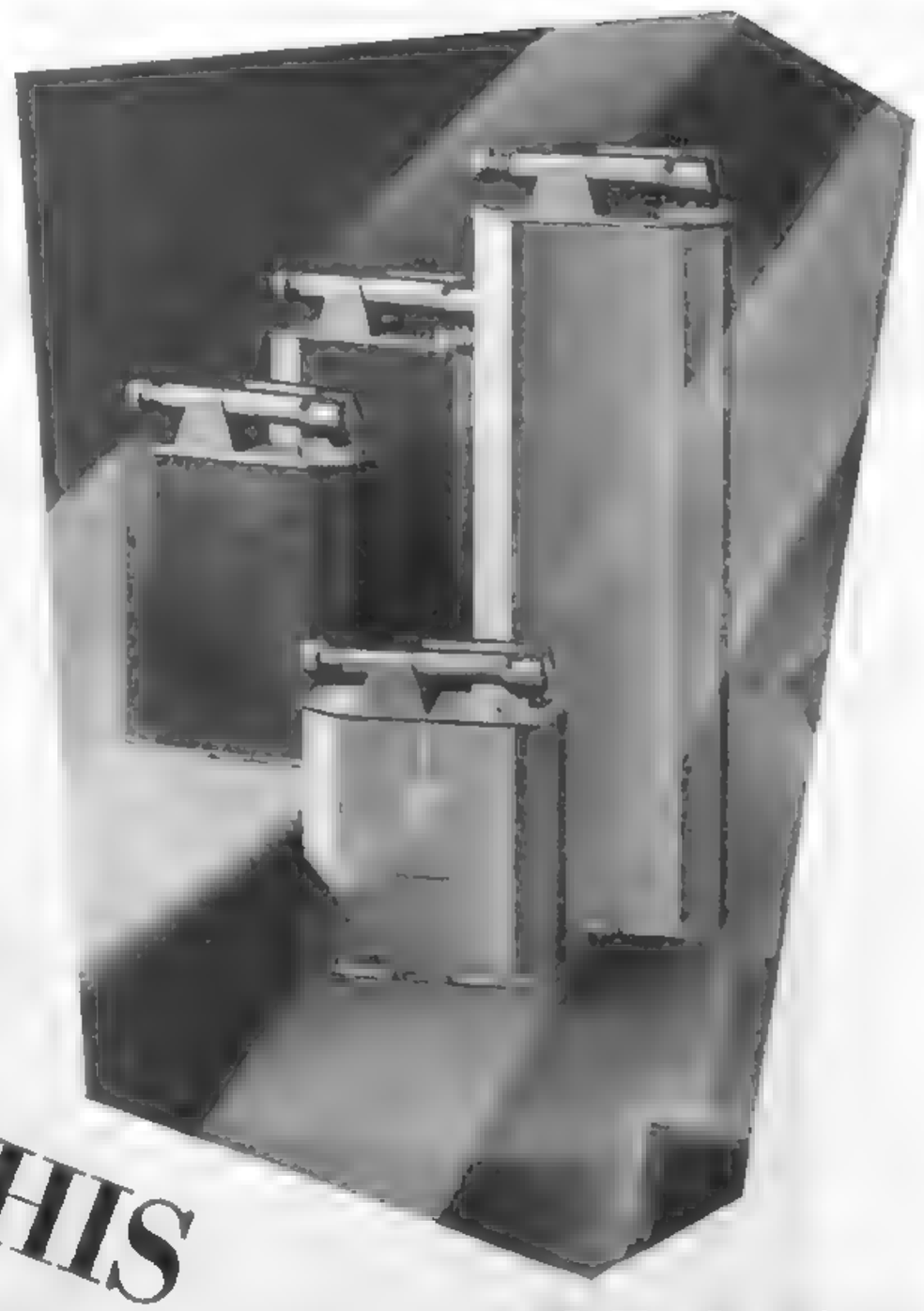
What knocked me over completely was the name he had given to this crazy-looking contraption. He called it a barodik. Think of anybody calling anything a barodik. You could spend years juggling the letters of the alphabet without getting a name as sweet as the one Professor Slate had grabbed right out of the thin air for his invention. A barodik could be anything in the world. If I hadn't known what it was and somebody had asked me to guess, I should have said that it was either the weirdest beast in the African jungle or a surgical instrument used in acute cases of collar-button poisoning. But certainly I should never have suspected that it was an instrument which gave you your choice of answers as to the earth's weight. It seemed to me that anything so beautifully named had a much bigger mission in life.

In the course of years thousands of letters have reached me asking how I ever happened to get started on my line of drawing strange-looking inventions designed to perform commonplace but annoying tasks, such as catching a mouse or getting an olive out of a long-necked bottle or silencing an after-dinner speaker or extinguishing a cigarette butt or pressing your pants or cooking your breakfast before you get up in the morning. Well, this is the explanation of it—Professor Freddy Slate's barodik for determining the weight of the earth. Our dear red-bearded instructor was so serious about his barodik which had such a gorgeous name and was never scientifically wrong, though never actually right, as far as I could see—that I just simply never got over it.

In other words, I went barodik in college and couldn't be cured. One of my fondest recollections of college days is when our class put on a show and Lambert Coblentz, Doc Bisbee and I went on as the Three Barodik Brothers. The most delightful part of the whole performance was that Professor Slate never knew until he read the program and saw the title of our act that he had created a masterpiece in nomenclature.

After Foolish Questions had been running two years or so, the readers of the Mail began to show less enthusiasm about writing and telephoning in suggestions and I sensed that it was up to me to get something new. But what? I pieced together a hundred different catch phrases without hitting on one which seemed to have the essential human note. No matter where I was or what I was doing, the thought always before me was: "Where am I going to

(Continued on Page 156)



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FIREFLY For those who wish to pay less, Clark makes a Firefly Lighter that has all the working features of the regular Clark. The prices are from $4.50 up.

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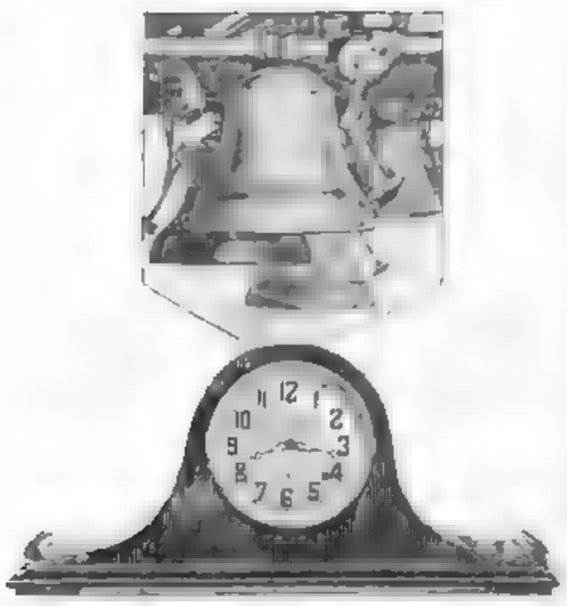

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SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

(Continued from Page 153)

get that gag to pinch-hit for Foolish Questions?" Meeting people had a new significance; maybe there would be something in their get-up or facial expression or conversation which would give me the desperately needed hint. Somewhere, somehow and pretty darn quick I had to catch up with a regular idea.

One evening I dropped in to see the vaudeville show on the old Hammerstein Roof, which was one of the most popular amusement places in the White Light district at that time. One act followed another, but as for their meaning anything to me I might as well have been sitting on the Battery sea wall. It was not until one of the actors began singing a catchy sort of song that I sat up and took notice. The thing which had caught my attention was a line running, "I'm the guy that put the salt in the ocean." For the first three words of that inspired sentence I inwardly uttered three lusty cheers and a tiger. They were exactly what I needed to round out an idea which had been struggling painfully to break through the bony structure surmounting my neck, which I had been using chiefly as a hatrack.

### *I'm the Guy*

As a feature of my daily cartoon I had created the character of a grotesque little old man, who would always be shown in some unexpected place—coming out of a manhole or a flowerpot, sitting on a chandelier or possibly riding a bicycle upside down on the ceiling, and making some sort of a wise crack apropos of the conversation being carried on by the central figures. Readers of the Mail and other papers publishing my cartoons had indicated more than a passing interest in him, and it had been in my mind that he could be developed into something more than a minor feature. Now I had found the way to accomplish this. Henceforth he would be the hero of a series called, I'm the Guy.

The idea of the series was that no matter how much we marvel at the miracles performed by science, the everyday mysteries of life are still the most perplexing. Why does Swiss cheese have holes? Why do grapes have seeds, dogs have tails, trees have leaves, bulls have horns? Let us say the subject was fish. The first three panels of the cartoon would show a fisherman much elated over making a fine haul and then getting a bone in his throat when he sat down to enjoy the feast. In the final panel the little old man would do his usual stuff of bobbing up in some impossible position and, in response to the question "Who are you?" he would say "I'm the guy that put the bones in fish."

I'm the Guy caught on with the public. But it had one weakness I had not foreseen, which was that there were not enough of these miracles to keep it going indefinitely. I got around this by making the final punch a play on words, instead of building the incident around some freak of nature. For example, a writer could be shown in the third floor back of a Greenwich Village boarding house, tearing off reams of manuscript and cursing fate because he had to use so much expensive ink, when the old fellow would drop in and announce that he was the guy who put the ink in think. Or in other situations, he could put the con in conference, the rush in Russia, the sip in Mississippi or the pain in paint. What I could or couldn't make him do depended entirely on how complete a dictionary I had; and I at once saw to it that the one my library contained was the biggest and wordiest the market offered.

Every man is a self-appointed missionary of some kind. My pet mission has been to rescue sundry well-known backs from cracking under the strain of carrying inhuman loads. I could never quite understand why sculptors have such an apparent mania for making people hold up heavy objects. I see no logical reason for compelling strong men to support the façade of the municipal building or any excuse for putting a lot of nice, symmetrical young ladies to work as stanchions for the fountain in the town's public square. In fact, it seems to me that the quota of human donkeys in the world is quite sufficient without gloating over it. Why on earth should art stress one of the most disagreeable tasks of mankind—that of lugging things around? It would be just as reasonable to memorialize a toothache or an attack of gout.

The impressions of youth are lasting. In childhood I felt deep compassion for the mute serfs of artdom about our home who had nothing more exciting to do than to stand around all day balancing the newel lights, floor lamps, electroliers and other weighty impedimenta. A statue of Atlas appealed especially to my juvenile sympathies. Here was the original hard-luck guy. Whenever I felt imposed upon for being required to carry a scuttle of coal up from the cellar, I'd take one look at Atlas and think how lucky he'd regard himself if he had nothing heavier than a scuttle of coal to tote through life. Poor Atlas! In his presence you realize the truth of the old maxim that nothing is ever so bad that it couldn't be worse.

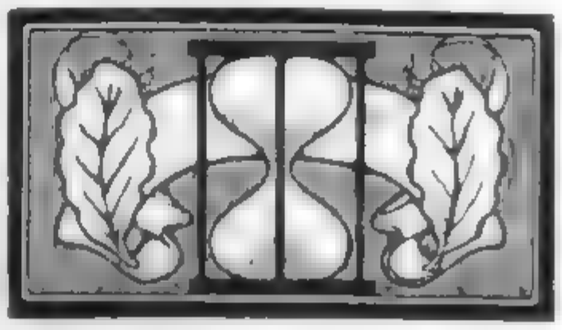
Since those days of daily contact with the misguided statuary and bric-a-brac of our San Francisco home, it has been my ambition to do what I could to emancipate Atlas and his fellow slaves from the state of bondage designed for them by the old masters. Caricatures of sculpture have been the outlet for this philanthropic impulse. If a drawing which shows, let us say, a complicated group of nine gladiators holding up one dinky light achieves its purpose of being grotesquely funny, the big kick I get out of it is not that, but rather the fact that I have been able to give these overworked strong men a good break, in accordance with a resolution reached years ago.

It is well known, of course, that nations have their individual tastes in humor. One form which appeals especially to Americans is to invent jazzy-sounding substitutes for much-used words. We have it on good authority that money and drink have fifty or more verbal variations. But America's pet word, although its alternatives are not nearly so numerous, is that which relates to attempted deception on the part of our fellow men. Our native inclination is to hate artificiality, affectation or pretense. The various degrees of this we refer to with such expressions as bunk, bluff, fake, hokum, hooey, con, apple sauce, banana oil, putting on the dog, high-hatting, ritzing, and so on.

### *A Dramatic Critic*

We hear a candidate for public office say, "If I'm elected I'll give this city the first honest administration it has had in thirty-two years," and we immediately conclude that he's "slipping us the works" or "filling us with a lot of hot air." We do a great deal of thinking in terms of slang, and it seems to please our imagination most when we can devise some odd-sounding word or phrase that applies to the ancient art of sham. Notice how quickly the public pounces on any such expression produced by a comic artist or humorist. A great deal of slang now in current use has been manufactured in this way, and three of its principal creators have been Tad—T. A. Dorgan—Walter Winchell and Bugs Baer.

Eight years ago I was in Cleveland attending the world-series games between the American League team of that city and the Brooklyn Nationals. Morris Gest was presenting Aphrodite, a spectacle play, at one of the local theaters and invited the newspapermen to attend. With several friends I dropped in one evening when the



show was about half over and stood up in the rear of the theater taking in the elaborate stage effects. A Philadelphia man, an ardent follower of baseball, whose name I have forgotten for the moment, was a member of our party. This chap was usually around with the newspapermen and was known as quite a character. His line of slang was classical; if he had happened to have selected comic art as a profession he would have given to the world many expressions which have never become known, because he was without the medium to popularize them.

When the big scene of the play came, embellished with all the flourish Morris Gest knows how to give, the audience sat enraptured with the magnificence of the display. Apparently everybody in the theater but one was deeply moved. The Philadelphia business man was the single exception. With a wave of disgust, he walked toward the entrance, remarking as he started to leave, "That's just a lot of boloney."

### *Ahead of Father Time*

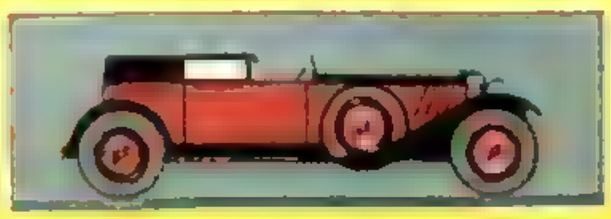
Such a descriptive phrase for such an event! Contrasting so sharply with the solemnity of the moment, it struck me as one of the funniest lines I had ever heard. And subconsciously I must have recorded it in my mind, for after the first good laugh I never thought about it again until six years later, when I was sitting at my easel board one day trying to dope out a live filler.

Then I got to thinking generally about the word "boloney." Boloney sausage is a funny sort of thing anyway, and in the sense that most people like it and hate to admit they do, it is similar to sauerkraut and corned beef and cabbage. Why had it never been used to any extent in cartooning? The only explanation I could find was that the word didn't mean a thing when spelled correctly. Bologna. Everybody under the sun called it boloney—a marvelous monniker in itself—and nobody would know what you were talking about if you pronounced it the right way.

It was in this manner the filler, "That's a lot of boloney," came into existence. That it seems to have caught on well is undoubtedly due to the fact that it furnishes another means to indulge our favorite hobby of branding anything a fake. As good as the word "boloney" is itself and as much as this mysterious food product appeals to our vein of humor, I doubt whether it would ever have gone over if it had not been for the supplementary factor that Americans are keen for any new way to describe hoodwinking.

About this cartooning business not being the soft snap people think it is, I'm dead serious. If, in the exuberance of youth, I had realized what it would mean to grind out a daily smear year in and year out, I might have been more hesitant to increase my troubles by crashing into the sporting page as a writer. In the course of more than twenty-four years at it I have turned out well on to 10,000 cartoons, counting the daily strips, full pages for the Sunday color supplement and a few extras on special subjects. As quantity production goes nowadays, this doesn't sound like very much, and the only way you can get an appreciation of its volume is to realize that 10,000 cartoons represent 10,000 days of hard work. In twenty-four years there are only 8760-odd days, so it is easy to figure that in some way or other I've rooked Father Time out of about 1240 days. In other words, I ought to be nearly three and a half years older than I am.

A thing which I didn't understand about newspapers in those days of childish innocence is that anything you start voluntarily the editor keeps you at to the end of time. A young gentleman with bright ideas invariably runs afoul of *beaucoup* trouble around a newspaper office. He sees something that ought to be done and the editor tells him fine, to go ahead and do it. And he's still doing it when he's an old man.



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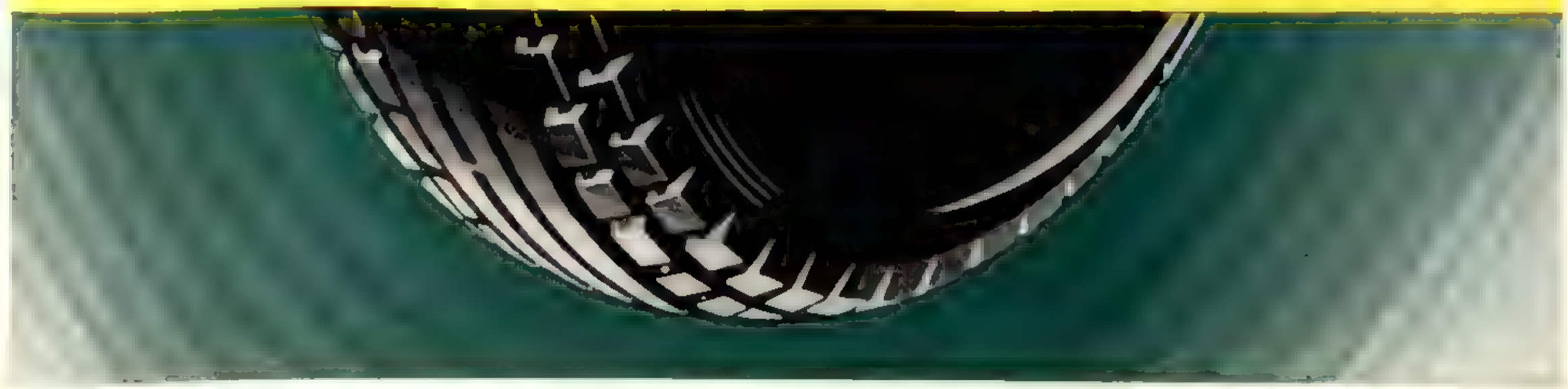

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# THE RICH MAN'S SON

(Continued from Page 33)

that the nature of it will depend upon his own efforts. He learns early to distinguish between transitory and durable satisfactions. He is not prevented by money from acquiring initiative, resourcefulness and industry. He is not denied the privilege of developing character early; he is not enfeebled by the pampering that comes from comfort and luxury.

Indeed, wherever we turn there is the fear, the conviction, that wealth is sure to spoil the younger generation. The rich man worries incessantly lest his children be unequal to the strain. He leaves money freely to his grandchildren, whose character is less familiar to him, but ties up his own children with tight restrictions. Of course this fear is not new to this age or to the conditions under which we live.

In the Old Testament, in the book of Ecclesiastes, we find the lament: "Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?"

"Rich folks' children are put to it to turn out well," said Martin Luther. "They are likely to become arrogant, conceited and complacent, and to think that they need learn nothing because they have enough to live anyway. On the contrary, poor men's sons must labor to lift themselves out of the dust and must endure greatly. And because they have nothing to boast about or pride themselves upon, they trust God, control themselves and keep still."

Doctor Johnson remarked that few work well except for pay, and he defended the law and custom of primogeniture, by which the English nobility left most of their land to the oldest son, on the ground that "it makes but one fool in a family."

Certainly, if we come down to the present time, there is warning to be found on every hand. Andrew Carnegie never tired of telling about the evil effects of inherited wealth. He wrote protestingly to a newspaper editor who in error spoke of Carnegie's Fifth Avenue mansion being a gift to his daughter. Mr. Carnegie had tried to bring up his daughter simply, he wrote, and had in fact tried to conceal his great wealth from her. On another occasion he illustrated his beliefs by telling of the deerhound that to make things easier for her puppies caught some deer and put them in an inclosure, only to see the puppies die of the mange.

### *Scratching Gravel*

The wise and venerable Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has said of his famous Harvard class of 1861: "It was a good thing for us in our college days that we were all poor—at least we lived as if we were."

Philip D. Armour told his son that he must never forget that "you have to take the curse off being a rich man's son," and Charles M. Schwab once remarked before a congressional committee that "most rich men's sons won't work the way I want people to work for me."

Mussolini says that if by any chance he had fallen into a comfortable employment his energies would have been sapped. "These energies which I enjoy were trained by obstacles and even by bitterness of soul. They were made by struggle, not by the joys of the pathway."

And finally, to be done with quoting authorities, it is a matter of record that John D. Rockefeller feared that his grandchildren might receive too much rather than too little, and that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has publicly stated that he envies his father only one thing—the necessity of making his own way in the world.

But we need no imposing names to establish the fact that these ideas are widely held. We are constantly hearing young A contemptuously described as a typical rich man's son and young B as having been spoiled by inheriting money.

All of us have observed that a chicken is healthier if it has to scratch, and we are told that the best salesman is one who doesn't know where the rent money is coming from and therefore keeps hustling. The rich man's son already has the object of most men's endeavors. How can his best efforts fail to have about them an element of the artificial? Zest is difficult to instill where the imperative of "Root, hog, or die" does not exist.

Green fields beckon to such a youth; he can drift from job to job, from avocation to avocation, without the stern necessity of concentration. Many of these young fellows go through the motions of work rather than its realities. The lack of spur too often means mediocrity. Money shields the young from much hardship, trouble and suffering, but in the act it also shields them from strength, development and character.

### *The Correct Thing*

The young mother in a well-to-do family employs such expert nurses and nursemaids that she need take no responsibility for her child. In less opulent grades of society many a silly girl becomes a woman of fine character from having to take entire charge of her first baby. She develops from the responsibility of having a helpless little life entirely dependent upon her, from knowledge that it will live or die according to her actions and judgment.

Now all this is true, as far as it goes. But we must look a little closer. There are young men and women, thousands of them, whose strong natural characters cannot be spoiled by their parents' money. Everything depends upon the individual, and the usefulness and happiness of many a life are enhanced by wealth, provided there is the inherent character and fiber to withstand its dangers and to make good use of its unquestioned advantages. Would Theodore Roosevelt have been any more of a man than he was if he had been poor? Could John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have performed any greater service if his wealth had been self-made instead of inherited?

It is the same with poverty as with wealth. There are those whom it embitters instead of stimulates. Many sink under its rigorous training rather than use it to sharpen their natural talents. President Eliot has said that "of course it is only the sensible children of the poor who really win the advantages which narrow family circumstances are fitted to give them. Silly children of the poor spend the little money that comes to them quite as foolishly as silly children of the rich spend larger sums."

Henry Ford once remarked that there are no rich or poor—merely those who will work and those who will not work. It may well be that the half-hearted or unstable or spoiled or idle children of the rich are those who would be exactly the same if they had no family or inherited means. They may be the kind that would become public charges if their parents had not left money in trust for their care.

Surely the possession of enough means to make it unnecessary to work cannot obscure or blind anyone but a natural fool to the eternal truth that the best things of life are not purchased with dollars. "The most enjoyable acquisitions are personal skills, mental capacities and domestic joys, none of which is determined or greatly affected by the amount of wealth."

In this country, work is the correct thing. Public opinion scorns the idler, whether he be rich or poor—and to an increasing extent, whether she be rich or poor. No man can be successful or happy without work, regardless of fortune, and the examples are all around us. No one works harder than John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel Ford has worked steadily since he was a mere stripling. The great majority of the sons not only of rich but of the comfortable

(Continued on Page 160)

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(Continued from Page 158

middle classes must work to escape humiliation.

Sometimes the sons of the rich are a little slow in getting down to genuine work. They look around to an unconscionable extent. But in most cases the real article has to come sooner or later, else life is empty. The choice between attending to business or neglecting it, of being a bum or not, has to be made.

Rich and poor alike have to fight something. The poor boy fights not only discomforts but the indifference of those around him. The rich boy must fight not only overindulgence but the oversolicitude of his friends, and as the late Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, once remarked, "the spirit of the individual is called forth in either case."

Judge Gary said that he had accumulated enough at thirty to keep his family as well as himself from all future want, but he was determined to show people that he was different. "Ambition, purpose, tenacity are not gifts of the poor alone. It is not the want motive but the desire to succeed." Money should be no handicap to vision, and that is what counts. The poor have no monopoly on the feeling of wanting to do better than others.

Certainly the rich man's son has plenty of work cut out for him. Whatever he attempts to do, failure is predicted. Older men shake their heads and say that he can't possibly make good. He will get all the discipline he wants in merely overcoming the doubters. Several years ago Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., wrote an amusing but none the less shrewd article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the subject, It's Hard to be a Rich Man's Son, in which he pointed out that if such a boy starts at the bottom he is criticized for taking the bread out of poor men's mouths, and if he starts a business of his own it is described as a rich man's toy, financed by his father to give him something to do.

Other observers have pointed out that if the son begins with administrative work, which is often the wisest course, rather than attempting to be a mechanic, he is the object of envy and jealousy on the part of the old-timers. It is hard to be the boss' son, as well as the rich man's son. The son of the boss who improves the business, either before or after his father's death, gets very little credit, because people say, "Oh, he inherited it." If he takes no initiative, he is regarded as a failure; and if he does stir things up, he is looked upon as supercilious.

### *Standing Against the Stream*

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., once told the writer that he "might have preferred his children to have been born with a different background. The difficulty of inheriting important sums of money and using them wisely is great. I have said to my sons, 'The world expects you to make fools of yourselves, just as they expected it of me. That might be the case if you follow the crowd. But there is satisfaction in standing up against the stream, fooling the crowd and doing useful, courageous work.'"

Now we have no scientific or exact data showing the effect of family or inherited wealth upon sons and daughters, although endless examples may be cited to prove either good or bad results. Sir Josiah Stamp, in making his presidential address in 1926 before the section on economic science and statistics of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said that the effect of inherited wealth in checking initiative and making idle men really does exist, "but it is a very slight percentage of potential production, however glaring individual cases may be.

"A man who has great capacity to add to production and raise the general standard has enough character not to be idle and unproductive simply because he has other means; indeed, he may play less for safety and be a risk taker and pioneer, and so add to economic welfare. The gilded idlers would not, in any case, have made much greater economic additions than their own subsistence."

Such a statement of conditions must be even more applicable to the United States. We have many thousands of profitable business enterprises which are carried on even more successfully by sons than by fathers. There are cases where the proprietor's son is utterly worthless and the business passes into other hands; there are cases where the son only grudgingly enters the business and surrenders his real interests by doing so; there are sons who rebel and become artists or whatever else they care about; and there are the thousands who take courses in business administration, engineering, accounting, salesmanship, advertising, journalism and the like, the better to fit themselves for the serious work of taking over the family enterprise.

It is easy enough to cite the many well-known instances, although these are less important than the thousands that are never heard of. There are the four generations of Morgans in the banking business, and four generations of Dodges, noted for interest in education and philanthropy as well as wealth. There are Cranes, Cheneys, Roeblings, Edisons, Swifts, Gimbels, Whites, and so on indefinitely, all without even considering the two famous cases of Rockefeller and Ford.

### *The Golden Spoon*

An invalid member of a wealthy manufacturing family, who had never been able to enter business because of ill-health, told me that of his several brothers each was a better business man than the pioneer father. When it came to the third generation he remarked that all but one were better than their fathers, and that the grandsons were constantly taking mechanical courses in order better to fit themselves to run the business. One grandson, he said, had gone completely to the devil because of money, but one in so many did not count.

It is commonly understood in Pittsburgh that second and third generation members of the Mellon family who do not turn out well are simply sidetracked, while those who are fitted to carry on assume the responsibility.

Now if we turn to John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford, the richest men that America has produced, we find that each had only one son, but that these two sons work as hard as their fathers ever did. Each son in turn has a large family of children, considerably more than the average, but these are not yet old enough, in the case of Edsel Ford, to show their caliber, and are in the college stage in the other family. It must be remembered that Edsel Ford was born when his father was a poor man, earning fifteen dollars a week. He began work at nineteen and has been at it continuously ever since, having been the active and progressive head of the business for the last nine years.

Then, too, the vivid interest of the rich man's son is frequently to be found in fields other than immediate money-making. Much of the enthusiastic promotion of aviation is in the hands of such people, whose names will occur to anyone. A certain number go into advanced university teaching, research work and all manner of necessary experimental activities.

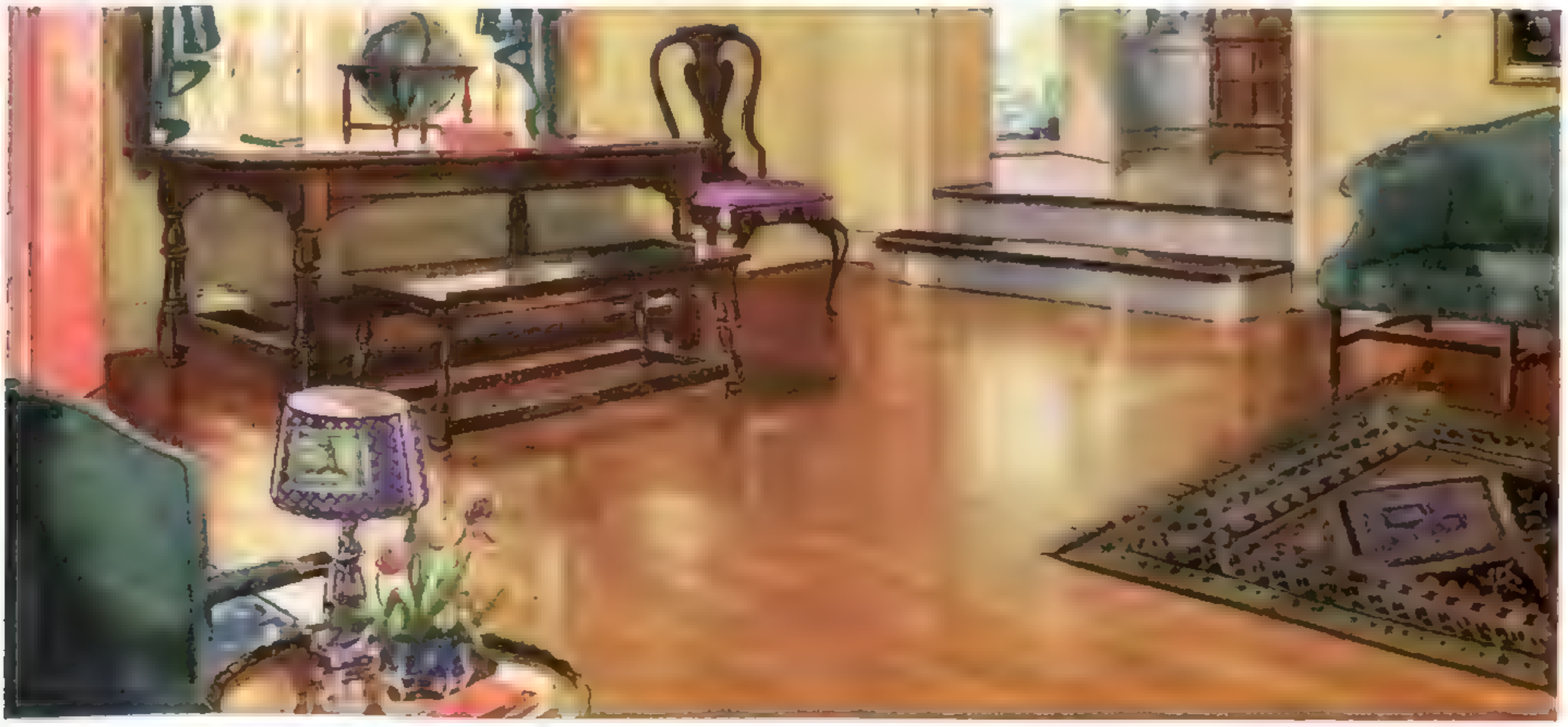
Surely the effect of money upon children and young people is not all one way. The subject has more than one side to it, and it does not admit of dogmatic statement. Nor is it to be disposed of with the assertion that people of means invariably have few or no children. Professor Dalton, an English economist, has argued that this tends to increase inequality of wealth through inheritance.

But anyone can cite many cases of rich families with numerous children. Sir Josiah Stamp, than whom there is no higher authority, says that the operations of the British estate tax reveal that in the higher brackets the percentages of persons having children at the time of their death run

Continued on Page 162

# FLOORS *are coming "in"*

## SMART AS NEXT SPRING'S REBOUX HAT



FLOORS have emerged from beneath the florid and floral carpets of the gay nineties. Unhidden, in the smartest homes they now gleam with a soft, mellow lustre, imparting tone and richness to every room.

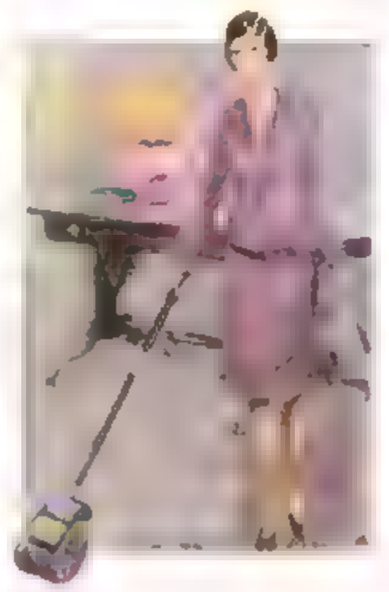
Yet, strange as it may seem, these lovely floors in vogue are as free from scars and scuffs as when they were completely covered. For they are *waxed*, and Johnson's Wax forms a tough, flexible film like an invisible carpet.

Neither dainty French heels nor blunt soled boots get through it. Nor does dirt grind in. Its smooth and greaseless surface is as easily dusted as a mirror.

Ever so easily, you may have such fashionable floors. Without soiling your hands or wearying your back you can now put the lovely and preserving finish of wax right over any varnished or painted surface. Linoleum and tile are brightened and beautified, and you will never need to scrub them again.

The furniture is being waxed, too, in homes of social importance. The greasy, glaring finish of other polishes is considered bad form. The mode calls for the satin-like lustre of Johnson's Wax, with its hard film of protection that wards off scratches and shows no finger prints.

Mail the coupon now for a liberal sample to try, and an interesting booklet, illustrated in color, that tells all about the uses of Johnson's Wax.



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin

*"The Interior Finishing Authorities"* (Canadian Factory, Brantford, Ont.)

Waxes • Varnishes • Enamels • Wood Dyes • Fillers • Wall Finishes

*The easy electric way to wax-polish floors* $29.50

*is just like walking over them. The tremendous popularity of the Johnson Electric Polisher has cut the price of the new improved model from $42.50 to $29.50, complete with applying mop and ½ gallon Johnson's Wax. If you wish to try it before buying, rent it by half day or day from the nearest grocery, drug, department, paint, hardware, electric, or furniture store.*

Either in paste or liquid form

JOHNSON'S WAX

Polish for FLOORS FURNITURE WOODWORK LINOLEUM AUTOMOBILES

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. 22, Racine, Wisconsin.

Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or the floor of a small room. Also your illustrated booklet on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps

What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers? ☐

Name ..... Address .....

City ..... State .....

# Turn out the lights!

## . . . bring in the new firelight heater!

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE a fireplace you could carry from room to room? A fireplace with all the old-time cheer . . . all of the heat . . . and none of the trouble? Well, here it is, in the cheeriest heater you ever saw: the Firelight, Perfection's newest oil-burning model. It has a fire-bowl of durable Pyrex, transparent as glass, and a finish of apple-green enamel or satin black. Light it, the first cool evening this fall. Turn out the other lights. The Firelight will bring you warmth enough for the chilliest room . . . . and cheer enough for an army!

If your heating bill causes you any worry, you will find it a real economy as well as a pleasure to own a Firelight or one of the other Perfections. They cost absurdly little to operate. And they help you save on the more expensive heat. All Perfections have new features that make them easier to fill, to keep clean, to re-wick. Your choice of the Firelight or all-metal models in snow-white, sea-blue or brown enamel or satin black. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. See them at any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE CO.
*Cleveland, Ohio*
*Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario*

# PERFECTION
## *Oil Room Heaters*


*Continued from Page 160*

into the eighties and nineties. It is said that rich men are giving their money away to charity or bequeathing their businesses to employes because they do not believe in leaving wealth to idle heirs. But Treasury figures in this country show that an overwhelming percentage still goes to children.

Now of course the institution of inheritance itself has always come in for criticism. It appears to be the most glaring form of privilege. Those who inherit are given a seemingly unfair advantage over those who do not inherit. Irving Fisher has said that the distribution of property depends upon inheritance, constantly modified by thrift, ability, industry, luck and fraud. Against few institutions can such a powerful theoretical case be made as against inheritance.

But somehow the inheritance of property works, although the cruder forms of injustice, such as leaving a large fortune entirely to cousins, is generally regretted. Probably the right to bequeath property to direct heirs acts as an incentive to endeavor and makes for family unity. Besides, if it were entirely abolished we would have to accept some form of state socialism.

The practical difficulties of preventing inheritance by taxation or other means, without injustice, are very great. Suppose a father gives his son a lengthy, expensive and altogether superior medical education. The money so expended cannot be reached by any inheritance tax, as it would be if left for the same purpose after death. Sir Josiah Stamp describes the first process as masked inheritance.

Whatever the theoretical objections to inheritance, the urge to it seems to be increasing rather than decreasing, although theorists have predicted that it would disappear now that political democracy is so prevalent. The family-provision incentive, as expressed through the institution of life insurance, is far more powerful than formerly, and seems to be growing constantly and rapidly. Sir Josiah does not believe there is any popular feeling of resentment against inheritance as such, and he says that the average man is unaware that inheritance is not a natural right existent at all times and in all places.

### *A Permanent Family Endowment*

I doubt if any young man starting out in life would refuse, unless actually estranged from his parents, to receive some help, if offered, from them. I doubt if any young doctor starting out, after a long and laborious education, to build up a practice, would refuse to accept an income of, say, fifteen hundred dollars a year from his parents, provided they could easily afford to give it. My guess is that about one young doctor out of ten thousand would refuse the annuity on the ground that it might cut the nerve of his professional endeavor.

Why this inconsistency of behavior? Almost everyone, including the rich themselves, bewail the evil effect of money upon the young, and yet very few people, young or old, refuse to accept wealth when it comes their way. Is this because of egoism and overconfidence in oneself, especially on the part of the young? Is it like the common feeling of relative complaisance at the death of others but of astonishment and horror at the thought that we ourselves must die?

No, this is only a partial explanation. The fact is that when the subject of the effect of wealth upon the young is reduced to the simplest possible terms we find that, in spite of much preaching and theorizing, it is inherent in any civilization for one generation to extend help to the next. We may say and believe that the best salesman is one who doesn't know where the rent is coming from. On the other hand, if his father has left him a small income he can marry earlier, which has marked advantages; and if he loses his job or his wife and baby, or he himself becomes ill, he is not forced into debt.

There is a time in almost every life when a nucleus of income from property, a reserve against misfortune, even though it be inherited and unearned, is so necessary and beneficial that it more than offsets any possible disadvantage in the way of dulling initiative. It may enable a young man to wait a few months to find the right job instead of taking the wrong one instanter. It may be used to embrace opportunities and to realize dreams. It frees a man from certain of life's cares and thus enables him to devote himself more closely to his chosen pursuits.

Sir Josiah Stamp suggests a kind of moving annuity which should pass from generation to generation, not at the death of each person, but from him to his children at a point when his personal need for it has become less and when his son's need for it has become greatest. The inheritance therefore would not be one passing at death, but would be one passing at middle life. What is suggested is a permanent endowment of the family at its most difficult periods.

### *For Survivors of Prosperity*

There are endless questions of detail and individuality to consider in these matters. Now and then a man of twenty-one is capable of handling money which has been given to him or which he has inherited. But, speaking generally, responsibility in these matters does not come until twenty-five or thirty. Many a wise parent places money in trust to be paid over either as the young man or woman reaches a mature age or proves capable, in the discretion of a trust company, of handling it. Trust funds may be so arranged as to dull effort, or they may be an agency for right living and compulsion toward work.

So we might go on endlessly, pointing out the advantages and the disadvantages of surrounding the young with more or less money. It helps and it hinders, it sharpens and it dulls. No one seems to know where the net advantage lies. We have the apparent anomaly that adversity has developed the race, and yet we feel certain that of the two possible evils, poverty and prosperity, poverty creates more actual misery. I asked Prof. T. N. Carver, who has given this puzzling subject much thought, for his opinion, and he replied:

"I do not agree with Carlyle, except in a relative sense, that for every one who can stand prosperity there are nine who can stand adversity. If that means that prosperity is harder to stand than adversity, I do not agree. If it means that our own people—through thousands of years of experience with adversity, through thousands of years of natural selection under which those who could not stand adversity were weeded out—have acquired greater power to stand adversity than to stand prosperity, I should agree with him.

"Our race developed under the discipline of privation, not under the discipline of prosperity. If we survive a few thousand years of prosperity, we shall doubtless become adapted to it, but it will be by the process of selection. Those who are demoralized by prosperity will be weeded out, generation after generation. The only survivors will be those who managed to stand prosperity. Thus we may build a race as well adapted to prosperity as our race is now adapted to privation."

But this farsighted view only serves the more to emphasize the practical question of how best to fit the oncoming generation to prosperity. Is there not some happy mean in the way of money, of property and income? Several thousand years ago King Solomon preached moderation when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, take the name of my God in vain."

But even Solomon, in all his wisdom and glory, did not attempt to mention the number of goats and kids which constituted a happy mean. Who can put any absolute

*Continued on Page 165*

Only insulated roofs and walls can stop the heat-stealing fingers of chill, dampness and piercing cold!

# Is *your* home *Safe* from winter's attack?

WINTER again . . . a bitter, cheerless winter that continually threatens your home with three destroyers of healthful living comfort—chill, dampness and piercing cold!

Every family wants a house that *stops* these invaders—that turns them back before they draw out furnace warmth and fill the home with bleak discomfort.

Ordinary building materials alone do not shut out winter cold . . . do not retard wasteful heat leakage through roofs and walls. Something stronger and more resistant to extreme weather is required—*insulation!*

Nowadays, a remarkable cane-fibre board, Celotex, makes it possible for every family to enjoy protection from cold and from sweltering summer heat as well.

Celotex has high insulating efficiency because it contains millions of tiny sealed air cells. The effect of insulation is familiar to every family that has a refrigerator—and Celotex is used to insulate many household refrigerators and thousands of railway refrigerator cars.

Celotex is economical because it *replaces* other materials—it builds as well as insulates! Celotex Standard Building Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, roofs and attics in old homes as well as new. Celotex Lath gives new beauty to plastered walls because it is designed to eliminate cracks and lath marks.

No other material offers you as many advantages as Celotex. It reduces fuel bills, makes rooms quieter and gives you new living comfort and home enjoyment unheard of by other generations!

Ask your contractor, architect or lumber dealer for additional information on Celotex. Or write to us and ask for the Celotex Book, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving."

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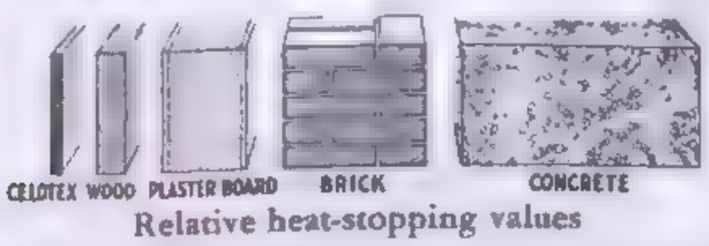
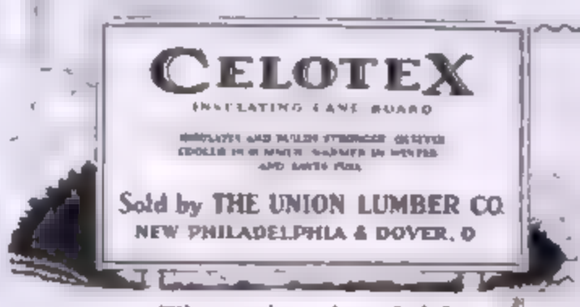



**Relative heat-stopping values**

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete . . . As a heat stop, Celotex is 5 times as effective as wood, 8 times plasterboard; 12 times brick; 25 times concrete (Data compiled from tests published by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers Guide, 1928.)

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Please send me free your illustrated booklet, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving."
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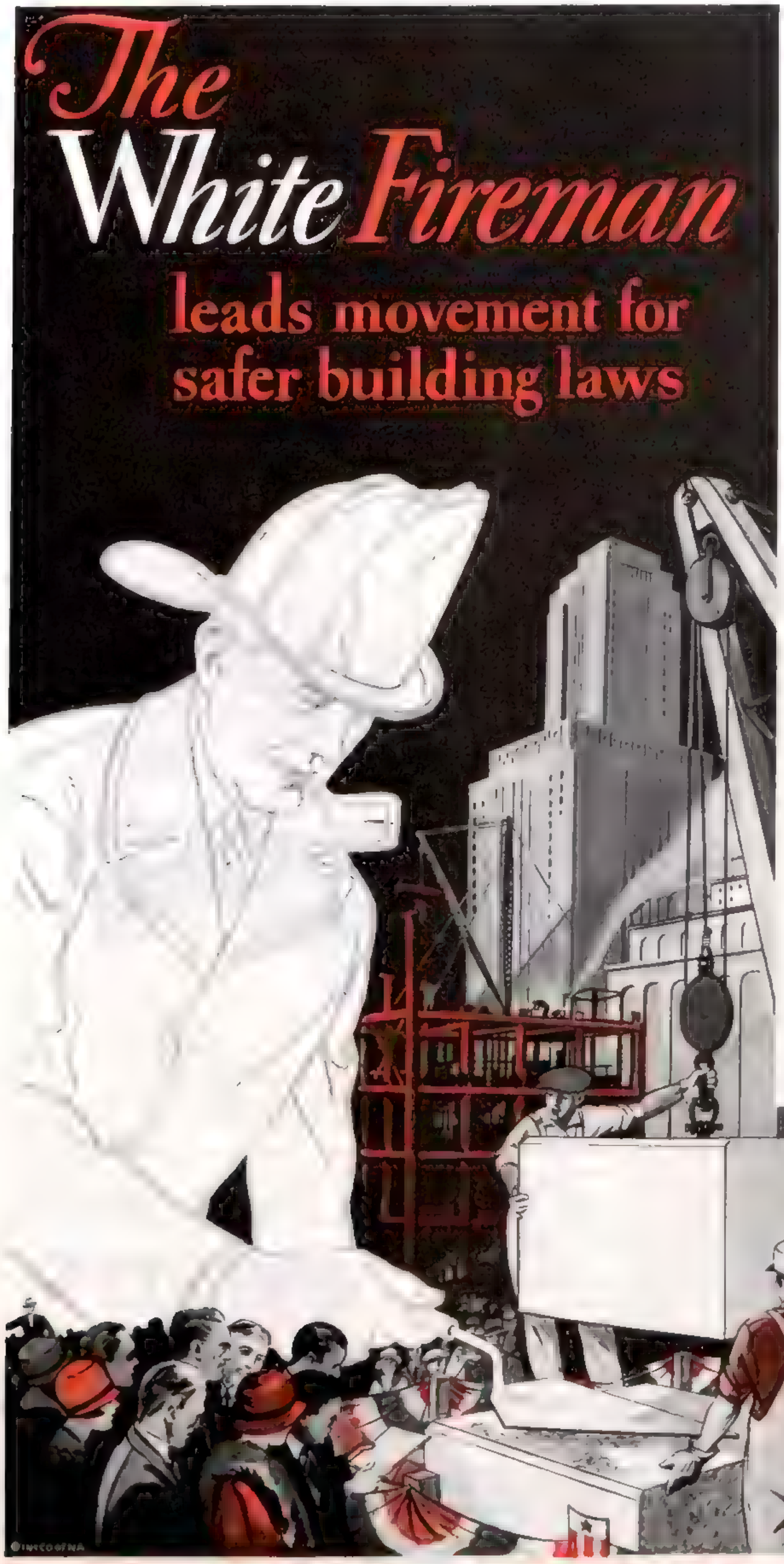
CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

# The White Fireman leads movement for safer building laws



IN a city's fire-prevention program the building code is a cornerstone. In his efforts to effect the adoption of safer building laws, the White Fireman has given his whole-hearted co-operation to city officials, members of council and municipal engineers.

His work has borne fruit. Thirty cities are using the White Fireman's model building code in whole or in major part. The codes of one hundred and twenty-eight other cities have been reviewed by the White Fireman, and in most instances his recommendations for revisions have been adopted. Actual building conditions have been studied in four hundred cities and reports have been prepared to guide the drafting of new laws.

Codes which compel proper utilization of modern, fire-resisting construction principles save lives and property, if properly enforced. And, frequently, the adoption of such codes gives property owners the benefit of lower insurance rates.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

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*and*

## Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

*write practically every form of insurance except life*

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—*Founded 1792*

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 162)

definition upon being poor or in medium circumstances or rich? In an effort to discover whether money has a worse effect upon the sons of the rich or those of middle financial class, I addressed an inquiry to President Ernest M. Hopkins, of Dartmouth College, who replied in part:

"The question which you raise is one in which I am much interested, but one on which I have never acquired sure convictions. My hunch has been, and occasional facts pretty largely substantiate it, that the so-called middle classes are those which produce the blasé and largely unapproachable element, so far as the arousing of intellectual interest is concerned, in our colleges. Of course one runs into immediate difficulties when one begins to generalize according to any classification, and yet one cannot generalize on any other basis."

### *Without Background*

"I should modify your expression of opinion in your letter at only one point—namely, in your suggestion that the case is almost as serious for the son of a man with fifteen thousand dollars a year as for the son of the millionaire. I should say that the case was far more serious and that the conditions created for the boy or girl were far more difficult in every way.

"I think I see the possibility of making certain rather definite deductions in regard to sons of parents who have become wealthy without any of the background which imposes restraint and sense of responsibility in the use of wealth. Yet even here one finds the definite and tangible case of the son of *nouveau riche* or of a war profiteer, who is intellectually keen and sensitive to spiritual values to an extent which makes it really seem as though his talent blossomed on the fertile ground of the family rottenness, as it could not blossom elsewhere.

"One thing that I have become quite clear about is that poverty is no greater spur than may be great wealth, if this is held with a sense of social responsibility. A long time ago I made up my mind on the basis of our experience that the sons of the very wealthy were as likely to be responsible and serious-minded as the sons of the poverty-stricken, and in general the former had a rather healthier attitude, because they were not seeking mental power for the purpose of gaining wealth, but rather for intelligence in rendering service. This statement could be shot full of holes on the basis of individual cases, but in the large I think I would be willing to stand by it."

In other words, the sons of families of great wealth or great prominence are held up to a standard, under the rigorous censorship of public opinion, which does not apply to the boys whose fathers are lost in the obscurity of merely comfortable circumstances. I also asked for an opinion of the effect of money upon young people from an energetic and progressive clergyman in a small Middle-Western city where is situated the state university with its ten thousand students. The young divine is on the discipline committee of the university and comes in contact with all the problems of undergraduate life. He said:

"Most of the fashionable society crowd at the near-by city of —— send their sons East to Harvard, Yale and Princeton, although we have a small group of fraternities which more or less represent that element and whose members have too much money. Lots of people in our state, however, have made money recently in several different industries and in speculation, and we have their sons and daughters.

"The boys and girls have a certain idealism—or would if allowed by their parents to work it out. The parents have no natural sense of values. Most of them have never been to college, although it is not so much that as a lack of any background at all. It is provincialism; they don't sense the really important things in college life. I know a father who sent his daughter back to college after a summer vacation and told her that he would practically disown her unless she made the best sorority, which she did by parading up and down in front of the house in expensive clothes.

"Parents are ignorant of true distinctions. One girl who got into trouble came before me and the parents were sent for. The father was noncommittal, but the mother, who defended the daughter, was simply awful. I had discovered that the girl had an automobile which neither she nor her parents had paid for, and that even her tuition was unpaid. But she had an endless quantity of flossy clothes which of course were paid for. I understood the situation when I discovered that the father was a man of very modest circumstances, but that the mother, by thrift and shrewdness, had taken his small savings and made a small fortune out of stock speculation."

Numerous universities have been compelled to ban the automobile in the hands of undergraduates because of many fatal accidents. Yet it is common after a boy has killed, or nearly killed, several people in a drunken ride, for the parents to resist the discipline which the authorities decide upon.

Alfred E. Stearns, of Phillips Andover Academy, one of the most experienced head masters in the country, tells in his little book, The Challenge of Youth, of case after case where parents have attempted to prevent merited discipline being visited upon their sons. He does not refer especially to automobile escapades, but to all manner of infractions.

### *All Too Human*

Those who have made their wealth quickly and who lack cultural background, says Mr. Stearns, often bring a lawyer with them to school to create an impression and produce an effect. One boy who had asked for a few days off to visit his sick father was about to be expelled when it was discovered that the father was perfectly well. Then it developed that the mother had forged the telegram to give her boy a chance to attend a dance.

Mr. Stearns says that just punishment is often the one thing which unstable youth needs, and he has been told again and again by older men that discipline, even expulsion from school, proved later to be the most salutary influence in their lives. Mr. Stearns says that parents fear their children's frown and trembling lip; they prefer "a passing smile more than the stable character of later years."

PHOTO. BY A. JACKSON, CAL.

*The Merced River Above Happy Isles, Yosemite Valley, California*

At the bottom of the whole difficulty lies the fact that parents are human. Their virtues, such as the maternal instinct, easily become vices. Countless millionaires have issued pompous statements to the effect that wealth should not be left to children to corrupt them, but usually these millionaires have had no children. In other words, the parent is always hoping for the best, always trusting that devotion and solicitude, that comforts and luxuries, will help rather than harm.

Years ago Henry Ford was quoted as saying that his son Edsel would have to shift for himself; he wasn't going to ruin any son of his with a fortune. But when Edsel proved himself more than capable, the father was only too happy to turn over a part of the great property to him.

It is easy for an outsider, for a third party, to realize the corroding effect upon a child of making it the center of things, of protecting it from hardship and work, of solving problems for it and providing means to gratify every whim. But affection blinds the parent and prosperity makes the effects of blindness dangerous. All we can hope for is that parents themselves will cherish true values and amid prosperity set an example of simple living.

### *Practice and Preaching*

The habitual conduct of the parent is much more important than commands or exhortations. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel Ford have both stated that their fathers never told them what to do or what not to do, but that no influence in their lives had been so great as the silent example of their fathers. As Mr. Rockefeller said in an address at Princeton University on Alumni Day, February 22, 1927:

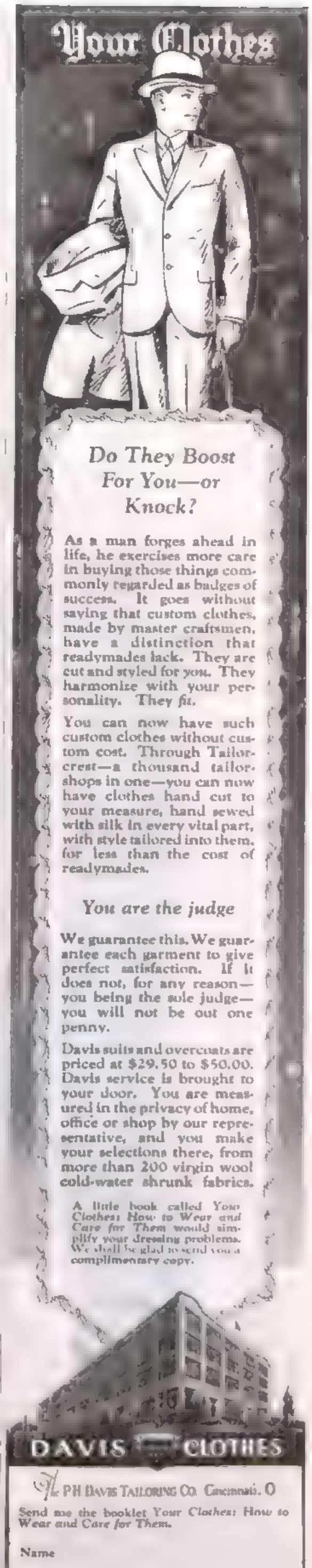
> Boys and girls of the present generation are pretty shrewd and penetrating. We cannot live one thing and advocate another to them. If we want our boys to take a worthy part in the world's work, we must be their example. To do so may at times be irksome and trying—it may cramp our style—but there is no alternative.

Mr. Rockefeller also said that "our boys will do no better than we hope and expect they will do. If we are satisfied with mediocrity for them, it is in mediocre places that we shall find them."

In conclusion, it is well sharply to recall that by far the most striking and unprecedented result of general prosperity, as far as the younger generation is concerned, is that boys and girls are sent to college. There are a million college students in this country. In earlier times, only an insignificant fraction of young people went to college as compared with present numbers. In those earlier days the boys went to work in the early or middle teens, and the girls, except in the richest families, worked at home.

Thus the most pronounced and effective removal of discipline from the young affected by prosperity has been the placing of them in colleges and universities. In other words, these institutions must supply the discipline, if there is to be any. Despite these facts, it is common to hear parents of means complain that it is so hard for their young to get through college. Yet the very survival of our civilization depends upon the provision by the colleges of a substitute for the discipline formerly obtained from manual work. Perhaps the colleges have the wrong kind of curriculums. That is not the subject of this article. But if we assume that colleges are teaching suitable subjects, it is self-evident that students must be held to a hard and unyielding accountability thereunder.

Professor Carver says that if we are to survive prosperity, those who are demoralized by it will have to be weeded out. If the rich man or the man of good family complains because his son cannot get through college, I counter with the story of the nursemaid. Her child cried and cried, although the nurse applied every known remedy. But all remedies failed. Finally, in despair, the nurse threw the baby out of the window and got herself another.



Your Clothes
Do They Boost For You—or Knock?
As a man forges ahead in life, he exercises more care in buying those things commonly regarded as badges of success. It goes without saying that custom clothes, made by master craftsmen, have a distinction that readymades lack. They are cut and styled for you. They harmonize with your personality. They fit.
You can now have such custom clothes without custom cost. Through Tailorcrest—a thousand tailorshops in one—you can now have clothes hand cut to your measure, hand sewed with silk in every vital part, with style tailored into them, for less than the cost of readymades.
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We guarantee this. We guarantee each garment to give perfect satisfaction. If it does not, for any reason—you being the sole judge—you will not be out one penny.
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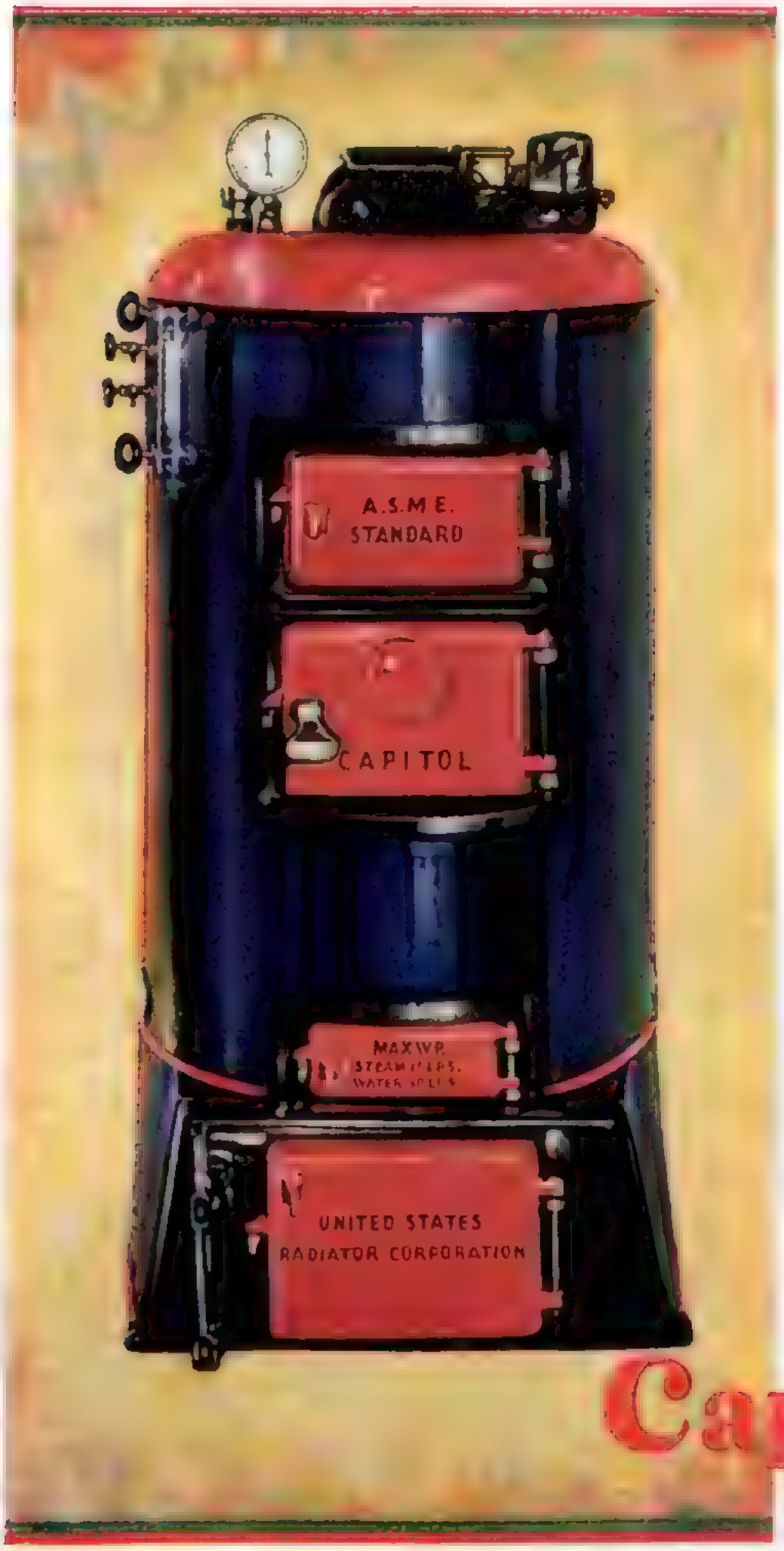
# A handsome package of YEAR-'ROUND summer

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SO utterly new, different, advanced is the Capitol *Red Cap* that comparison with previous boilers is inadequate. Only the healthful warmth of a glorious summer's day can rival the cozy comfort it will bring into your home, every day, the long winter through.

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Most important of all, your satisfaction is certified by the broadest and strongest written warranty in the industry, Capitol Guaranteed Heating★. The established heating contractor in your community will deliver this handsome package of year-'round summer to your home. Ask him, and write for a free copy of "A Modern House-Warming" which illustrates and describes the Capitol *Red Cap* and its worthy partners, Capitol Radiators.

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*Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.*

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*8 Factories and 33 Assembling Plants Serve the Country* — GENERAL OFFICES DETROIT, MICH. — *For 38 years, builders of dependable heating equipment*

THE PACIFIC STEEL BOILER CORPORATION
Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations — business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments

*Guaranteed Heating* WITH

# Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

# JUNGLE

(Continued from Page 5)

stopped. But the professionals went on. Somebody else took Alice to the Christmas dances.

Oh, she got letters from him. She said indignantly, "They're working him too much. He's stale. Four games a week—why, it's enough to kill a man!"

I couldn't get up much sympathy. I never played much football, but many a time I'd had to work when I felt stale—ten hours a day, six days a week and sometimes seven; and for less money, at his age, per week than he made in an afternoon.

"It must be terrible," I said, "to have to work four afternoons a week!"

Then he came home, and he didn't look very shocking. He wasn't thin, though the skin was pretty tightly drawn over the muscles about his mouth; it made him handsomer in a lean, hard, devil-may-care fashion. He was well dressed -a little too well, in fact.

But I remember yet the pitying maternal sound that Alice made when she first saw him at our door—running to him, kissing him as instinctively as if he were her husband home from the wars.

Ben Murchison sighed heavily, getting up to greet him. "Andy," he said, "what on earth you been doin' to yourself? Been sick?"

"No," said the boy listlessly. "Just stale."

He did look tired. But there was something else—something about his eyes, hot, restless and unsatisfied. Oddly, it came to me that old Ben Murchison might have looked like that before hard years had mellowed him.

His hand felt nervous and impersonal. I asked him, "Find the professional game pretty strenuous, did you?"

"No. Just too much of it"

"Gets tiresome when you do it for a living, huh?"

"Anything does," said Uncle Ben, his mild eyes gravely fixed on Andy's face.

"Why did you let them put you in so often?" Alice cried fiercely. "Why didn't you refuse to play?"

He said flippantly, "No play, no pay. That was the way my contract read." He grinned; it made his tired young face rather appealing. "That's where I outguessed myself. Thought I'd make more that way. Thought I was a big tough guy; thought I'd play every game and glom a lot of easy money."

"Son," said Ben Murchison gravely, "easy money never got nobody nowhere. I handled millions in my time, and now look at me!"

Oddly, the boy's hot eyes flicked first at Alice and then at me. "What's the matter with Vizcayan Asphalt?"

"Oh," said Ben Murchison, "that don't count. Buck, he's a business man. Wasn't for him, I'd be flat on my back in my old age."

"If it wasn't for me," I snorted, "you'd still be prancing between easy money and a firing squad."

Uncle Ben nodded gloomily. Absently, his hand strayed to the cellaret beside his tipped-back chair—you know, he had lived forty years where drinking was the standard indoor sport.

Producing bottle and glasses, he said absently, "How about you, Andy?"

"If you please," said Andy, his eyes too eager.

He didn't tell Uncle Ben when to stop pouring. I said shortly, "Time to break training, huh?"

He muttered, "You can keep strict training just so long. After that you have to let down to keep from blowing up."

Uncle Ben didn't seem to notice. He sat a moment moving his glass in gentle circles, squinting through it against the light. "Goin' back next year, Andy?"

"Oh," said the boy restlessly, "I don't know."

"Like it, did you?"

"Well," said Andy, "I like football, or used to. But — Oh, I don't know! I'm not cut out for a professional. Most of the fellows learn to save themselves—you know, put up a decent show without breaking their necks over it. But I can't seem to—to get up any speed unless I get—get ——"

"— worked up," said Uncle Ben. "Yeah, I know. More'n once I took a job fightin' for some feller I didn't give beans about, and couldn't get up no interest in it. No satisfaction in it, win or lose. I remember one time down in Costa Rica "

Andy wasn't listening. He had got used to seeing this mild, shabby, talkative old fellow around the Grove Hill Addition, and the colors of those ancient yarns had dimmed

"It's a dog's life," he said bitterly. "The crowd don't give a damn about professionals; all they want's a show—fireworks, with blood if possible. Give 'em a thrill and they yell their fool heads off. But, Lord, how they razz you if you don't! They don't realize that a man can't shoot the works every day and still have anything left to shoot next day."

"Well," said Ben Murchison, "what do you aim to do?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know any other way to pick up that much money, but ——"

"Son," said Ben Murchison, "you take my advice. Get you a steady job and then stay with it till it gets you somewhere. 'Specially"—he hesitated, glancing aside at Alice; looked up and finished wistfully—"'specially if you aim to get married."

Andy blurted flippantly, "Haven't thought of it, I assure you."

"What?" said Alice. "Your intentions are not honorable?"

But Uncle Ben didn't laugh. "I'm gettin' old. Maybe I'm kind of meddlesome; but little as you would think it, I was a young feller once.

"A steady job gets dull, I grant you that. A young feller likes to feel himself boil up inside, and nobody can boil up time after time about the same thing. He gets to hankerin' for somethin' different, thinkin' about bigger chances over yonder somewhere—always over yonder somewhere. That's the trouble. It gets to be a habit. Well, a man's got a right to take a chance; but, son, the woman don't live that can stand it—just traipsin' on and on.

"A woman's got to have somethin' to tie to, some place to feel at home. A man can stay single—yes. But it gets awful lonesome in the end. I had a girl in Alabama once, and if I ——"

Andy stirred restlessly, setting down his glass. "I know, general," he nodded. "You told me once." Andy was much refreshed. The burnt-out look had faded from his eyes, the tight, tired look about his mouth relaxed. He rose and grinned at Alice. "What say we call up some of the gang and see if we can't start something?"

Her eyes were instantly merry, answering his; but afterward I remembered. Just for a moment her hand touched Uncle Ben's. "Mind if we ask 'em over here, general?"

"Sure, kid! Save me a seat when the circus starts."

But I felt out of sorts—I don't know why. It was no more than natural for a boy to be impatient with an old man's moralizing, especially when he needed relaxation; but I resented it. I said good night rather shortly and took Rita to a movie.

The circus was still going on when we got back. We heard the phonograph going full blast; it was one of those new machines that sounded like a full-grown orchestra, and you may be sure Alice had all the latest and loudest jazz records. Through the curtains, as we went up the veranda, we could

(Continued on Page 169)

*All testimonials used in Swan Pen advertising are wholly voluntary. They involve no other consideration than public recognition of unusual excellence.*

"It is without doubt the best pen that I have ever used"

CHARLES F. ABBOTT, well-known authority on salesmanship and executive director of the American Institute of Steel Construction, comments on his Swan Pen as follows:

"In my work I am obliged to use a fountain pen and I have always experienced difficulty in getting one that could be relied upon to give satisfactory service.

"The Swan Pen, which I have put to quite an unusual test, has unquestionably proved its superiority. It is without doubt the best pen that I have ever used, and in my opinion is an article of superior merit, possessing unusual features which eliminate the annoyances experienced in the use of other makes."

You will discover the unmistakable superiority of a Swan Pen the instant you touch it to paper. Compare its suave, easy performance with the smoothest pen you have ever known. Put it to any task of fine writing—any job of hard work. Prove for yourself that here is, beyond question, the world's finest writing instrument.

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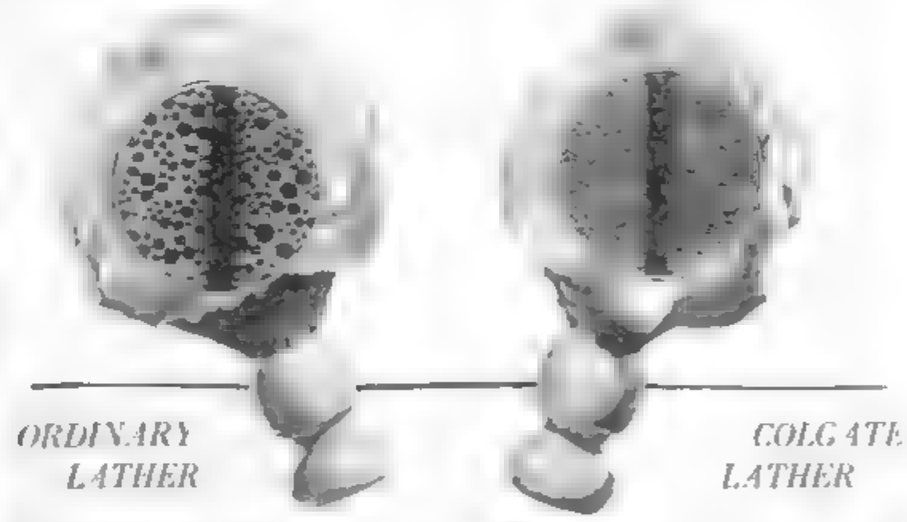
Before you decide on a fountain pen you will surely want to test the flawless performance of the hand-made Swan Eternal. The full man-sized Swan Eternal is only $5. Largest size $7. Unconditionally guaranteed for service. If your dealer does not have them, write us. Mabie Todd & Co. (*Expert pen makers since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York; 209 South State St., Chicago.

The Superlative Swan Pen

# It's News for you, too . . . this *better, quicker* way to shave

**It's a way that banishes razor-pull . . . stops face-smart. A scientific method of beard-softening that gets whiskers off clean and smooth. Here we offer a simple test. See coupon below; tell us where to send your seven-day tube.**




*Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream stirred into water. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard*

*Photomicrograph prepared under scientific conditions shows how closely and secure Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how it uses hot water instead of air to surround and protect the beard*

A MILLION steady customers! Buying only on the basis of results. Men just like yourself . . . with coarse, stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

A million men . . . who have discarded old-fashioned shaving methods for a new, quick, easy way.

Surely you'll agree that no product could reach this height of popularity unless sheer merit put it there. Such success is not a chance result.

We've simply perfected a new principle of beard-softening . . . and men are flocking to it by the thousands.

The delightful small-bubble lather shave gets whiskers off in a strictly scientific way.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. Feel it in the smoothness of your face . . . in the delightful freshness of your skin.

There's no razor-pull, sting or smart. No drag or scrape. You get a quicker, smoother, easier shave . . . and you get it with a smile!

### *Small Bubbles . . . that's how we did it*

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such satisfactory results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is de-igned to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard

### *Good-by, Razor-Pull!*

That's the scientific principle of it. men. Now here's what this small bubble lather actually does when you start to shave. The minute you brush it on your face two important things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . becomes limp and easy for the razor . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort. Seven shaves, just like the one described in this advertisement, are now offered in the coupon below

We'll gladly send a generous sample of our new After Shave also—it's a delightfully refreshing lotion.

A better, smoother shave is yours for the asking. Just jot your name and address on coupon below

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 503 CI*, 595 Fifth Ave., New York FREE OFFER, MEN!

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of [illegible] After Shave.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 167)

see lively heels in the long living room, Uncle Ben perched in a corner, grinning. That was the season of the Charleston. Its weird acrobatics tickled him. I remember thinking it was better than the slow and sensuous shuffle they'd been dancing. Surely you couldn't be very sensuous flinging your heels like that.

The hall was dark. We had the door open and were well inside before we noticed a still couple standing there, lost in a long, long kiss. It wasn't Alice, but it was Andy McAlhster.

*IV*

WHAT about this younger generation, anyway? I've heard the propaganda and the argument about it, but I've been away a good deal. The system is simpler in Vizcaya. Down there the younger generation is firmly assumed to be full of original sin. I remember yet the first time I was found alone with Rita del Valle—I nearly had to kill her brother in self-defense.

Nothing like that in Milo, Indiana! I was exasperated, but of course I pretended to be amused. Andy and Nina—that was the girl's name, Nina Marsh—laughed and danced on into the living room.

Rita was furious. That's odd, too, when you come to think of it. All her own girlhood, in the strict prison of an upper-class Latin home, Rita had dreamed of these United States where girls were wonderfully free; yet she was as shocked as her own mother would have been.

She whispered furiously, "You endure this?"

"What can I do?" I countered.

"You can order them out of your house."

"Oh," I said, "you mustn't take these young idiots so seriously. They don't mean anything."

"Is it nothing that Andee shows himself a libertine? Is he not a *pretendiente*, a suitor to little Alice? Is not that shameless girl her friend? Yet in her very home they insult her affections!"

"I don't know about her affections. Andy is like an older brother to her."

"Then you are blind!" said Rita, and marched on upstairs.

But as the technical head of the house, I felt I ought to show myself in the living room, show Andy and Nina that I didn't take the matter seriously. Well, nobody else seemed to. There were only five couples altogether; their absence must have been noticeable, but apparently nobody had noticed. Alice, her green eyes bright, flattered Joe Broderick with high young laughter. Andy and Nina busily demonstrated a new step from Chicago.

Andy saw me and bellowed cheerfully, "Try this on your refrigerator!" his long legs flapping marvelously.

Uncle Ben grinned. "Don't act tired, does he?"

Nina, red-lipped, black-eyed, her black bob flying, danced with such energy as to show smooth rounded skin above her sleek silk stockings; but I will say nobody seemed to care. They laughed and stamped and yelled "Hey-hey!" Nina, laughing and out of breath, fell on the davenport; Alice flew to the phonograph and back, caught Andy's arm and cried "Show me!" And her slim pretty legs flashed too. She was a born dancer, Alice was; she caught the step at once. The clamor broke out again: "Hey-hey!"

High-spirited and young and innocent—that's how it seemed.

Yet Andy McAllister seemed to have something on his mind. Afterward I remembered how his face went grim when he thought he was unobserved, his eyes hot, bitter, desperate somehow. I didn't see much of him in the next few weeks, and when he did come, he was moody and abstracted.

Alice said loyally "He's tired," and took him off in his balloon-tired roadster.

Rita protested, "How can you permit it?" In Vizcaya, maybe I should explain, the head of a house is actually its master.

"Oh," I said, "Andy's all right. Anyway, Alice is."

"But how can she endure him when he kisses other women?"

"Maybe she doesn't know it."

"She does—I told her."

"Humph!" I said. "What did she say?"

"She laughed," said Rita sadly. "Yet I have seen her eyes when she knows he is coming. Is it that Saxon blood is cold, without passion, without jealousy? If you kissed another woman I should kill you both."

Well, I didn't answer that directly. This modern freedom wasn't confined entirely to the younger generation. Our own crowd was more circumspect about it, but things did go on—at parties composed entirely of people old enough to know better. Let me be honest here: I'm no side-porch Lothario, but a man can't be a prig. It had me explaining things I didn't understand myself.

"Five years ago," I said, "you were ashamed to wear short skirts, is it not true? Yet now you think nothing of it. So kisses, too, become a custom and mean nothing."

"Never!" said Rita. "Do you think Alice kisses carelessly?"

I thought it probable. You know, a girl had to have a line these days.

And what could you do about it? There's no way you can watch girls now; the automobile takes them out of range. Even at home, they swing a wider loop than ours. Milo's a good-sized city if you count it all, and nowadays you have to count it all. There was a time when the old Milo, the inner, quiet village of my father's time, still hung together, taking small notice of the bustle that grew up about it. But the war shook things up, and the postwar prosperity brought new families who must be recognized, at least in the younger generation. Alice had friends I hardly knew by name.

Andy McAllister had ways that would have been a scandal in my youth. Vaguely, I heard of his crap-shooting luck, of poker games with traveling men in the Park Hotel. Several times I smelled liquor on his breath.

And did I show disapproval? I did not. I showed my modern tolerance by asking jovially, "Where did you get it?" And he showed his sophistication by retorting, "Don't you wish you knew?"

One day I had to run down to Indianapolis, and while I was parking my car on a downtown street I saw him getting into his own car just ahead. He gave me an evasive nod and scrambled in and stepped on the starter.

Walking up, I said facetiously, "What's your hurry?" Then I saw his face. "Why, what's the matter, boy?"

His eyes were like burnt holes in a blanket. His engine burst into a roar as if it were an outlet for some bottled fury. After a moment he relaxed and grinned—not successfully.

"Sorry," he muttered. "Didn't feel very sociable. Just——" He cleared his throat; spoke as a man of the world, largely: "Just dropped a couple of thousand in the stock market."

"Why, you poor fish! You playing the stock market?"

"You may be interested to know," he retorted, "that G. A. F. is down again to last month's bottom. You," he said bitterly, "can still get out whole—if you hurry."

"Humph!" I said. "Who told you I had any G. A. F.?"

"Art Hammond heard you buy it."

"Well," I said dryly, "you tell young Arthur I've still got it, and mean to keep it till further notice. It's a sound stock, and the gamblers have kindly run it down to where it's a fine investment. Let 'em play with it. I'm no juggler; I'm in the asphalt business."

"Oh," said Andy painfully. "Wish I'd had money enough to buy it outright."

"You could have bought two thousand dollars' worth," I snapped. "You must have wanted action for your money!"

His hot eyes flicked at me and then away; his engine roared so that a traffic cop yelled at him.

(Continued on Page 173)

*Majority vote for*

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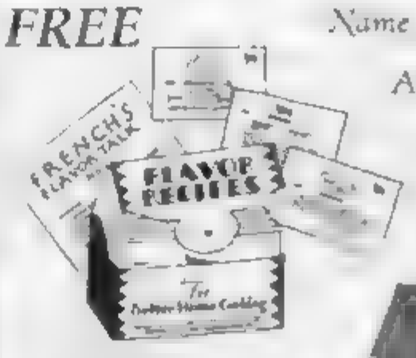


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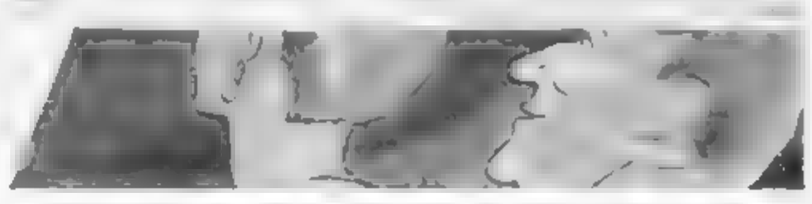

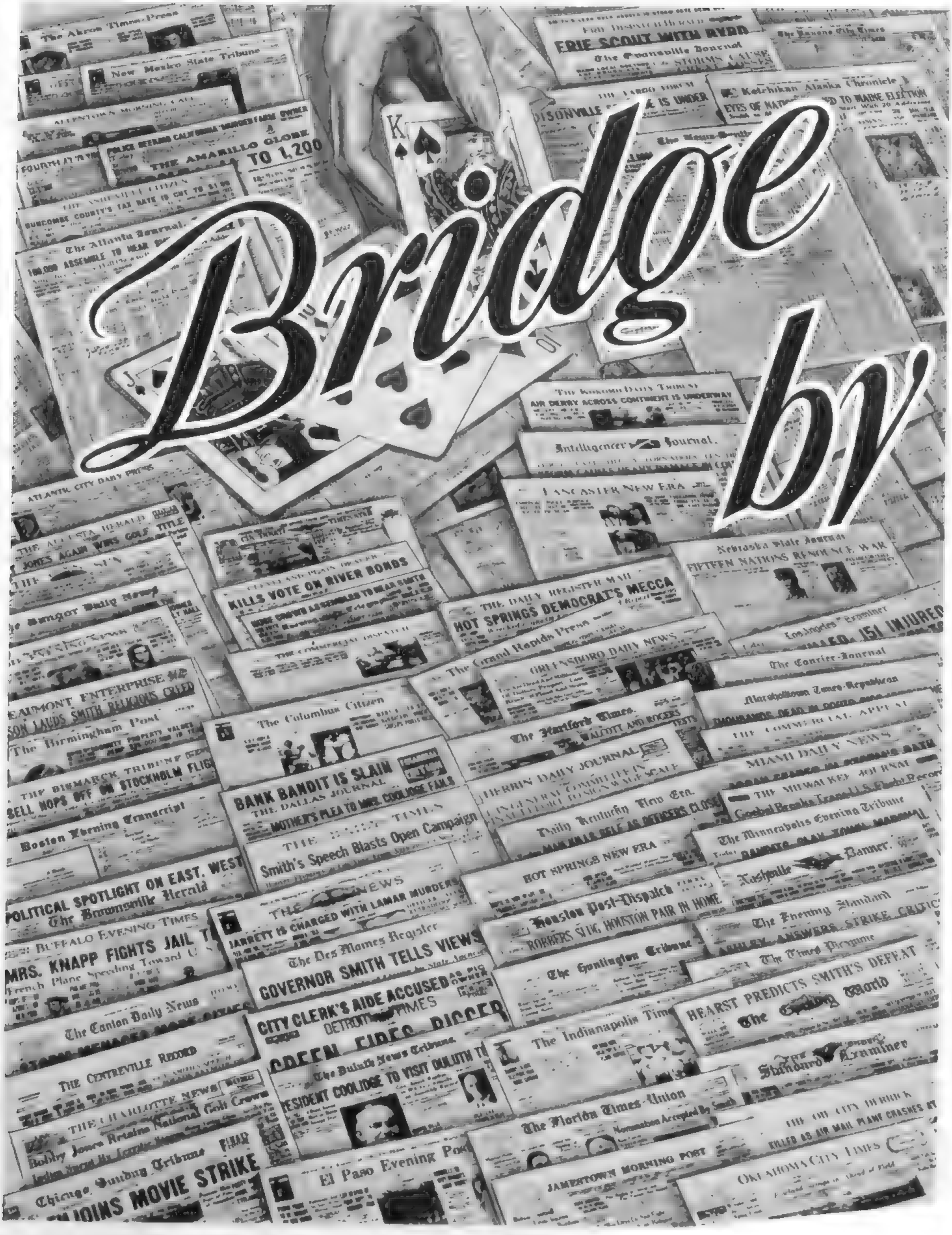
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WEBH Chicago Head of Lakes Brtg. Co.
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WKY Oklahoma City Okla. Pub. Co.
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S E P 28

(Continued from Page 169)

"Andy," I said, "I'm sorry if my buying G. A. F. had anything to do with your getting stuck. But surely you know that playing stocks on a margin is a sucker's game, or a professional's. How come?"

"Oh," said the man of the world, "I had a few grand tucked away and thought they might as well be working."

"Ever think of working a bit yourself?"

His hands moved restlessly. He had a fine pair of hands, bony and big, well fit for catching footballs—or wielding a blacksmith's hammer. His father had been a blacksmith once, I remember my father saying. But of course Andy was educated.

"Oh," he muttered, "I've had an offer or two, but they don't pay anything. I'm not in the bread line yet."

"I know what's eating you," I snorted. "You've let your football killing give you big ideas. Do you think any job you're fit to hold is going to pay you a dollar a minute? Don't kid yourself. Go on," I said with kindly heat—"go right ahead and gamble away your easy money. The sooner it's gone, the better off you'll be."

It was sound advice, I still believe. But Andy only kicked a vicious roar out of his engine and then blurted, "I've been thinking I'd ask you—how about a job with Vizcayan Asphalt?"

"Selling?"

"No—down there."

"Forget it. The tropics is no place for a young fellow."

"You lived down there eight years," he muttered, "and you came out all right."

"God's mercy," I said soberly—remembering too many men like Henry Dowling; remembering too many times when nothing had seemed to matter much, when nothing had held me but a cautious temperament. "What would you do," I snorted, "two hundred miles from a movie and three weeks from a soda fountain?"

Andy slammed in his gears and whirled away for Milo on two wheels.

That was a mild spring day, I well remember. Driving home that evening, seeing a smooth white road swing on and on past pleasant farms and pleasant villages, I loved the safe sweet countryside. Milo at sundown, safe, familiar, friendly; crossing the bridge to the Grove Hill Addition, I could see Uncle Ben perched placidly on our front porch. It seemed a pleasant setting for a man's old age—green lawns and quiet trees, and children's voices in the dusk, and windows shining.

V

A TRIM sweet garden and pink clouds reflected in the swimming pool. A glow of lamps and Rita placidly embroidering. Alice looked up and grinned over her schoolbooks—Alice at seventeen, comely, well groomed and trim from her smooth head to her smart English heels.

I offered idly, "Andy's got the tropical bug again. Asked me to get him a job down there. . . . Had dinner?"

Alice said scornfully, "The poor sap! He ought to thank God he was born civilized. . . . Yes. Better call the general. He was asleep; we hated to disturb him."

Eh, well! He wasn't asleep. The old adventurer had found the outward trail again. His tired old body sat there, calm, unspectacular as ever, but General Ben Murchison had gone over some far horizon.

It had me thinking queer disjointed thoughts. What was the restless vision he had followed? Surely not happiness. The long hard trails that brought him to this peaceful place, unsatisfied. I smelled again the smells of Tolobaya, felt the dark fog-filled chasm of the Zorro falling away toward the seaward hills. I saw a mild old man in Henry Dowling's house, coaxing a skinny child to go to bed; heard him sigh afterward, "Dead, sure, or run off and left her. Think of that shif'less runt havin' a kid like her!" . . . I knew his will left Alice everything he had. I went in soberly and told her—I hate sentiment; it invariably makes a fool of me—"Kid, you're my partner now."

Queerly, I noticed for the first time that she was using make-up. Her lips stayed red, her rosy color didn't fade. Queerly, I had a thought about the younger generation: "The boys are soft; it's the girls that are getting hard."

She got up steadily and went out to the porch. But afterward, when I had finished telephoning, I found her huddled on the steps in the lonely dusk. It was a frightened child who cried, "Buck, I want Andy. Call Andy, will you, Buck?"

So I forgot Andy's pursuit of easy money. That night and afterward, through the confusion that wrote finis to Ben Murchison's career, vaguely I was aware of something new. Andy was actually useful. Andy seemed always to be there, oddly subdued, his big voice muted to an unaccustomed gentleness.

I told myself, "Andy's all right. Anyway, he'll be good to her."

One night at some ungodly hour his roadster burst into a terrific roar under my window and gravel flew like buckshot as he hit the boulevard. I rather hoped he'd skid into the river, but otherwise I thought nothing of it. He frequently forgot that some people liked to sleep.

Well, I had other things to think about. Our second son was on the way and Rita wasn't well; we spent most of the summer at the lake, upstate. It isn't a fashionable resort—not any more. It was in my father's time. But a cheap village has sprung up on the other shore, and a loud dance pavilion where tin lizzies swarm in summer. Only a few of us keep up our isolated cottages from force of habit. We seldom went there when Ben Murchison was alive; he didn't care much for synthetic wilderness, and Milo was still wonderful to Alice then.

Nothing was wonderful to her now. She seemed content to be alone, poking about the lake in her canoe, silent, preoccupied. It was midsummer before I realized that Andy hadn't driven up to see her.

One day we were sunning ourselves after a swim, and she said suddenly, "Buck, how would you go about picking out a school?"

She wasn't through high school yet. I yawned, "College, you mean?"

"No—boarding school—somewhere East. I'm not going back to school in Milo."

"Huh?" I said. "Why not? I thought you liked it."

"I did. But—I want to learn to be civilized."

"Humph!" I said. "Cultured, you mean?" Likely I burlesqued the word a little. As a practical man, I've never had much use for what most women mean by culture, and I've always resented the implication that the Middle West offers none. Alice, it seemed, was getting big ideas too.

She only murmured, "Put it that way. I want the best there is. I can afford it, can't I?"

"You can," I sighed, and let it go at that.

Alice was curiously still, her head bent, gazing into the water. I remember noticing the trim sweet lines of her young body, beautifully near maturity. Oddly, it came to me that Andy hadn't been up to see her.

"'Smatter, kid? You and Andy busted up?"

"Busted up?" said Alice, level-eyed.

She'd always been a self-contained young person; suddenly now I felt the smooth shell of her young sophistication. She looked serene enough—this slim brown girl. She sat on the diving board, sun on her face and water glare below, and even that sharp light told me nothing. Her lips were steady; so were her cool green eyes.

But her brown hands, gripping the board, were white across the knuckles.

"Snap out of it," I said. "Something gone wrong?"

She smiled. "Great hat, Buck! Don't be mid-Victorian. Andy's a good sport, but ——"

"That's just the word," I nodded. "A good sport, but ——"

Alice leaped swiftly to her feet. "If you don't mind," she said, "I think I'll go on in."


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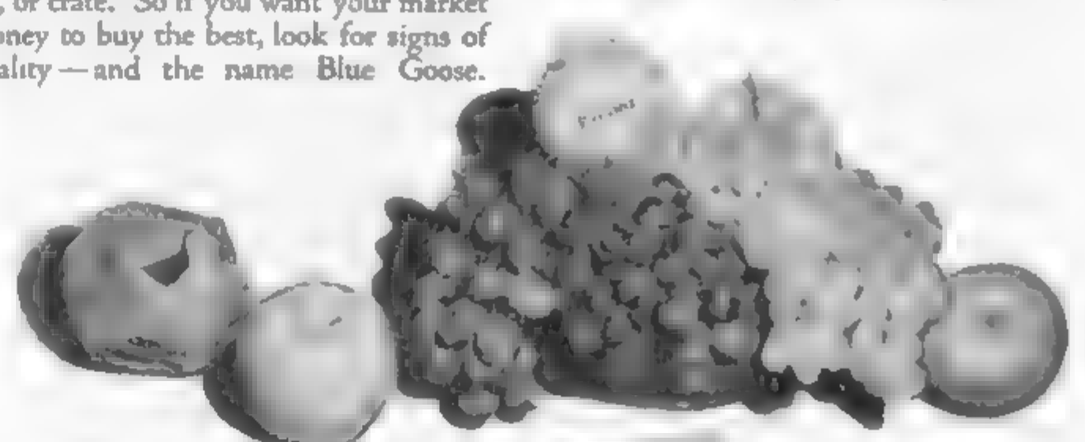

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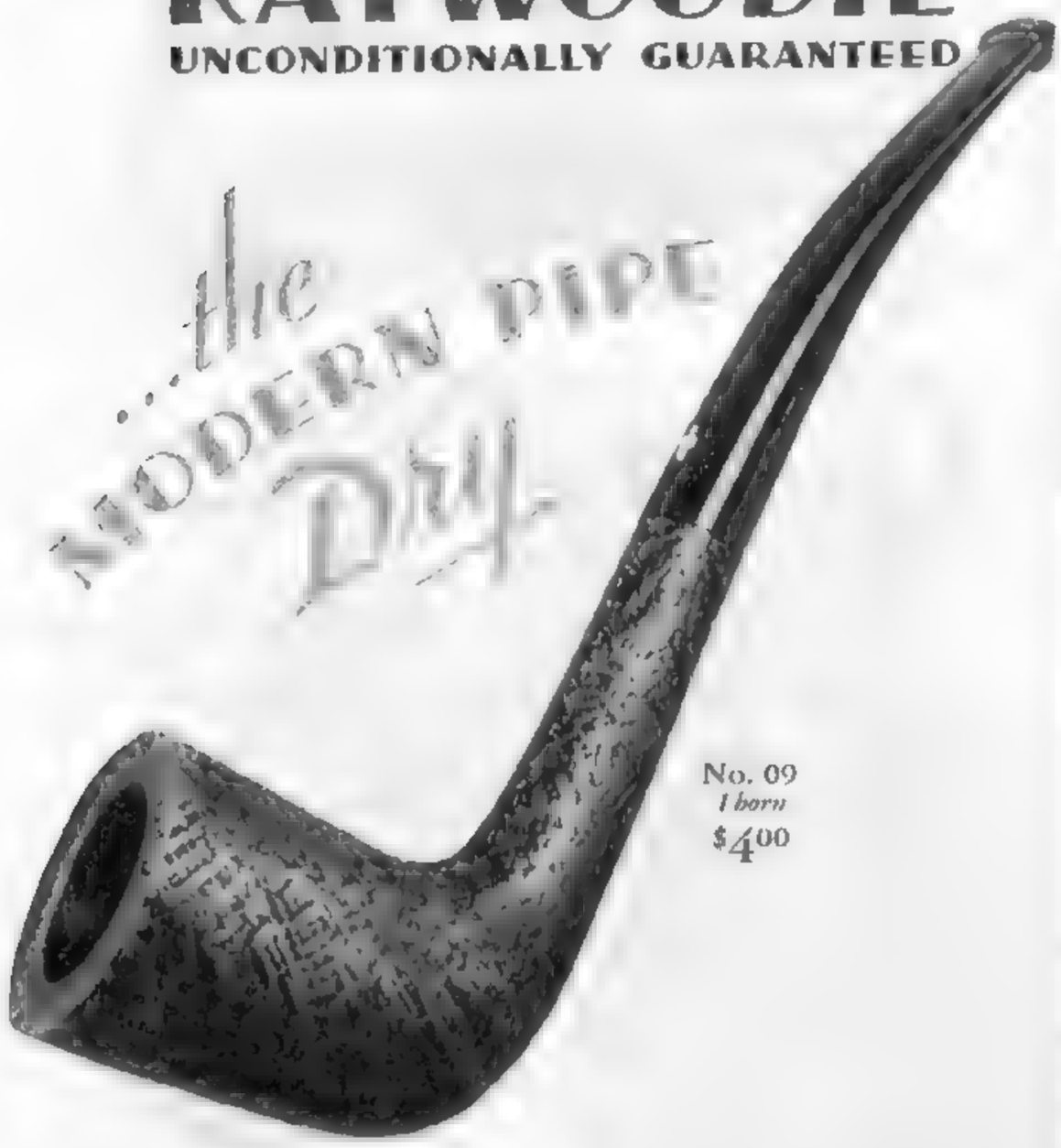


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So I supposed they'd had a tiff or something. Andy came to the house the night before she started East to school, and they were very, very casual.

He didn't go back to his professional career. Out of condition, I guess he was. I saw him once or twice, and he seemed pretty much on edge. One night I saw him ripping down Walnut Street in Arthur Hammond's touring car with eight or nine semistrangers of assorted sexes, yelling hilariously at the traffic cops. If it hadn't been Andy McAllister, they'd have wound up in jail. Oh, nothing disgraceful about a little spree—not if you get away with it. By the next time I saw him it seemed almost humorous even to me.

He came to see me, selling life insurance. Oh, not seriously! He knew it was a joke that he, Andy McAllister, should be selling life insurance. He told me several yarns culled from the traveling men in the Park Hotel, but he didn't sell me any. Likely, he was just doing it to fill his days. A man's a lonesome specimen in Milo, Indiana, if he's out of school and hasn't got a job.

Oh, he sold some, of course; he was a likable young fellow and his name would get him into any office. Vaguely, I noticed that he was getting fat.

This was two years ago. Now, looking back, it's odd to see how you get used to things. That's how I came to think of him—a fattish, jovial young ne'er-do-well, selling a little life insurance to pass the time away. Likely, he still had some of his easy money. He was still popular with the younger crowd. He knew all the best bootleggers, all the new nifties from the traveling men. You know, even the girls like jokes high-flavored nowadays. Nobody's shocked; we're getting used to things.

Certainly Alice didn't seem to mind. If he didn't show up pretty promptly when she got home from school, she'd call him on the phone, demanding lightly, "Don't you read the papers? I'm home. Are you coming over?" In my time, if a girl had done that, a man would have said evasively, "Sure, I'll be over sometime soon. Glad you called up. Good-by." But the young fellows now seem used to letting women do the work. Andy would bellow—you could hear his diminished roar in the next room: "Bet your sweet socks, ol' kid! Be there in twenty minutes if I don't get pinched."

That was his later manner—jovial, loud and a little coarse.

Privately, I thought he would have drifted off if she had let him. I said irritably, "Why in thunder don't you let him stay away if he wants to?"

"Oh," said Alice, "he doesn't want to. Mother knows!"

That was her later manner. Flippant, you know, almost invariably smiling; a cool, bright manner that you couldn't penetrate. Vaguely, I knew she wasn't very happy. But what could I do? One night after Andy had gone home I went downstairs, thinking she'd left the lights, and found her crying. She jumped up and laughed, dabbed at her eyes and started for the stairs, promising, "Fair and warmer tomorrow."

"Kid," I said awkwardly, "is everything all right?"

She gave me a brilliant crooked smile. "Don't you read the papers? Big gang war in Chicago. Any number of murders and divorces. . . . How do you mean—all right?"

So I turned out the lights. From the stairs her cool young voice apologized: "Nothing's all right this minute, but we'll sleep it off. . . . You're an old darling, Buck. Good night."

Old? This was last July; I won't be forty-three till next November. But many a time since then I've felt that way—rusty and old and out of touch with everything that's young and eager and bewildered in the world.

### VI

SHE said restlessly to Rita, "Are you going to stick in town all summer?"

"Why not?" said Rita. "The weather is yet agreeable."

"Oh, the weather! But nobody's in town."

Forty-five thousand people were in town. But it's true that most of our friends do go away in summer nowadays—winter, too, some of them. Increasingly, people begin to think a man's business is doing badly if he keeps his family in town. Are seasons worse than they used to be, or are we getting softer?

"If you don't mind," said Alice restlessly, "I think I'll throw a party at the shack. I want to ask Marge Van Dulken up from Louisville, and I couldn't show her much of a time here, could I? Molly's at Northport—she'd come; and Joe says Nina is simply frying in Chicago, and Andy's due for a vacation, and ——"

Privately I said "Humph!" But I didn't interfere. I had got used to things; I still thought Andy was—well, moderately all right.

Lightly, she telephoned to Chicago, to Northport, to Louisville, asking this girl from school—this Miss Van Dulken. The wonder of the telephone was only a monthly bill to Alice now, and that was nothing. She had got used to buying what she wanted.

Last August, this was. I had to go East on business; I don't care much for young house parties anyway. But on my way home—last August, do you remember?—I met this heat wave sweeping across the country. Milo slowed down and stopped like a clock immersed in thick warm oil, as if the powers of the upper air had loosed a furnace blast to prove the flimsiness of human nerves. I stand heat pretty well, but the contagion got me. Sunday morning I gave up and started.

From every rise of ground you could mark distant highways by the long dust clouds that hung over them; all Indiana was awheel, heading for water like dumb animals in a panic. Only they weren't dumb. Horns squawked and engines thuttered. Flivvers banged past you and raucous passengers flung bottles at your wheels, jeering your sober thirty-five an hour.

It had me thinking wistful thoughts, remembering.

When I was a kid my father and his cronies—J. F. McAllister among them used to fish that quiet, distant lake. Oh, it's not much of a lake; there are no valleys worth the name in Indiana; only depressions scraped, a million or ten million years ago, by glaciers sliding on the Middle West. Mountains of ice, glittering sluggish monsters plowing a manless world—no hint is left of that tremendous majesty; only these hollows for mild, pleasant pools. Even the forests of late ages are wiped out, replaced by farms and scrubby second growth.

Yet it seemed quite impressive in my youth. You couldn't drive up for a week-end then; it was a long day's crawl by wagon from the railroad. I can remember yet the thrill of my first visit there—the lonely farmhouse where we stopped for dinner, and the rough, lonely road and the long silence of the woods.

Not silent now! The village by the lake was thronged. The woods were there, but nobody noticed them; trees made no noise to draw attention. The lake was there, but its slow, placid music was unheard under the shrieks of bathers, howls of hot-dog venders, blare from the dance pavilion. Noise followed you down a once-lonely road. My father's fishing shack was there, rebuilt with hardwood floors, sleeping porches, electricity—even a trick refrigerator. We've got used to things; we've got to have them even in the quiet places.

There were eight cars parked in the drive. It seemed impossible that all those youngsters could have come in just eight cars; but Rita assured me there were only twenty—just a few extras out for Sunday. Sunday! Loud whanged the phonograph; somewhere a not too skillful male quartet reproached a two-time gal; on the front porch, regardless of the heat, bright silken legs and flapping flannels danced. Under their heels a crap game was going on. Dice clattered, a yell went up; the high, gay

(Continued on Page 177)

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## PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

*The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from*

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(Continued from Page 174)

voice of Margery Van Dulken whooped, "I'm a big, bad, bold mamma, and I'm expensive!"

This Miss Van Dulken was a sharp, smart little thing, amazingly blue-eyed and blond—genuinely blond; genuinely smart too. That was what made it droll. Andy McAllister bellowed ruefully, "You're hot, woman!"

Well, I was hot. There was no quiet anywhere. Now they were changing for a swim; feet galloped, voices hallooed. Joe Broderick popped his head in, shouting, "Hi, Mr. Pressley, bring anything?" I grinned and shook my head and furtively kicked my suitcase under the bed

Oh, they had some, of course; it's a careless guest these days who doesn't bring his own. In the hall I collided with some boys hoisting a pocket flask; they started to hide it, then grinned and offered it to me.

I snorted, "You're braver men than I am. Have you had that stuff analyzed?"

Maybe that wasn't much of a reproof, but what can you say to them—these days?

The swim improved my temper a little. The youngsters in their snug smart bathing suits were pleasing. Amusedly, I remembered the baggy things we used to wear, the knobby knees boys used to have, the painful way girls used to try to hide their legs. These girls had no such worry! Amusedly, I noticed one or two whose trunks unfashionably hid an inch or two of their young thighs—how anxiously they rolled them up.

Girls used to paddle timidly, afraid to get their faces wet. These girls could swim! You saw them frolicking with the boys, grappling, shrieking, fleeing, playing tag—in thirty feet of water.

Rita said thoughtfully, "It is good that boys and girls can play together so, forgetting sex."

Four heads moved on, far out, bound for the other shore; with middle-aged anxiety, I watched them. I couldn't swim that far to save my neck. But they perched safely in the sun, far off, still frolicking—scuffling, mauling one another, till the girls dived in and they came racing back. I saw Andy McAllister foaming along in front, his big arms driving powerfully. Then he rolled on his back and stopped; Alice slid past him, her sleek black cap submerged, her elbows flashing in steady rhythm, her body streaming through the water in the swiftest and most beautiful of strokes—the six-beat crawl. I'd give a farm if I could do it.

Then Margery Van Dulken, her little shoulders surging smoothly. Joe Broderick slowed and came loafing in with Andy, largely pretending that they weren't in a hurry anyway; but you could see Andy's thickening midsection labor for air.

Amusedly, I thought again, "It's the boys that are getting soft."

The girls were waiting for them—pretty bodies poised, their bright eyes frankly seeking the boys' eyes. In my young days the seeking was the other way about.

Suddenly I was hot and cross again—I don't know why. The phonograph was whanging and wet couples dancing. Miss Van Dulken laughed, wriggled invitingly, made that queer negroid gesture of licking her thumb—what does it mean, anyway? Andy grinned carelessly and caught her in his arms and danced, a little roughly, wet body to wet body. I don't know the name of the weird negroid thing they're dancing now, but I know this: It oughtn't to be danced in bathing suits.

Rita had seen it done before; she only murmured, "Have their bodies, then, no feeling?"

In behalf of northern civilization I explained, "Oh, they're just used to it."

Rita was quite unconscious of her own shapely nudity; she'd got used to that. In Rita's girlhood women wore long clammy wrappers to their heels that clung when wet and hid no line of their anatomy—only its loveliness, if any. Well, most Vizcayan women got fat, anyway. Rita hadn't. Was frank exposure an incentive to keep fit?

Not for the boys. It was enough that they were male. You could see Miss Van Dulken making Andy think he was a wonder. Her own sharp, delicate perfection made him look gross and heavy and a little blurred around the edges, but her bright, skillfully exciting eyes gave you no hint that Miss Van Dulken knew it. He was a male.

Forgetting sex? The negroid music of the phonograph was loud with it. The hot still air was heavy with it. I saw the cool green eyes of Alice Dowling fixed on Andy with a queer hostile smile and jerked my head to see how Andy took it. He had gone by; I only heard him laugh. Alice laughed, too, and stopped the phonograph and shooed us in to dress for luncheon.

That's civilization. You may be hot and bothered, but you've got to dress for luncheon. You may think modern youngsters are a lot of pampered pups and half-baked Cleopatras, but you've got to play the genial host. It's no use being mid-Victorian: you'll only make them wary and uncomfortable—while you're looking.

Forgetting sex? Most of their humor seems to be based on it, usually in terms made popular by Tin Pan Alley—these songs composed by pale young geniuses to whom the Middle West is a queer backward region where men live with their own wives in their own homes. Women are broads, sweeties, hot mammas. Men are suckers, butter-and-egg men, sugar daddies. In the lethargic hour after luncheon—silence, of course, being unthinkable—the phonograph gave us some of the latest and broadest of their works. I was glad Rita's English was still mostly academic; she missed some of the fine points, though she smiled courteously when the youngsters laughed. Oh, I laughed too. No use being mid-Victorian.

You've got to tell yourself it's just a pose. You know, the fashion—this flippant flouting of the old taboos. Not one of those girls more than half understands the implications of the jokes they laugh at. Not one of those boys really enjoys his surreptitious pulls at pocket flasks; only the partial paralysis of his critical faculties, that makes him bold and witty. It isn't immorality or vulgarity that amuses them; they're not old enough to know much about it. They only feel the thrill of trifling boldly with the forbidden, the unknown.

That's what I told myself. Maybe that's why my rising wave of irritation fixed on Andy. He was a little older than the rest of them.

It's hard to be indulgent when you're hot and sticky. Noise, noise, incessant noise and movement! When the phonograph stopped you could hear distant jazz from the dance pavilion. Feet tramping to and fro, and boys mysteriously, ostentatiously refreshed. Girls, too, flattering their escorts by exaggerating the symptoms of exhilaration. Clatter of dice and Miss Van Dulken crowing, "I'm a big, bad, bold mamma, and I'm expensive!" Andy beside her on the floor, his arm around her, bellowing, "She's my hot mamma, and my money says she's right!" That was pose too; I watched him, and he hardly bet at all. Maybe he didn't have much to bet.

He just kept up a loud, incessant, nervous noise. Keyed up, he seemed to be. He didn't confine his attentions to Miss Van Dulken; sooner or later—I watched him—he had his arm around every girl in the room—except Alice. Maybe her cool, bright manner held him off.

Oh, nothing you could really object to. He was just generally jovial and obnoxious. Fat little Molly Davis wailed, "I'm bored. I want to do something I've never done before!" Andy drawled wittily, "What would that be?" That, you will understand, was subtle, sophisticated. But I was hot and irritable, and I could remember Molly as a fat, friendly baby who kicked me happily in the stomach and got my collars dirty. On a savage impulse, I beckoned him aside.

*VII*

"ANDY," I said, "having a good time?" Andy said jovially, "I'll tell the world!"


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Tonal Excellence—insures that fidelity of reproduction which has always been the distinguishing mark of Stromberg-Carlson Receivers.

Selective—separates stations readily even in areas crowded with broadcasting.

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*Stromberg-Carlson Sextette over the N B C and 22 associated stations*

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TO PARENTS seeking the best way to get their children interested in music, the advice of Mr. C. L Valentine, Chairman of the Music Department of Newtown High School, New York, should be helpful.

Mr. Valentine says: "After experimenting extensively for a number of years with every type of musical instrument used in modern times, I have come to the conclusion that the harmonica is the logical instrument with which to begin a musical education.

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"How's the insurance business?"

"Huh?"

"You asked me for a job in Vizcaya once. Still want it?"

The sporting pages used to say he was quick-witted. Maybe the pocket flasks had fogged his grasp a little, or maybe the speed of his reactions was mostly physical. A good many of us are that way. Often I don't know, myself, why I do a thing until after I've done it.

Slowly the grin faded from his red face; he stared at me somehow appealingly. It made me angrier, I don't know why.

"You call this a good time," I said, "pawing girls who know you don't mean any harm, gambling a little and making a lot of noise about it, drinking a little and feeling very devilish about it.

"Well, you're old enough to stop kidding yourself. I'll send you where you can have a real man's size good time—if that's what you want. Make women a real hobby—if you're man enough to risk a load of buckshot or a knife in your ribs. A good many men do. Gamble your head off; you'll find plenty of grown men to do it with. Drink all you want and see who cares: Nothing stop you but the climate. Are you game?"

Andy said slowly, "I'll just take you up on that."

Alice cried at his elbow, "You will not!"

There was a moment when you heard the distant jazz from the dance pavilion. The crap game stopped; you saw their curious involuntary glances, instantly averted. Instantly Miss Van Dulken laughed, snatched the dice, raised her gay valiant voice: "Fade me, butter-and-egg men, fade me! I'm a big, bad, bold mamma, and I'm ex——"

That's civilization. Alice's lips, too red, provocatively painted in a form that wasn't theirs, curved to a laugh; she finished lightly, "Talk shop at my party! Come back to work, Andy! Buck's poison when he's hot 'n' bothered."

I grinned to show I wasn't serious. But Andy lit a cigarette, fumbling a little, and said again, "I'll take you up on that."

"Oh, run along!" laughed Alice. "Buck and I are going into conference. I'm a stockholder too."

And she perched lightly on my chair and pulled my ear. She used to handle old Ben Murchison that way.

But I said firmly, "Beat it, kid. Andy and I are talking business."

"Never mind," said Andy stiffly. "Thanks just the same."

A moment later he was bellowing in the crap game. Alice said in my ear, "Use your head, Buck. How long would he last down there?"

"He'd either sink or swim," I snapped. "He couldn't get by on his football reputation and his father's friends, that's a sure thing. I think he'd swim if he had to. His father was a man."

"Why shouldn't he keep his—his father's friends? How would you feel if you sent him down there and he—went flooey?"

Lightly, smiling a little with her scarlet lips; but in her eyes there was the memory of a man who had no friends, a man who had gone flooey.

"Oh," I said crossly, "I don't own the tropics! Andy's just talking through his hat. He'd have been there long ago if he had any real yen for it."

"At-a-boy!" breathed Alice, and dived laughing back into the crap game.

Oh, they were both civilized. You couldn't see—you only felt—that queer hostility between them. A little too much courtesy from Andy when he spoke to her; a little too bright laughter on her part when he said something funny. That was almost constantly. There was a queer hot sparkle in his eyes; I laid it to the hip flasks and the heat. He kept the dinner table in an uproar with drawled, reckless comments in the modern manner and she spurred him on with bright and subtly hostile laughter.

Once when a course was slow in coming she leaped up and started the phonograph and held out her arms to him, and he leaped up with a loud laugh as if he took a challenge

They danced intimately, in the modern manner. You could see Andy willfully exaggerate the intimacy; you could see Alice willfully burlesque it. The rest of them laughed and followed suit. Noise, noise, incessant noise and movement! They tried to get the night clubs on the radio, but the high air still snapped and crackled with the threat of storm. So they piled into cars and whirled away around the lake to the dance pavilion, and Rita and I sat limply on the porch and knew how hot it was.

How could those youngsters keep it up? Across the lake, like the red glare of forest fire, the glare from the dance pavilion lit the woods. You knew what crowds were milling there, red-faced and sweating—farm hands and village girls, shop clerks and office girls, middle-aged couples trying desperately to be young—letting go, letting their nerves be whipped by hectic music. Through the thick air it drifted oddly muffled—a dull stuttering of drums, a high, thin, broken braying, weirdly like human laughter.

"It sounds," said Rita, "like a feast of the Iquiques."

Oddly, she spoke in Spanish. She seldom does that nowadays; she's earnest about her English. But she remembers the steaming forest under La Caoba, and the dull, hardly human remnant of an ancient race, sunk now in timeless lethargy from which it lifts only in frantic orgies.

"They're worse than Iquiques," I said harshly. "They're animals because they want to be."

"Not Alice," she protested.

But I didn't answer. Dully, I wondered what Ben Murchison would have thought of the job his money had turned out.

The air was heavy, hard to breathe, as if the vast, immeasurable forces of the upper air had dropped a pall to stifle human life. The few dim lights about the lake were blurred, remote and lonely. The smells of earth came strong out of the woods—the damp, hot, pungent smells of growing things.

Green, odorous, alive. Once men had cut those woods, built houses of the trees. How many of those houses were still standing? But the trees stood again, patiently brooding, heeding the whang of jazz as little as the vanished throb of Indian drums. Over the nervous world of men. There was a vast, green, patient life that only waited till its conquerors grew tired, sapped their own energies with senseless whipping in pursuit of—what?

Maybe we only fled before the rolling flood of time—fled from the jungle where all life began, and in the end found nowhere else to flee but—back

Headlights began to scatter from the dance pavilion and we heard whoops and honks approaching. Alice would be annoyed if we seemed to wait up for them; we went upstairs. There was a clamor of farewells from the extras for the day. Rita, looking out, said sadly, "They kiss everybody." After eight years it still seemed shameful to her—that careless freedom of caress.

"Ow!" squealed a girl's voice. "Andy bit me!"

Laughter; a masculine voice cried "Next!" But the bitten one was genuinely indignant.

"Right on the neck!" she wailed. "Andy, you big dumb-bell, why didn't you pick a place where it wouldn't show?"

"Where would that be?" drawled Andy

More laughter, and cars roared away Fretting and sweating, tossing on my hot bed, I hoped they'd taken all the hip flasks with them.

But for a long time we could hear the house party downstairs. Joe Broderick was trying to coax Andy to go to bed; Andy seemed to be stubborn drunk—you know the type. I heard his big voice drawling, slower and funnier, regardless. Well, the girls didn't seem to mind; I heard their bright sophisticated laughter.

(Continued on Page 181)

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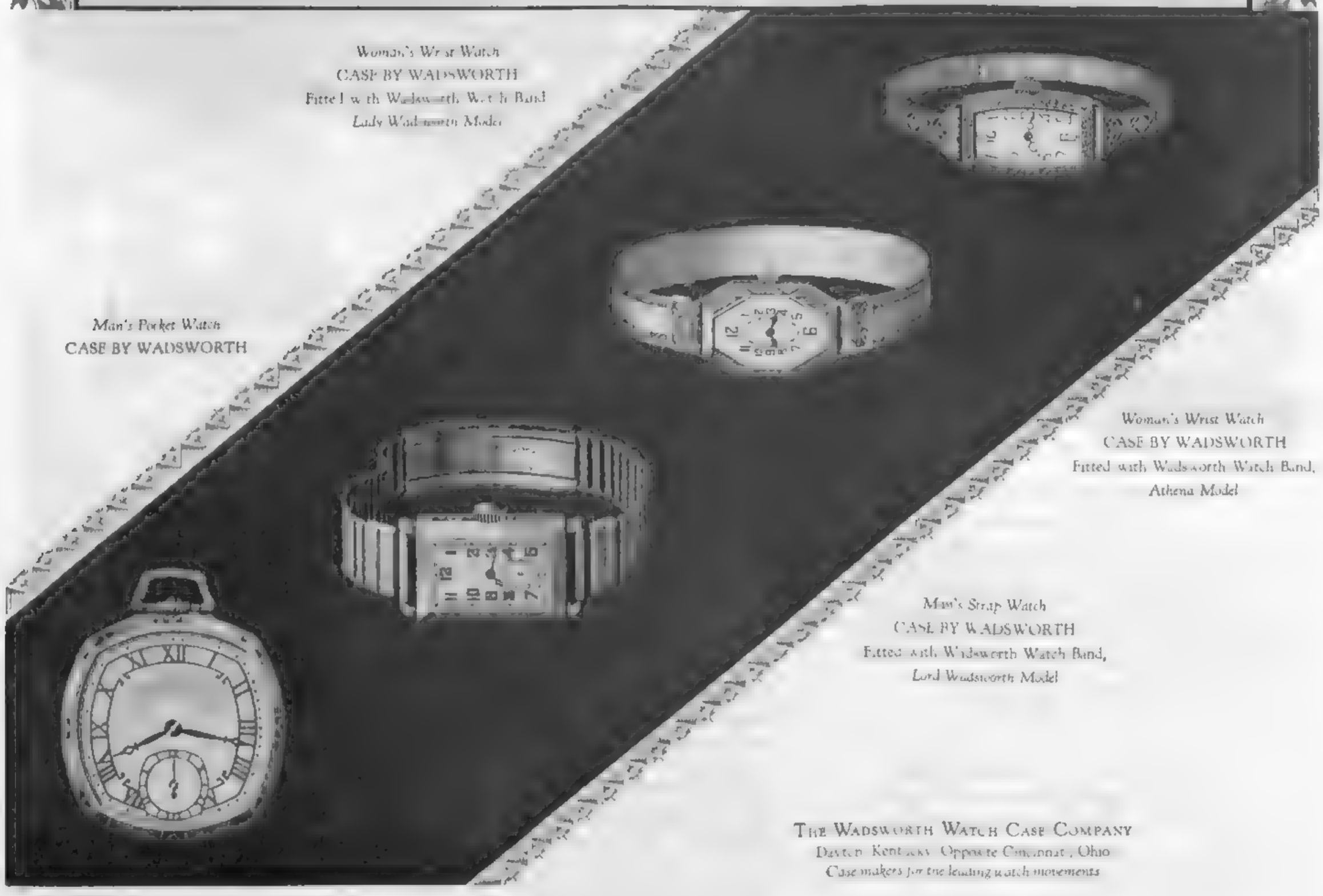

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MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

Continued from Page 178

I heard Alice Dowling, brightly amusing and amused.

Sophisticated. She had been East two years; she had seen plays that would have jarred my mother at her maturest age, read books my father would have walloped me for reading. . . . Was it the war that dulled our sensibilities, made us crave rawer, stronger stuff?

Nonsense! Those youngsters hardly knew there'd been a war.

Were they just following our example? No. Half shamed, half glad to see them break our own taboos for us, we followed theirs.

That was the sober truth. Did the stiff vine trunk lead its growing tendrils? Young, eager, flexible, they groped and found a thing to hold, and the vine willy-nilly turned that way. . . . Blind, groping on—toward what? The sun, that mocks all reaching with immeasurable distance; that burns the vine at last and makes the jungle steam and stir and grow again out of its own decay. Blind, groping up again the jungle never wonders why. Only men wonder at futility, feel pain and shame for their own helplessness.

Alice brave, funny little Alice once, thinking Milo was wonderful. Andy, a snub-nosed, freckled little nuisance once, bumptious, appealing. . . . Stone temples on the hills, crumbling. . . . Forgotten gods. . . . Drums in the jungle, and the high frantic sound of —— What was that?

Heat lightning flickered, soundless, showing familiar things.

The house was dark and still. There wasn't a breath of wind; yet water tinkled in the lake—somebody trying to cool off, I told myself.

Then I heard something else. It jerked me out of bed and down the stairs and out across the grass and the graveled drive, barefoot, down the steep rocky path—I never felt the rocks till afterward. Distinctly now came Alice Dowling's voice, sharp with hysteria, sobbing out words I'd hoped she had forgotten.

"Drown, you —— ——! Drown!"

*VIII*

HEAT lightning flared and the dull lake was suddenly a mirror. Broken with ripples yonder—ripples that rocked and fled about a strange commotion. I must have slipped and fallen in the blinding dark; for I was swimming, fighting the water out of my lungs, fighting the yielding stuff, trying to reach the place.

"Alice!" I wheezed. "Stay with it, kid! I'm coming!"

But the next flicker showed the surface empty.

Nightmare, that was. Nothing to reach for but slow ripples sliding, the dull reflections of a murky sky. Diving to grope in panic, rising with bursting lungs to gasp "Alice! Alice!"

"Here, Buck! I think he's dead."

This dull voice in the dark. A dim blur moving. Alice drove shoreward on her back, towing somebody.

"Who's dead? What is it, kid?"

"Andy. They don't die that quick, do they, Buck? It's only a minute since he quit fighting. There was a girl at school ——"

"Andy—fighting ——"

"It was my fault. I knew he'd do it. But I was just crazy, Buck. Wise-cracking and wise-cracking—I was just crazy. I dared him to come after me, and it wasn't fair. He's got clothes on—shoes, too, maybe. . . . No, his shoes are off. Oh, Buck, help me! He's so limp and heavy, and I can't ——"

Floundering after, I got my feet on bottom and hauled him up the bank. There was a queer moment when I thought she was trying to throw him back into the water; stupidly, I caught her to prevent it. Then, grimly, I would have helped her throw him back if necessary.

She was explaining dully, "Head down, Buck. Run the water out. I think I know how. I've never tried it on a—dead ——"

They say the mind protects itself, refuses to take in too much disaster. He couldn't be dead—this big, noisy Andy. He didn't feel dead. Hauling him into position, face down, head on one folded arm, through the wet fabric of his shirt I felt big muscles overlaid with softness, and I thought, "He ought to work that off."

Her dim white body dropped astride his back, her slim arms braced against his ribs. Slowly her weight rocked forward and her dull voice counted "One." Vaguely, I knew you mustn't lose time with a drowned person, but it seemed too much honor for him.

"Kid," I said gently, "where's whatever you had on?"

"By the path somewhere, Buck. I thought everybody was in bed—three."

Groping for some dim huddled garment along the path, I heard her slow voice counting: "Eighteen—one -two." Finding nothing, wanting to help somehow, I stripped off my wet pajama coat and put it around her. She flung it off with a sharp frantic gesture.

"Don't! It makes me feel—naked. What does it matter? He's dead. He won't breathe —— Eleven—twelve. . . . Oh, Buck, don't let me go to pieces yet! They say sometimes if you keep on ——"

Then Andy groaned. Alice cried, "Buck, a stimulant—they say a stimulant ——"

"Sure! I'll get some whisky."

Alice said hysterically, "Not whisky—he's had whisky. Do this, can't you? I'll make coffee. . . . Slow, steady, not too hard. And don't stop. Whatever you do, don't stop!"

Her slim white shape stood by me, no more shrinking than a silver birch tree in the dark, till she was sure I understood; then she fled up the bank. I could feel Andy's ribs heaving a little of their own accord. Then he began to struggle, muttered, "Oof! Lay offa me. I'm all right—all— " I helped him to sit up; he got swaying to his feet, queerly crouching, peering this way and that. In his dazed mind he was still playing football.

Lightning glimmered and slow thunder trundled up the sky; he staggered and sat down again, peering at me.

"Oh," he said slowly. "I—remember. Where'd you pop from?"

"I'm just waiting till you're able to be kicked."

"Who—who pulled me out? You?"

"Not me! I'd have left you there. She drowned you and then saved your life. That cancels. So you've still got something coming to you—soon as you can sit up and take it."

"Huh!" said Andy. "Got a cigarette?"

And me sitting there in muddy, draggled pajama pants and nothing else. Dull rage came flooding up into my brain; or maybe it was the heat, the feel of storm too long impending.

"Andy," I said, "haven't you got any sense at all? Didn't you have any idea how she'd feel?"

"Sure," said Andy. "Like an octopus. That kid's a hell-cat in the water."

I slapped him. I didn't know I'd done it till I saw him roll away against the bank, face down. To slap a man in that condition! I put my hand on his shoulder, sorry and ashamed. He flung it off, snarling, "Oh, go to hell!"

So I went up the path. A light showed in the kitchen, and the smell of coffee came. Alice sat huddled at the kitchen table, wrapped in something gay and colorful that contrasted oddly with her white, pinched face; her eyes were heavy with exhaustion.

She asked me dully, "Is he all right?"

"Back to normal," I said savagely—"wise-cracking."

Her eyes reminded me of something. Far off and long ago—a dingy room, the smell of kerosene and liquor, the drunken breathing of a man on a sagging cot; a skinny child whose life had taught her nothing but endurance.

"I give up, Buck. I'm through. I'm not civilized and I never will be. Send me back to the jungle—any time."


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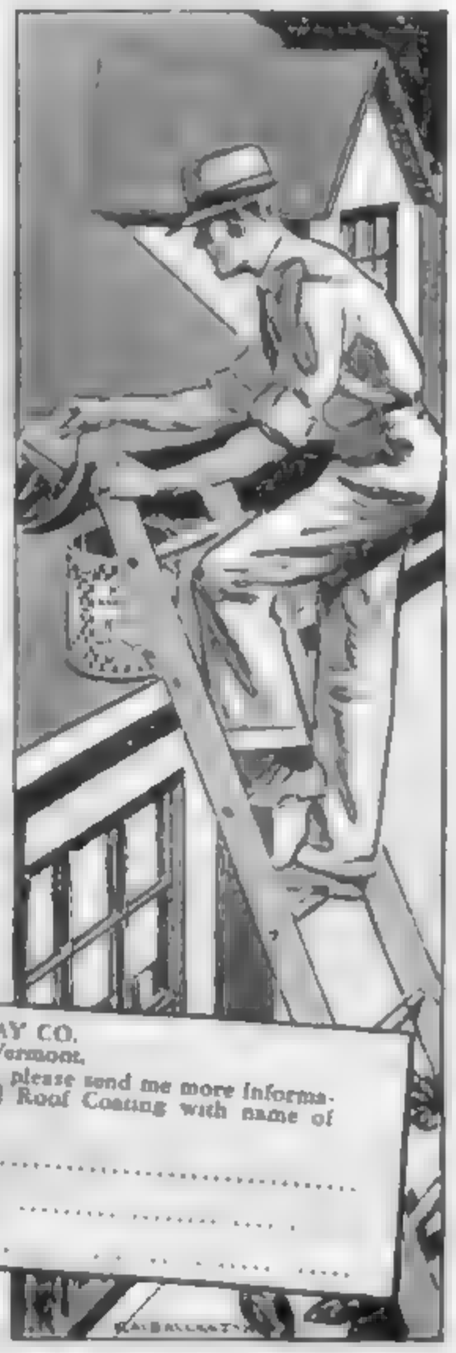

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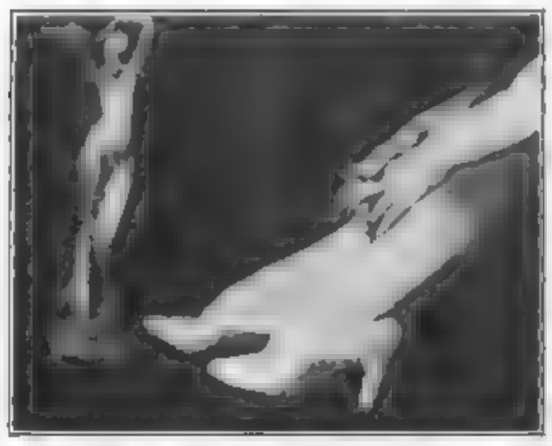

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"Don't talk," I said. "You're tired. Go on to bed, kid; I'll take care of this."

"I've got to talk. You don't know, Buck—you don't know. I thought I could learn how—like Margery. She can keep up her line all day and all night and come back fresh next day. She can just laugh it off. She's a —— "

"—— fluffy talking doll," I snapped—"a hot mamma doll!"

"She's not, Buck. She's sweet. She's wise. It's just her line that fools you. A girl's got to have a line, and I can't do it. Live from the teeth out. Take everything as a joke. Grit your teeth and let men kiss you. Pretend to drink—you've got to or they think you're criticizing. And I can't tell them why I'm afraid. My father used to come home drunk—not funny drunk. They never saw anybody that way. They just laugh."

"I know," I said. "They're kids. They're ignorant. Don't fret about it now. Go on to bed."

"Wise cracks," her dull flat voice went on. "I never want to hear another wise crack as long as I live. 'Rise from the waves, Venus!' He thought that was funny. 'Venus of Milo, Indiana!' He thought that was a wow. Maybe it is. I'm too tired to know. Wise cracks and wise cracks and wise cracks—all day and all night. He said he was going to sit there till breakfast. Oh, I knew he was just kidding! That's all he does. I tried to kid him too. I said 'Why waste the time, big boy? Why don't you come after me?'

"And he did. I knew he would. That's the truth, Buck. I hoped he would. Civilized women don't feel that way. I let him get his hands on me and then took him under—as far under as I could. And when he tried to quit I laughed and dared him to come on. I felt like laughing, I tell you! That was real. Just him and me to fight it out. I wanted him to get his hands on me! I love him—and he's not fit to live!"

"Steady, kid," I pleaded. "They'll hear you—upstairs. Please, kid, go on to bed."

Her voice went flat again: "I've always loved him. You don't know, Buck, you don't know! He used to be so sweet and good to me—careful for me, telling me how to do if boys got —— He wouldn't even kiss me when I wanted him to—said I was too young. And now I'm not too young, and he's all different!"

"He is," I sighed, mopping my weary face with a kitchen towel.

It was infernally hot in there, and still. I heard the faint hot sputter of the oil flame under the coffee. I heard soft heavy footsteps coming through the house; Andy stood in the door, grinning, fishing a soggy mess of silk out of his pockets—kimono here, pajamas there. No wonder I hadn't found them!

"Storm coming up," he grinned, "and I imagine you don't want my corpse littering your front yard. I'll just deliver these and be on my way."

"Maybe you'd better," I agreed.

But Alice clutched her gay wrap tight about her throat and cried, "Andy—oh, Andy, what makes you be that way?"

"Fellow dived through a plate-glass window once," said Andy jovially. "Couldn't explain just why he did it, only it seemed a good idea at the time."

Wise-cracking still. Alice sat staring at him, and her white face twisted slowly into crying—soundlessly; she didn't seem to know she was doing it; helplessly, like a child.

Andy moved toward her and I rammed him back against the door.

"You've done enough," I said. "Get out of here!"

He didn't even glance at me. Absently, his big hand caught my neck and flipped me through the door and half across the dining room. I hit with a tremendous thump—I heard it; I give you my word I thought of nothing else. I'm civilized. I had a terrified picture of the house party waking, coming down on the run to see us there—Alice in a kimono, crying that way; Andy in a torn shirt and muddy flannels, shoeless; me, Howard Pressley, middle-aged and respectable, hairy and naked to the waist! I scrambled up. A chair went over with a bang.

Rita cried down the stairs, "Howard?"

"Yes?" I said, trying to sound respectable.

"You shut the windows? The rain comes."

Thunder rolled up the sky and cracked above our heads. I shouted happily, "Yes, I shut the windows!"

The rain came, and the wind; the bang of windows was a trifle to the noise it made. I bounded grimly back into the kitchen.

But you can hardly hit a man who has his head down in a woman's lap. My hand still itched; Alice was still crying. Andy's big voice was murmuring: "—— blame you for getting tired of it. But I was trying to hold up my end. I didn't want to spoil your party, and I was nearly crazy. I knew I was a fool to get so drunk, but ——"

"Drunk!" I said. "That's no excuse. That's chronic!"

Andy leaped to his feet and in his muddy face his eyes began to burn.

"Is that so? Well, I can see why you'd think so. You get careful when you've had a drink, and try to act sober. I don't. I'm not ashamed. I'm not ashamed of anything except being a poor prune that can't make money enough to hold up my end. You ——"

"That's what the matter with him," said Alice, crying. "He thinks I've been high-hatting him. He ——"

"She tries to fix it so she pays for everything. Only today she made me take sixty dollars that didn't belong to me—I saw the dice; she snatched 'em up so I'd have to take it or let everybody know she was trying to ——"

"But you'd been losing so terribly, and you can't ——"

"Can't afford to lose? Why not? It's my money. I earned it. I didn't get it from a—a rich wife!"

"Here, here," I said, "that's got nothing to do with what you've done. You ——"

"Done?" said Andy. "Well, what have I done—you dirty mid-Victorian prude? I knew she didn't have on a bathing suit, if that's what you mean. And I knew I couldn't catch her. You try it sometime, you—you —— I was just sitting down there because I was too dizzy to go to bed, and I heard her go in the water, and when I found out who it was I started kidding her.

"What did you expect me to do? Break down and cry? I was so miserable it never occurred to me that she was miserable too. So sore at me that she'd ——" Alice got up to stop him and he caught her in his arms, murmuring against her rumpled copper hair, "I never dreamed you cared that much."

"Oh, more than that!" said Alice. "Oh, all there is to care! That's why I tried to kill you."

"I know," said Andy. "That's why I couldn't quit. You had a right to, and I didn't care if you did."

"I know," said Alice. "Oh, who wants to be civilized? You take that job Buck offered you and let's go!"

"All right," said Andy gloomily, "you're the boss. I could have stood it for myself, but not—not for both of us."

"I'm not the boss," said Alice. "I won't be! I'll be Mrs. Andy McAllister, and we'll live on what you make—I don't care if we starve. I've tried starving and I've tried ——"

"Girl," said Andy huskily, "will you—for a while? I'll work my fool head off for that!"

It was all wrong. These young fools with their eyes on far unseen horizons, lifted by their emotions, thinking they'd come on something new and wonderful. Male and female—even the jungle knew that much, risked everything for that.

And there was risk. I knew it. Not for Alice; she was civilized, could discipline herself. The climate couldn't melt her inner

(Continued on Page 185)

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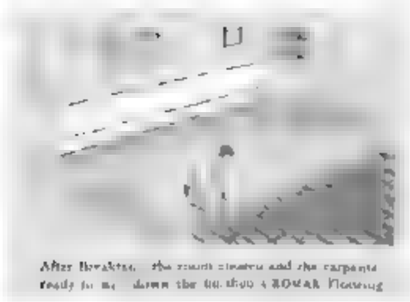

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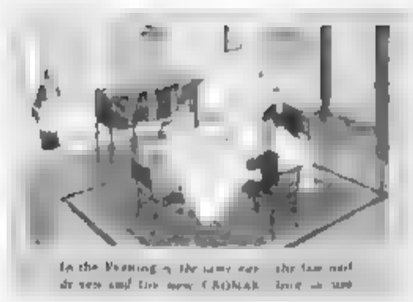

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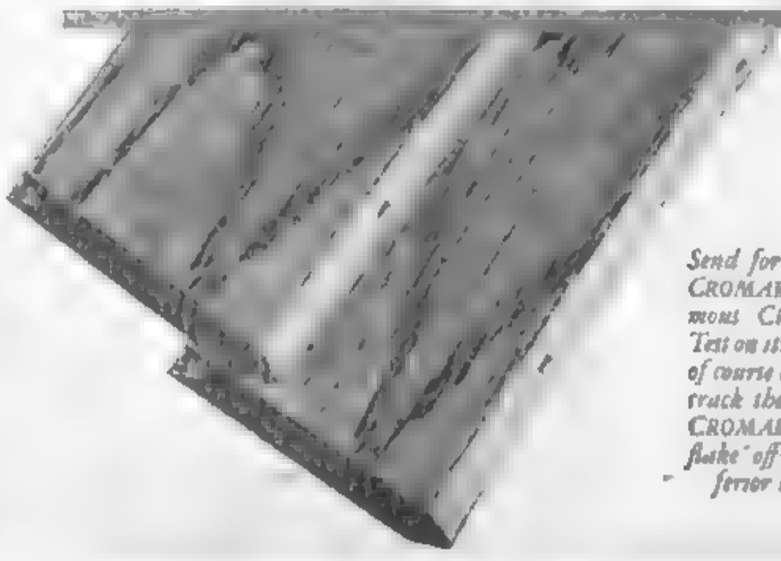

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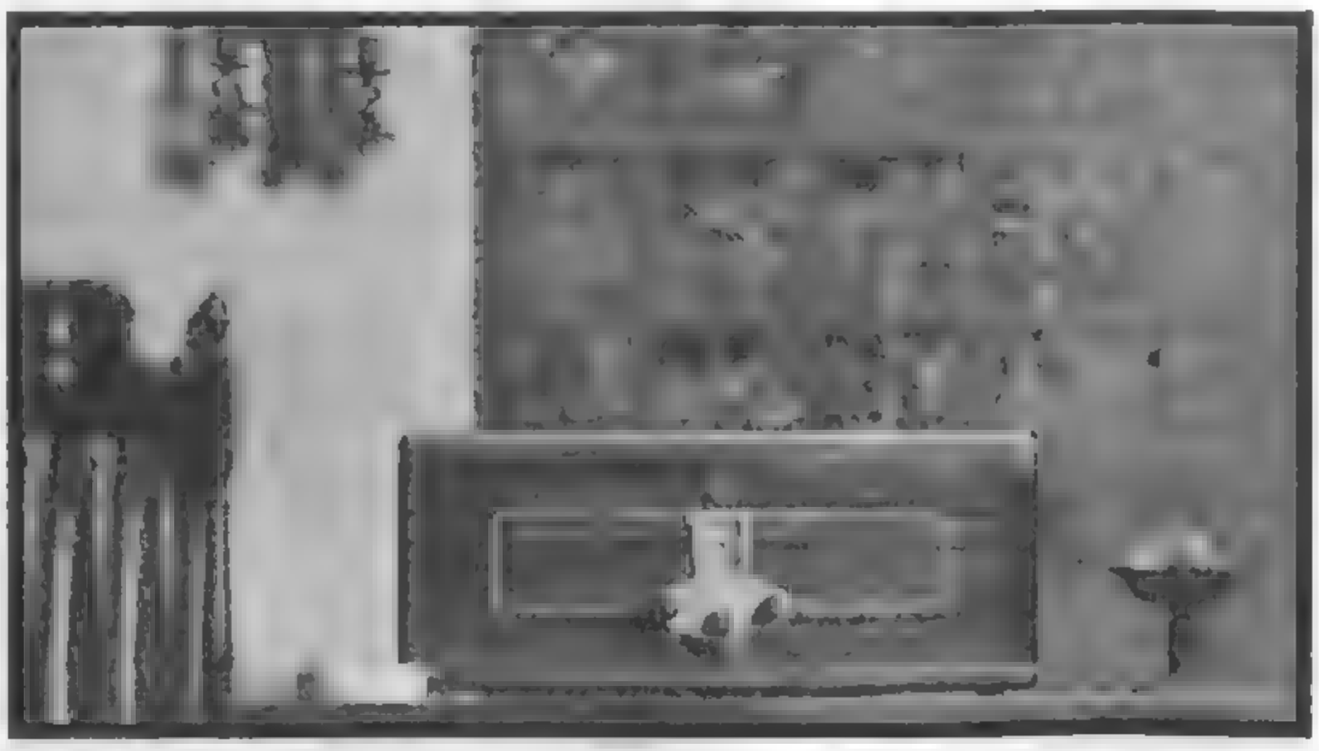

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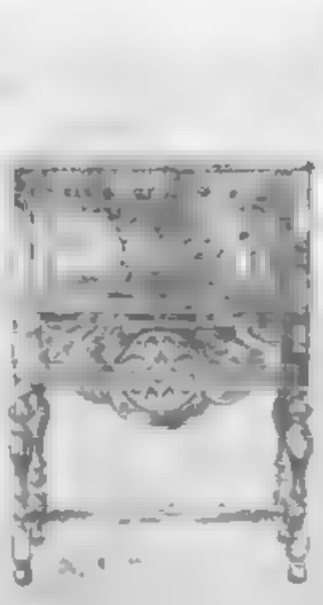

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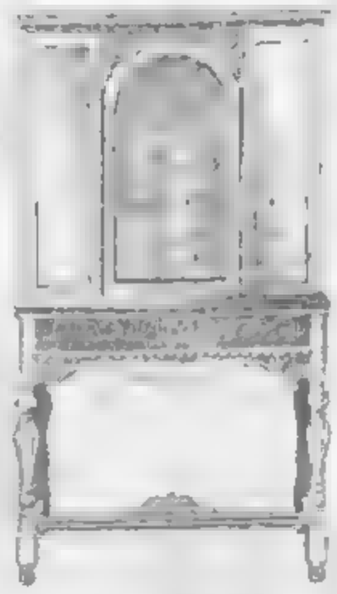

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(Continued from Page 182)

fiber. But Andy—soft, violent in his emotions, all his life trained to self-indulgence—how could he come out whole?

"Look here," I said, "you think the jungle is one grand, eternal free-for-all. Maybe it was once, but not now. It's dull. It's hot—and you've just seen what a hot spell can do."

"Yes," said Andy. "Lead me to it!"

"And work—a long sight harder work than selling life insurance."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Andy. "Give me a job I can get my back into!"

"Humph!" I said. "No such jobs around here, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Andy. "Everybody said I ought to be a salesman, and I've tried it. Taking advantage of my friends—badgering people who don't want to buy—playing golf with men I don't like, jollying them along—I hate it!"

I sighed. Ben Murchison had always felt that way—felt it was asking favors—selling. You never could have made him see it as a science and a game.

Andy said violently, "I'm a dud at business. I gave up school and nearly killed myself to get a stake—and dropped it on everything I touched. Gambled, yes. How else could I make it fast enough? I knew the general would leave the kid more than I could earn in a hundred years, and I—I wanted to be able to wear my own pants.

"You don't know how it feels. You've always made money. You can give your wife what she wants instead of—of taking it. Your wife can't keep you from—from being her hired man if you want to. I wanted to work for Alice—for Vizcayan Asphalt. Not selling, either. I want to sweat and see things happen when I do!"

There was a caustic thing I could have said. But soberly, instead, I poured myself a cup of coffee. The air had cooled; I felt a little old.

Rain lashed the windows and the wind roared in the trees, and dawn was turning the light a little gray; yet something calm and bright and lovely was in the room. Oh, not for me; I only saw it, wistfully. The eyes of youth, forever fixed on far horizons, forever seeking. Let old men keep the ground already won, play safe, respect the old taboos. For youth there was no safety. If the dark jungles of the outer world were nearly tamed, there still remained a darkness, infinite. Already there were places not so dark to them as to their elders.

"Listen," said Alice softly, "that's how the sea roars on the beach below Chunango."

Oh, not to me; they had forgotten my existence. There was no reason why I should have tiptoed from the kitchen, but I did. I saw his arm tighten about her shoulders, and I saw the look she gave him. The roaring sea, the secret jungle, the loom of mountains great against the sky—these things must serve as measures for the things they sought. Alice knew all the risk; yet there was steady courage in her tired green eyes, and faith—faith, that has lifted men through generations and set temples on the hills.

# ON THE BOTTOM

(Continued from Page 7)

simultaneously raise his air pressure, he is crushed into his helmet by the water, and many men have died from such a squeeze; the latest instance occurring to a civilian diver in shallow water in the East River while we were working off Block Island.

It is directly due to this pressure that the bends arise. To exist under water the diver must breathe air under heavy pressure. For the depth at which the S-51 lay, the air had to be compressed to five times its normal pressure. With each breath the diver had to inhale five times his ordinary quantity of air. The large excess of oxygen consumes the tissues much more rapidly than is normal and produces a dangerous state of exhilaration somewhat akin to that caused by breathing pure oxygen; overlong exposure will cause oxygen poisoning.

But it is the inert component of the air, nitrogen, which is the cause of the bends. Nitrogen, which forms four-fifths of our atmosphere, is ordinarily breathed in and out, having no effect except to dilute the oxygen. However, when the air is much compressed, conditions change. Under heavy pressure the nitrogen entering the lungs, instead of being all exhaled again, dissolves in the blood, and the heavier the pressure and the longer the period of exposure, the greater the quantity of nitrogen dissolved.

While the diver remains under pressure—that is, stays on the bottom—he notices nothing. The nitrogen goes into solution, the blood remains a clear liquid. But when the pressure is decreased as the diver rises to the surface trouble starts.

### *Letting Out the Bubbles*

A bottle of ginger ale is a good illustration of what happens. There is a gas, carbon dioxide, dissolved under pressure in the ginger ale. As long as the cap remains on the bottle there is no evidence of the gas, the liquid inside is clear. But when the cap is removed the pressure is released with a pop, the gas bubbles out of solution and the bottle froths over.

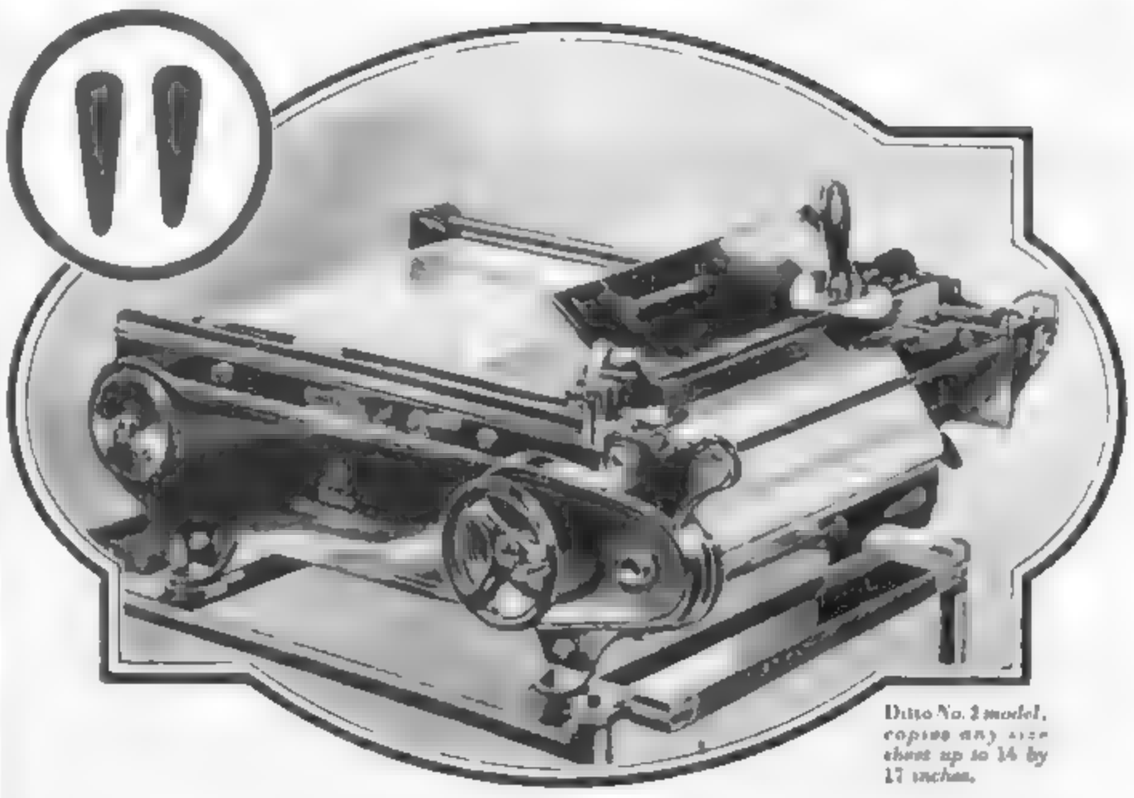
In the same way, when the pressure is released on the diver by his coming to the surface, the nitrogen dissolved in his blood bubbles out and forms a froth in his blood. These bubbles clog the arteries, impeding circulation and causing convulsions, or the bends. In many cases the bubbles gather in the spinal column, where they affect the nerves, causing paralysis. In less aggravated cases a favorite place for bubbles is in the joints, resulting in great pain.

When the cause of the bends was finally discovered, the remedy was indicated. It lies in bringing the diver to the surface in a series of short rises, with a pause at each stage; lifting him enough each time so that under the decreased pressure some nitrogen will come out, but not decreasing the pressure so much at each step as to allow bubbles of any size to form. The decompression time—that is, the length of time at each stage and the number of stages—depends on the depth to which the diver has gone and the duration of his stay there. Consequently, for every depth there is a limit to the time the diver can stay down—which period decreases rapidly as the depth increases—and the length of time the diver must spend in decompressing increases rapidly the deeper he goes and the longer he stays down.

### *Working Under Handicaps*

When the causes of the bends had been laid bare, and proper tables of decompression worked out by experiment, diving in deep water became practical enough to permit work to be done after a fashion, though at great expense and considerable hazard.

But aside from his troubles from disease, the diver has many physical handicaps to struggle against. His diving suit, with helmet, lead belt and lead shoes, weighs about 200 pounds, and is both heavy and cumbersome. When fully dressed, the diver is quite bulky and much impeded in action by his suit. Movements under water are slow; if he stoops over or lies down, a different adjustment of his air valves must be made; a fog gathers on the face plate of his helmet and makes vision through it difficult; communication with the surface is always trying, even with a telephone, because of the roar of the compressed air through the helmet, which makes it hard for the diver to hear. On the other hand, it is difficult for those on the surface to understand the diver, for when he passes below ninety feet

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depth, the air pressure causes his voice to lose its distinctive quality, his words sound all mushed up and become exceedingly difficult to understand. As an illustration of this, under such air pressure a diver can no longer whistle. The thick air changes everything.

Everything that the diver sees is magnified by the water, but he rarely sees much. In northern seas the water is nearly opaque and objects ten feet away are often invisible. It resembles looking through a ground-glass window; light comes through, but nothing is seen. Conditions are often even worse than this; if the bottom is muddy, fine silt rises up in the water in clouds and objects even a foot away are invisible. Under such conditions even powerful lights cannot pierce the water, and a diver a few feet from a boat has no idea where to look for it.

On October 14, 1925, the Falcon sailed for Block Island, followed shortly by the Vestal and the other ships. At the wreck bubbles and oil no longer marked the spot, but a buoy secured to the submarine located it immediately.

Lieutenant Hartley's first step was to prepare the site for long-continued diving operations. It is of the first importance to the diver that the vessel from which he is receiving his air supply shall remain steady in position while he is at the bottom. The few hundred feet of hose from him to the ship constitute literally his thread of life. If a heavy sea or a sudden squall should swing the diving ship away, especially while he is inside the wreck below, his air hose will be snapped off and he will be left to die.

Anchoring the diving ship is not enough. She will swing to her anchor all the time; if the wind or sea change, she will be swept far out of position. The diving ship must be firmly held over the submarine in spite of wind or sea so long as a man is on the bottom.

Consequently Hartley planted six heavy anchors in a circle around the S-51; a mooring buoy was secured to each anchor and the Falcon, before diving commenced, always ran out hawsers to these buoys, holding herself thus firmly in position over the wreck.

The first effort toward raising the S-51 was to seal up the undamaged compartments, and we decided to start on the engine room. Chief Torpedomen Frazer and Smith were selected for this job. I went with them aboard the S-50, where Lieutenant Commander Lenney, her captain, carefully explained to us what valves must be closed in that room to make it water-tight. There were nearly thirty valves on voice tubes, oil lines, water lines, engine exhausts and air inlets that had to be shut, many of them difficult to reach.

### *The Diver Down*

Frazer rehearsed the work carefully on the S-50, starting at the after end of the engine room and closing the valves in succession as he came forward between the engines. At last he was letter perfect, he could locate all the valves in succession blindfolded. We returned to the Falcon. Smith and Frazer were dressed by the tenders.

With a man on each side to assist, Frazer dragged his heavily weighted figure to the rail, where he stepped on the stage, grasping the steel bails to hold himself erect.

"Up stage!" The winchman threw in his clutch, the stage rose till it cleared the rail. The boom swung over, the stage swung outboard over the sea.

"Down stage!" Slowly the stage dropped into the water, the sea rose over Frazer's body, his helmet disappeared. A stream of bubbles broke the surface.

"Hold stage!" Several feet below the surface we could see Frazer adjusting his air valves. I took his telephone receiver, adjusted it over my head.

"All right, Jim?"

"All right. Take me to the descending line."

Frazer stepped off the stage. Nothing below him now. We hoisted in the stage. The tenders dragged him, dangling by his air hose, about twenty feet along the Falcon's side to where the after descending line went below. Frazer seized it, wrapped his legs about it, sang out:

"Lower away!"

His tender rapidly paid out the life line. Frazer disappeared. Swiftly the line went out. Fifty feet, a hundred feet, he must be nearly there. The air hose stopped running through the tender's hands. I listened. A flat, strange voice came to me over the telephone: "On the bottom!"

Frazer had landed on the submarine. We took Smith to the stage and hoisted him overboard also. Down he went; two streams of bubbles broke the surface of the sea. The line stopped running out. Once again came the report:

"On the bottom!"

### *In the Engine Room*

On the deck of the submarine, Smith stood by the hatch to tend the life lines while Frazer dropped through the opening into the engine room. He carried a powerful submarine lamp, but in the murky water inside the submarine it cast only a dim glow. While Smith paid out carefully on his lines, Frazer started slowly aft through the narrow passage between the engines. He passed between the first cylinders of the starboard and port Diesels, turned sideways to avoid catching his lines on the cams. Another step; some obstruction hit his helmet and blocked his passage. Swinging his light upward for a close look, Frazer saw it was the engineer officer of the S-51 clinging to the throttle of the port engine, his half-dressed body jammed between the hull and the overhead valve gear, his legs hanging down into the passageway and closing it. Frazer set his lamp on the engine, seized the body by both legs and pulled vigorously, but without success. The man had been jammed in hard by the rushing water. Frazer could waste no more time. Picking up his lamp, he pushed the legs to one side, ducked low to pass under, and continued his way aft till he came to the door leading into the motor room. Here he set his lamp down on the floor plates, and feeling on the bulkhead, found the voice-tube valve there. He screwed down hard on the handwheel to make sure it was tightly closed; then moved forward to the valves in the engine-exhaust pipes. The exhaust clapper valves were closed—evidently in that last desperate minute the engineers had tried to secure the boat for submerging. Frazer closed the globe valves on the inside of the clappers, then moved on to the multitude of smaller valves.

Inside the boat Frazer came once more to the dead engineer, pushed aside his legs, crawled under him, and made another attempt to pull him free. He was stuck too hard. Frazer left him and stepped forward to the last valve on his list. This was the largest one, the twenty-four-inch main air induction to the two Diesel engines, located overhead just forward of the No. 1 cylinders, where it admitted air to the engines, somewhat after the manner of a huge carburetor. The valve was operated by a lever through a set of links and bell cranks. The operating lever was far over to starboard, with its locking ratchet in the Full Open notch on the guide arc. Frazer released the ratchet, grasped the handle and pushed it to port. The handle swung over the guide arc evenly, the valve moved downward toward its seat, and finally stopped with a metallic ring. Frazer swung his lamp close to the arc to make sure the valve was closed. It was not. The handle had stopped at ¼ Open. There were still three inches on the arc to go to the Closed notch. Frazer pushed again, but the handle moved only a fraction of an inch farther.

On the Falcon the timekeeper moved over to the rail where I stood with the receiver from Frazer's telephone over one ear.

"Fifty minutes for Frazer and Smith."

*(Continued on Page 189)*

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Not a clumsy contraption, but a simple mechanism that performs operations that human hands alone might be expected to do. Not only does it change its own records, but it plays *as long as you say* — hours or days or weeks, if you wish. You simply see that it is supplied with records, press a button . . . and the Victor mechanism does the rest.

This master instrument will be furnished in three main types, illustrated herewith. One is the Automatic Orthophonic Victrola, with all the realism for which Orthophonic reproduction is noted. Another is the Automatic Electrola, which permits volume-adjustment from the faintest murmur to the stentorian power of the full symphony orchestra. Another is this Automatic Electrola, but with the latest Radiola Super-Heterodyne in addition.

Each of these types is in a cabinet of consummate charm . . . not only a superb musical instrument, but a piece of furniture that is a delight to live with, day after day. But, words cannot give you the picture. You must see them . . . hear them. Your own most extravagant phrases will not be an exaggeration. Your Victor dealer is ready to show you. Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

*The Automatic Orthophonic*

**Victrola**

"Impossible to keep in the game without adequate sleep!"

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *Founder of The Curtis Publishing Company, whose three famous publications are read by millions. Outside of his manifold publishing interests, Mr. Curtis is an ardent yachtsman*

*Says*

# CYRUS H.K. CURTIS

*Internationally famous yachtsman and publisher of the Curtis publications*

*An Interview by* CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS is one of the most amazing men I have ever met.

He is as alert and physically active now as he was at forty-five. His mind is keen—his vitality not only equal but superior to some of his executives who are many years his junior.

In frank admiration I asked him one day how he had managed to keep so young after threescore years of directing the complex affairs of his great publishing company.

"By keeping myself rested," was his answer.

He paused for a moment—then continued: "Very few men, particularly business men, appreciate the importance of getting enough sleep.

"When a man 'cracks' under the strain of business—it is usually attributed to overwork, whereas the real cause is very often under-rest.

"I have a number of friends who tell me that they have a fixed habit of awakening at a certain hour, no matter how late they may have been up the night before.

"In my own case, I am glad to say that I have no such habit. If I am up late the night before, I make it up in the morning to the extent of a full eight-hour rest. I sometimes plan my business so that I may remain home the morning after late hours in order to have a full complement of sleep.

"Sound sleep, I believe to be worth all the medicine in the world. Without it, it is absolutely impossible for the younger generation to get ahead—or for the older generation to keep in the game of life."

Impressive advice this — coming from Cyrus Curtis. How much better off—physically and mentally—many of us would be if we followed it!

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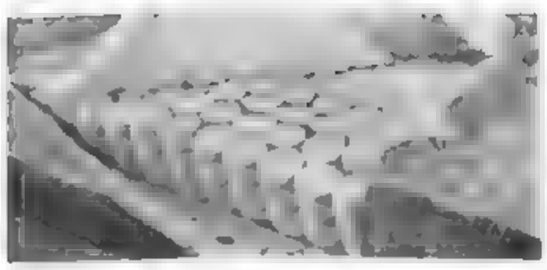

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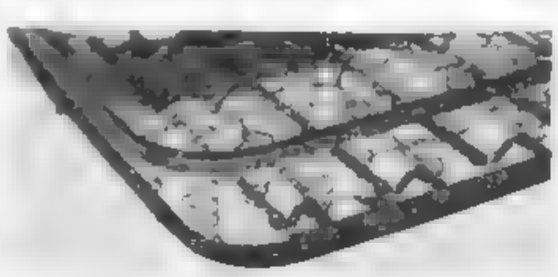

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MEN WHO GUIDE *the affairs of great business organizations realize the vital importance of a well-rested mind and body. Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs and mattresses, have developed scientifically the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This extraordinary comfort, embodied in their Beautyrest Mattress and their Ace Spring, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco*

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[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

Micro-photo of inside of watch. Note dirt, dust, glass chips, *due to broken crystal.*

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*(Continued from Page 186)*

Their time was up. I motioned to the tenders leaning over the rail. Four long jerks on Smith's air hose; the tender waited; in a moment he felt four answering jerks from below. Smith had acknowledged the signal to get clear and stand by to come up. In turn Smith gave four jerks on Frazer's line.

Frazer acknowledged the same way. It was time to leave, but the last and most important valve was still open. Seizing the handle with both hands, Frazer pulled the valve wide open to get a good swing, then shoved the handle to port with all his might. Over his telephone I heard a sharp metallic ring. Frazer looked at the handle; it was still ¼ Open. I heard Frazer swear; then, in the flat far-away tones of a man under pressure, he spoke for the first time since he went down:

"Mr. Ellsberg, the main air induction valve won't close."

I could hear Frazer turn off his air while he listened for instructions. They were brief, but each word was spoken slowly and distinctly:

"Never mind. Time up. Come out."

And to make sure, once again we gave Smith the signal to stand by to come up.

"On the stage!" sang out the man at Smith's telephone.

About two hours later we hoisted the stage over the rail. The two divers clung tightly to the bails as we swung them, dripping, in on deck. A group of dressers gathered round, loosed belts, shoes, removed helmets. The divers' faces, a little pale, looked grotesque sticking above the heavy copper breastplates. Frazer leaned far over and a bucket of water ran out of his suit.

"Exhaust valve leaked," he explained.

The dressers pulled off their diving suits. In heavy blue underwear, they rose and stretched, relieved of the crushing weight of their equipment. Smith, looking thin and slight by contrast with the huge frame of his companion, asked for a cigarette. Frazer, wet to the skin, did not linger. The doctor gave him a drink, half hot coffee, half whisky, and he ran below.

I found Frazer in his bunk, wrapped in blankets.

"I got 'em all, Mr. Ellsberg, except the main air induction. Maybe I got that, too, but it isn't in the Closed notch yet. I tried three or four times. It won't go any farther."

Nothing but air had ever gone through the outer ventilation main to the engines before. The main intake in the conning-tower fairwater was always closed before the ship submerged, to keep water out of the main leading to the various compartments. The S-51, running in her surface condition, had sunk with that valve open; water rushing through the open main had evidently jammed something under the engine air induction. We would have to clear it.

### *Oxygen Intoxication*

We prepared to remove the superstructure deck over the engine room. With special long-handled socket wrenches, to unbolt part of the portable wood sections, Frank Anderson and Applegate prepared to dive. Anderson was the navy-yard diver, the oldest man we had, a veteran of long years' work in the water. He was about forty-five, I thought, really too old for deep-water diving, but he had pleaded hard to come; I acquiesced, feeling his experience might compensate for his lack of youth. Applegate was about thirty; he had done many odd jobs in shallow water and a little work at 100 feet.

They were dressed, hoisted over the side, Anderson first. "On the bottom!" from Anderson. "On the bottom!" from Applegate.

Anderson took the wrenches, started aft along the sloping deck. Applegate attempted to follow him. A strong current swept over the ocean floor, making it hard to stand up. Applegate slipped to the low side, caught the rail, hung on. The heavy pressure started to affect him, he developed oxygen intoxication, an exhilaration very similar to the alcoholic type, but caused by the excessive oxygen he was breathing. He staggered drunkenly, trying to follow Anderson; he fouled Anderson's life lines. Anderson dropped the wrenches, untangled his air hose from his companion, tried to recover the wrenches and go to work. He found himself in trouble, breathing with difficulty, fighting the sweep of the tide, trying to hold his feet on the slimy incline of the deck down which the current was pushing him. Applegate fell against the rail, started to topple overboard. Anderson seized him, pulled him erect again. It was all he could do to hold on himself; he had little to spare for his shipmate.

Anderson looked around. The wrenches lay at his feet against the hazy outline of the deck. Nothing seemed to stir, yet he felt the water pressing him overboard. He leaned over as if facing a heavy windstorm. His heart pounded violently as he breathed.

He made another attempt to get to work. Reaching low, Anderson recovered a socket wrench, found a corner bolt holding down a section of the deck, slipped the socket over the bolt head and twisted hard on the T handle of his wrench. The bolt failed to start. He motioned to Applegate to help him, but Applegate, clinging drunkenly to the rail, was in no state to do anything. The wrench slipped off the bolt.

### *A Last Fight With the Sea*

Anderson felt himself weakening. He gave us the signal to come up. But first he cleared Applegate of all entanglements and saw him start ahead before he himself was hauled up the descending line. Hardly were his feet off the deck before the vague outlines of the submarine faded from his sight.

Once aboard the Falcon, Anderson came to me, much upset.

"I guess I'm too old to dive in deep water any more," he confessed. "I thought I could do it, but I can't stand the pressure the way I used to when I was young. I guess I'll have to go home. My son George will stay and do everything he can. You didn't know it, but I'm fifty-eight years old."

Fifty-eight! That settled it. Thirty-five is considered the age limit for deep work.

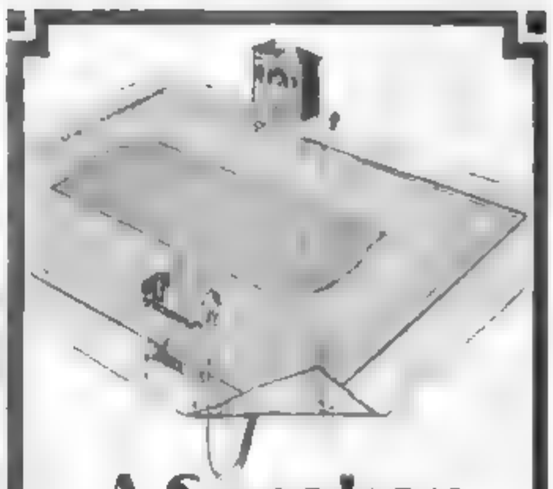
We kept Frank Anderson a week to make certain a cold he developed did not turn to pneumonia; then with regret we saw him board the Penobscot and sail for home via New London. A brave old man, trying to conceal his age for another chance to fight the sea. And so we lost the first of our small group of experienced divers.

Going down in pairs, other divers attacked the deck bolts with wrenches, but the work was slow. We switched to crowbars, and with them managed to rip away about eight feet of the deck in the way of the valve bonnet, leaving only the steel deck beams underneath. As we had no means of burning steel successfully then, it was decided to tear these deck beams out of the ship.

We shackled a large hook into the end of a six-inch manila line; Smith and Frazer dived to undertake the work of tearing out. Once on the bottom, they hooked the first beam near its starboard end; moused the hook with marline to prevent its slipping off; then stood clear and signaled us to heave on the line.

On the quarter-deck of the Falcon the boatswain's mate took four turns of the manila line around the capstan; the winchman opened the throttle and started it revolving. Lieutenant Hartley at the rail gave the signal to heave. The line tautened and stalled the capstan. The boatswain threw on a few more turns of the line and hauled hard; the winchman opened his throttle wider and the capstan groaned as it slowly started to revolve again. The line stretched under the strain; suddenly it came free and the capstan started to race.

The two divers, standing on the slippery deck of the submarine just abaft the conning tower, looked out through the glass ports in their helmets and watched the

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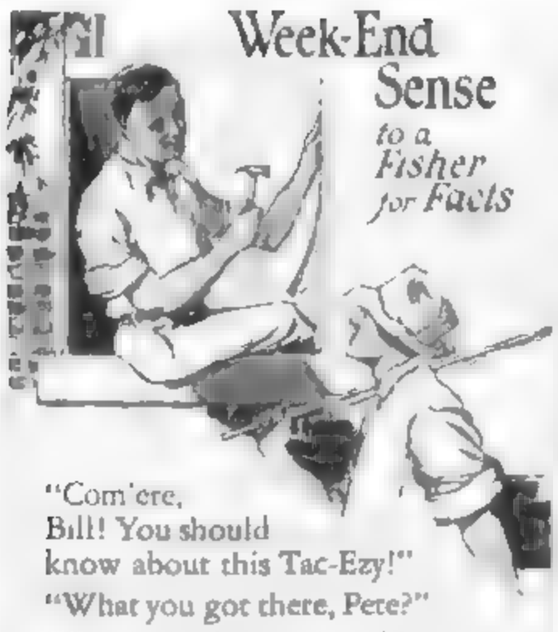


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"What you got there, Pete?"

"Tac-Ezy! A Bronze Metal Weatherstrip you can install in about thirty minutes per window."

"Sounds good. Does it really work?"

"Does it work? Say, man, I figure it will pay its cost this winter alone. Mary and I are putting it on all our doors and windows. The makers *guarantee* it will save its cost in fuel within two years, so I'm risking nothing."

"You're doing a good job, Pete."

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manila straighten and stretch as the strain came, saw the deck beam bend where the hook gripped it, suddenly tear out of the ship and start slowly for the surface. Then, to his amazement, Smith saw Frazer rise gently from the deck and start upward at the same time. Smith grabbed Frazer's lead shoes and tried to hold him down. No use; he felt himself being pulled from the submarine. He let go and dropped back to the deck. Frazer faded from his sight.

Smith shouted through his telephone; the man on deck could not understand. The boatswain's mate hoisted steadily on the capstan.

As he was jerked off the S-51, Frazer looked up and saw his life lines had been caught in the hook. He felt the futile tug as Smith clung to his feet; then found himself rising steadily to the surface, without decompression. He tried to signal on his life line, but no jerk traveled past the point where he could see his lines, none too securely caught, fouled in the point of the hook. His ears were ringing from the effects of the rapid decrease in pressure. He shouted into his telephone, "Stop heaving! Stop heaving!"

### *Time for Quick Thinking*

On deck, Frazer's telephone man caught the tone, not the words. But the tender on Frazer's life lines, feeling them coming slack over the rail, sensed something wrong and called out, "Avast heaving!" Hartley motioned the capstan to stop. The hook was halfway to the surface.

We got Smith clearer now:

"Stop heaving! Frazer is foul of the hook!"

On deck, we looked at one another in consternation. Whatever we did, Frazer was in a tight place, either from bends or from a squeeze. We started instantly to lower very gently.

Meanwhile, Frazer, dangling from the hook ten feet above his head, felt himself stop. He was seventy feet from the bottom. He could see the slack in his life line hanging in a loop on the other side of the hook, which, much magnified as he saw it through the water, was not quite overhead. He streamed away from it a trifle, carried over by the current. If his lines came off the hook he would have a free fall to the bottom.

Frazer had been diving many years; visions of divers who had been squeezed before shot across his mind; the victims always had to be dug out of their helmets—jelly.

Frazer felt himself start slowly down; then, to his horror, his life line slipped free of the hook. No longer supported, his lines now all slack, weighted down with 200 pounds of lead and copper, he started a swift plunge into the abyss. His suit clung to his body; he felt as if incased in a form-fitting mold which was quickly shrinking on him; his ribs started to collapse. A little more pressure as he shot lower and it would be the end.

In this extremity, beyond all help from others, Frazer thought swiftly. One thing alone could save him—compressed air. Plunging through the depths, death but a few seconds away, Frazer swung one hand to the control valve over his left breast. He gripped the valve handle, turned it wide open. Under high pressure a stream of air rushed through his helmet, ballooned out his suit. In spite of lead shoes and heavy diving rig, his distended suit was now buoyant.

He stopped sinking, hung suspended in the water; then released a little air and floated gently down to the bottom of the sea. He landed in the midst of a school of fish, which swam around him excitedly. His head was dizzy, his chest felt weak, his ear drums ached, nearly burst from the rapid variations in pressure they had undergone.

Frazer looked around. Several feet away the hull of the S-51 loomed up, half buried in the ocean bottom. A few steps across the hard sand and he leaned against her bilges while he pulled himself together.

A frayed line was hanging down the side near him. Lightening up a little, he dragged himself on board. Near by was Smith, half crazed with anxiety about his fate. In relief, Smith hugged his shipmate. The startled fish eyed them curiously.

Possibly a minute had elapsed since Frazer was first torn from his companion's side.

Kelley, Carr, Eadie, Michels, working in succession, completed the removal of the deck beams, tore away all other obstructions, exposed the valve bonnet.

The next day, Frazer and Smith, armed with short socket wrenches, attacked the bolts holding down the cover. It took three days on their part to remove the forty bolts and break the joint on the cover by driving wedges under it. On the fourth day the divers pried the cover loose; held by screw clamps, we hoisted it to the Falcon.

With the bonnet gone, the next diver down, Ingram, reaching into the huge valve body, felt a pipe jammed between the valve disk and its seat. Eadie, his mate, dropped inside the engine room and swung the valve wide open. Ingram pulled the obstruction out—a rusty piece of one-inch iron pipe, some three feet long, evidently left inside the ventilation main by some careless workman when the submarine was built. With the pipe removed, Eadie swung the valve handle over; it went home easily, latched itself in the Closed notch. The valve was closed.

It had taken five days and twenty dives to close a valve that should have closed in five seconds.

There were three of the five main compartments on the S-51 which were undamaged. These three—the control room, the engine room, and the motor room, we hoped to seal up and free of water.

We had managed to close the necessary valves in the engine room; we now turned attention to sealing up the control room. This was the central compartment of the ship, from which its operation was directed. Overhead was the conning tower; on the port side were the bow and stern diving-rudder wheels, the drainage manifolds, the myriad valves required for blowing ballasts, venting tanks, flooding for submerging.

### *A Means of Entry*

We especially desired to close the door in the bulkhead between control room and battery room—this was to form the dividing wall between the damaged and the undamaged parts of the ship. But to get to this door from forward meant entering the battery room which was the crew's sleeping quarters, and worming aft twenty feet through a narrow passage jammed with bunks, floating mattresses, and corpses. It looked hazardous.

To get to the door from aft meant passing through the narrow engine-room door, which was difficult, and then working forward the whole length of the control room, which was dangerous. The gun-access trunk, however, was almost vertically over the door we wished to reach, and the most important manifolds were close under it. If a diver could get through there he would be directly at his work. We determined to enter that way.

John Kelley and George Anderson, both small-sized divers, were chosen for the job. Kelley was a chief torpedoman, with a long experience in diving, including, together with Frazer, the long but unsuccessful attempt to raise the S-5 five years before. George Anderson was much younger. He had been raised a diver by his father, but had always worked before in the relatively shallow water around the New York Navy Yard.

Kelley, Anderson, Hartley and I went to the S-50 to study the job. The gun-access trunk was a small vertical cylinder about six feet high and four feet in diameter, located over the forward end of the control room, just in front of the conning tower and just abaft the gun. The top of the trunk

(Continued on Page 193)

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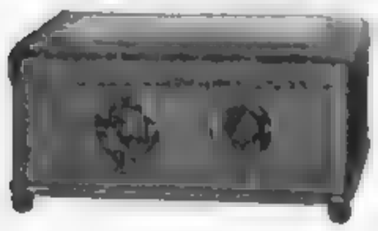

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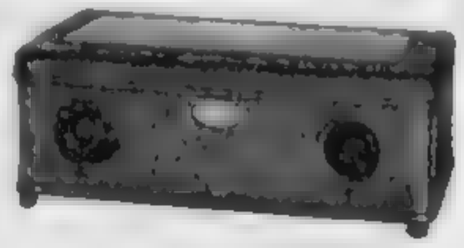

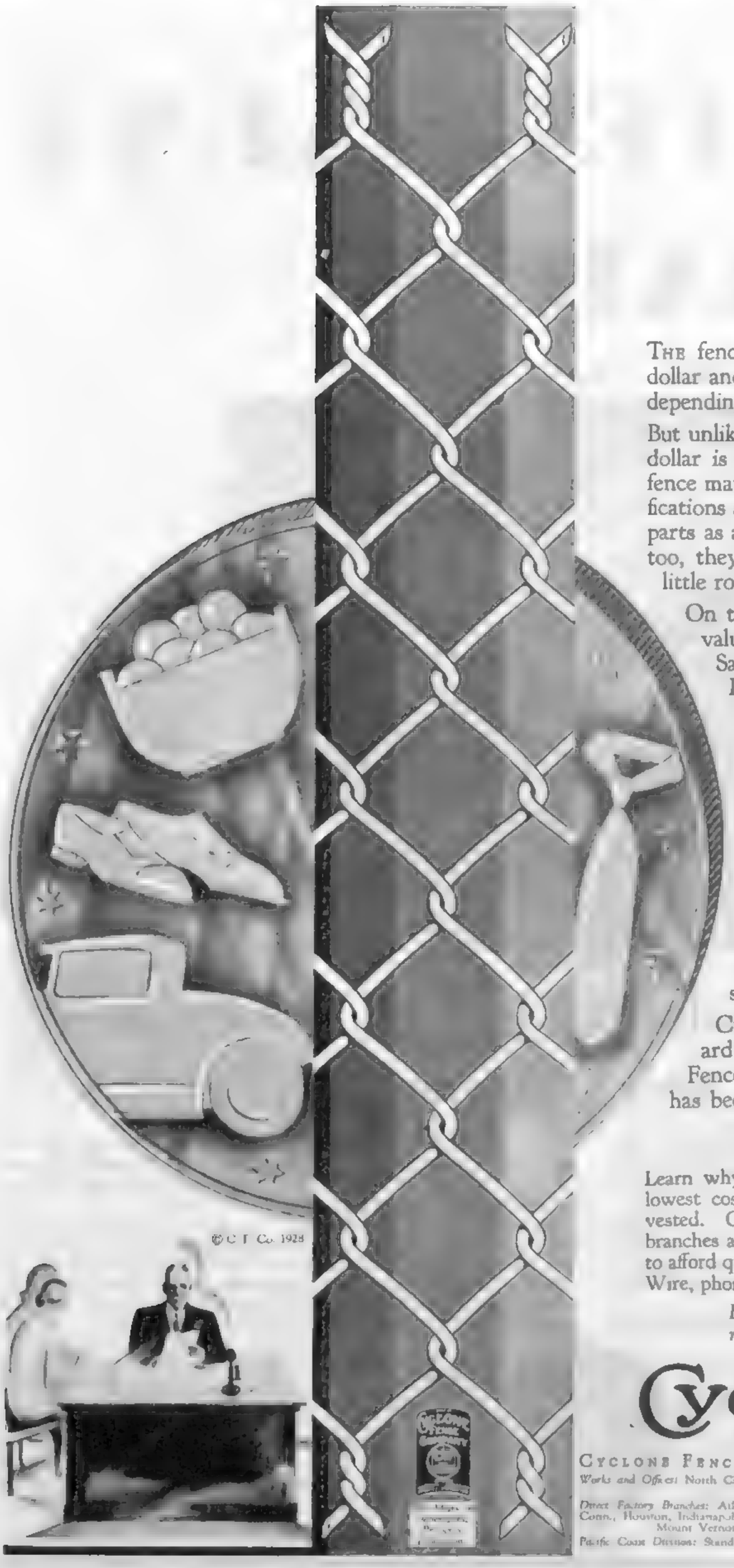


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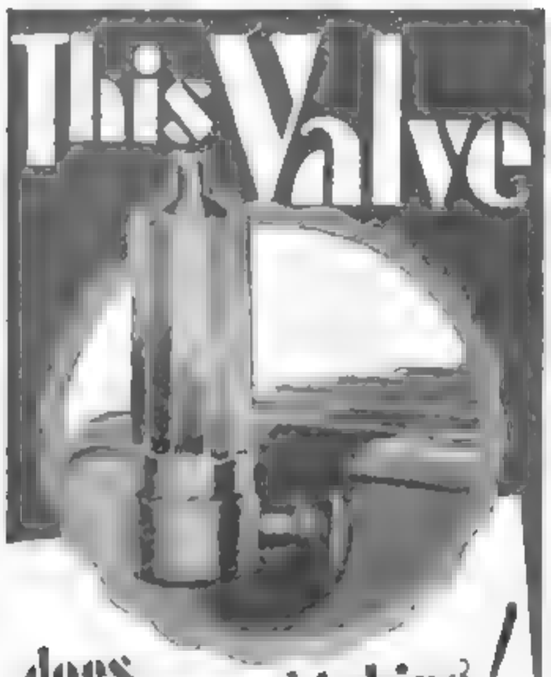

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(Continued from Page 190)

stood perhaps four feet above the superstructure deck

There were two hatches in the trunk, one top and one bottom, both of which opened upward. The top hatch had a coiled spring on its hinge pins which caused it to fly open when the catch inside was released. The lower hatch had four dogs to jam it watertight on its seat when closed. There were several small glass eye ports in the side of the trunk.

The gun-access trunk provided a means for serving the deck gun when shelling an enemy vessel, and also acted as an emergency escape air lock for the crew of the submarine in case of disaster—that is, theoretically it did. In deep water no one has ever escaped via such a trunk yet. In shallow water—fifty feet down—it was tried by two officers endeavoring to escape from the sunken British submarine K-13; one rose to the surface, the other was killed in the attempt.

I examined the gun-access trunk on the S-50 carefully. The outer hatch to the trunk on the S-51 was closed. How to open it from the outside was a problem. Finally I decided it was possible to do it by smashing the glass port on the starboard side and tripping the lock under the hatch cover with a steel rod pushed through the broken port. It required a rod four feet long, with some seven different twists and bends in it to go through the eye port at the side, clear obstructions inside, and reach up and forward in the trunk to hook around the handle of the latch. We removed an eye port on the S-50, bent a rod to suit, and Kelley practiced reaching in and releasing the catch. It required a knack in holding the rod just right outside while fishing with the hook in the trunk, but at last Kelley became so proficient he could trip the latch nine tries out of ten.

A tightening wire, secured to the under side of the hatch as part of the escape mechanism, remained as an added obstacle against the hatch-cover opening. To take care of this, the port we selected for Kelley to smash was the one closest to the wire. The blacksmith on the Vestal made us a hook-shaped knife, small enough to go through the port. A stout line was secured to the knife. Kelley was to reach inside the hatch with the knife, hook the wire, and we would cut it for him by heaving on the line from the Falcon.

### *Clearing the Way*

When all the tools were ready and Kelley and Anderson were well drilled in their parts, they held one last rehearsal and then hurried aboard the Falcon. The divers were dressed, hoisted over the side, Kelley first with the tools. He disappeared off the stage in a swirl of bubbles. The tender ran out his life lines. "On the bottom!" sang out the telephone man perched in the superstructure. We assisted Anderson to the stage, hoisted him overboard, watched him step off the stage and sink below. It was George Anderson's first dive in deep water. His father had had a tough time on the S-51; I wondered how his son George would handle himself.

His lines ran out steadily, no pause in his descent.

"On the bottom!" repeated Anderson's telephone talker. George Anderson was standing by Kelley's side, just abaft the gun on the S-51.

While Anderson was going down it flashed across my mind that the divers might find an obstruction in the trunk that I had not provided for in fashioning the tools. However, the men were gone. No use trying to instruct them over the telephone. It was up to them.

Kelley moved to the high side of the submarine and came abreast the trunk. The starboard eye port was about even with his belt. Kelley stooped over, looked through the glass. It was utterly black inside. He drew back, hit the glass sharply with the hook, and drove the fragments of the eye port into the trunk.

Kelley took the rod from Anderson. Carefully he entered it through the opening, pushed it home, lined up the handle outside truly athwartship to the trunk, and then hooked forward with the inner end. It caught the latch on his first attempt. A vigorous push aft and the latch released, but as Kelley expected, the hatch cover stayed closed. The wire was still holding it.

He removed the rod, exchanged it with Anderson for the hooked knife. Kelley shoved his forearm through the hole and felt around inside the trunk for the wire. He groped in vain until, reaching a little forward, his fingers came in contact with it, stretched taut. He shoved in his knife, hooked the wire, telephoned up:

"Heave on the line!"

We heaved. It took only a moderate pull and the knife severed the quarter-inch wire. The hatch cover flew open. The way to the control room was clear.

Kelley's talker sang out: "Kelley about to enter the submarine."

We waited silently on deck for several minutes. I wondered.

Then another message from Kelley:

"Send down a line." It had happened as I feared.

### *With Escape Near*

We lowered a line to the submarine; a brief interval, then four jerks on the line—the signal to hoist. We hauled in slowly. A body clad in pajamas appeared at the end of the line. The Falcon's motorboat ran alongside, the bluejackets reverently lifted the silent figure from the water. An Annapolis class ring shone on one finger. Shortly, wrapped in the folds of the flag, the body of Lieutenant Haselton rested on the Vestal's quarter-deck.

Kelley reported once more: "I'll make another try to go in." He squeezed through the upper hatch into the trunk.

Anderson's talker called out, "Send down another line!" We sent it down, a short wait, then another call from Anderson, "Hoist away."

We hoisted, and soon another flag-draped body lay beside Haselton's—a seaman this time.

Their fate was clear. Knocked from their bunks by the shock that tore their ship wide open, they had started aft, not waiting to dress, for the open conning-tower hatch, the sole exit. They were too late. Already the boat had submerged, a heavy stream of water was pouring down through the conning tower, while another torrent was rushing through from the battery-room door behind them.

Haselton remembered the gun-access trunk, just overhead. He scrambled up the rungs on the bulkhead, cast loose the dogs on the lower hatch, slipped into the escape trunk. The sailor followed him. The rising flood was just beneath their feet. They slammed down the hatch, jammed home the dogs to seal it tight. For the moment they were safe.

They tried to operate the escape hatch, to admit compressed air. Water spurted through instead. The bow of the City of Rome had cut the air line in two! They could not open the upper hatch against the pressure of the sea. Desperation seized them. Haselton ripped a rifle from a rack in the side of the trunk, beat vainly with its butt against the hatch. The blows of that rifle butt, ringing feebly out along the ocean floor, sounded tattoo for Lieutenant Haselton and his shipmate. The air was all exhausted, the sounds ceased, the water leaked in gradually through the lower hatch and flooded the trunk.

And thus Kelley found them—Lieutenant Haselton, a rifle clutched in his hands, butt against the hatch; the seaman slumped over, heaving on the hatch-releasing wire even in death. The sea had conquered them.

Once more we heard that Kelley was about to enter the submarine. He climbed up, wiggled through the upper hatch into the now empty trunk. He opened the lower hatch, dropped his legs down it,

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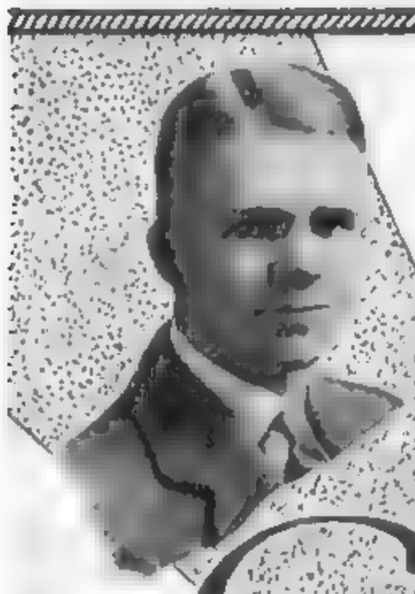

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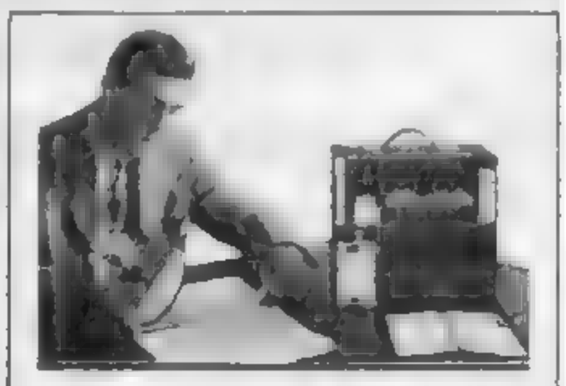

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attempted to squeeze through. He got as far as his waist, his lead belt caught. He twisted a little, trying to go through, then found himself jammed tightly in, but by pushing hard while Anderson above heaved on his lines, at last he came clear. There would be no entrance to the control room that way. The divers started up.

Finally we hoisted them aboard. George Anderson had made his initial dive in deep water successfully; a harrowing set of circumstances for a youthful diver to encounter the first time on the bottom.

On the Falcon we held a council of war in the little wardroom and listened to Kelley's story. On the S-50 he had barely been able to squeeze through that lower hatch, but with his suit partly inflated with air and the S-51 leaning badly to port so the opening was on a slant, it could not be done on her. We had no divers smaller than Kelley; if he could not go through, no one could.

We decided to attempt it next through the battery room. The following day Kelley and Michels attempted to pass aft from the wrecked battery room into the control room, but they found the battery room, where the bow of the City of Rome had ripped its way through, a tangled mass of wreckage, swelled-up mattresses, floating mess tables. They could not force a passage aft and came out.

As the third and last means of entrance, I determined to try the after door of the control room leading into the engine room.

For this attempt, Ingram and Eadie were rehearsed on the S-50. They went down on the S-51, climbed down into the engine room, Ingram carrying the lamp, Eadie following. A few steps forward inside brought them to the door leading to the control room. It was a small door, perhaps sixteen inches wide and four feet high. They swung the steel door wide open, lashed it back to hold it that way.

### *Using His Head*

Eadie approached the door, stooped, tried to squeeze through. He failed, stepped back and started to examine the opening carefully.

Listening on Ingram's phone, I heard him say, "Get out of the way and let me try it." Evidently he pushed Eadie aside, gave him the lamp. Ingram was a smaller man than Eadie.

I listened intently.

Soon Eadie reported: "Ingram is through. I can't see him any more."

That looked better; at last we had a man in the control room, even though he had a long way yet to go to reach the forward door.

Our exultation at this success was very short-lived. I got a call from Ingram: "I'm about five feet inside the room and I'm stuck. I can't go either way. My helmet's caught on something."

I repeated Ingram's message to those around on the Falcon. It struck us all cold. There was little we could do for Ingram; it was very doubtful if Eadie could get through to help, even if we asked him to. It was up to Ingram to help himself. If he kept his head he could probably free himself; if he became panic-stricken he was certainly gone.

On deck we all sensed that. One man sang out, "Tell him to keep cool!" I refused to transmit that. I had no intention of intimating to Ingram that we doubted his keeping cool. Instead, I called to him in a joking tone I was far from feeling:

"Use your bean, old man! Wiggle it!"

Ingram wiggled desperately for over five minutes.

On deck no one spoke. Over us a sparkling sun glittered on the waves as they rolled by the Falcon's rail and splashed about the hoses leading over the side. We breathed in the bright sunshine; at the other end of those lines I could hear the labored breathing of a man struggling alone in the darkness inside the submarine, caught on what he did not know, on something he could not reach.

At last the scheme worked, the wiggling dislodged his life lines from whatever they were caught on. Ingram was free. Very wisely he came out of the control room, and it was with a sigh of relief that some minutes later I heard Ingram and Eadie report:

"On the stage!"

Kelley and Michels were taken to the S-50 and carefully rehearsed in getting through the engine-room door. Ingram had gone through without a light; he could not tell what had caught him. We determined to give each of the next divers a light, though inside the boat it would hardly cast more than a glow.

### *Unconquered Darkness*

Kelley and Michels went down. We slid the submarine lights down to them, guided on the descending line. The divers took the lights, but hardly had they entered the hatch and started forward through the engine room when both lights burned out, leaving them in darkness. The heat from the 1000-watt filaments apparently softened the cement in the base of the lamps; under the heavy pressure, water seeped through into the bulb and short-circuited the filament.

We hauled up the burned-out lights, lowered a second pair.

I had Kelley's telephone. I heard him say, "My light's gone. Tell Mike to give me his."

Over Michel's phone, I ordered, "Give Kelley your light."

Michels handed his lamp to Kelley, who placed it near the door, giving the burned-out lamp to his partner. Kelley reported he was ready to try the door again. He was part way through when the last light flared brilliantly and then burned out, leaving the men in complete darkness. Four lights burned out in succession while they were attempting a passage into the most dangerous part of the boat. In a shaken voice Kelley reported the latest mishap, and added, "I'm coming up." I hardly blamed him. We had no more lights anyway.

The submarine lamps we were using were frankly experimental. No satisfactory design was on the market. We pointed out to the maker of the lamp its defect—inability to withstand the pressure—and showed him how to overcome it. On our insistence, the maker adopted our design. A few days later the new lamps arrived. Not one of them ever burned out on a diver.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Lieutenant Commander Ellsberg. The next will appear in an early issue.

## Grand Cayman's Dentist

IN AN ARTICLE about Grand Cayman Island published in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for July 21, 1928, the author, Mr. George Allan England, referred to a dentist who was also a cobbler whom he had seen, during his stay on Grand Cayman, plying both his trades. It has been brought to our attention that some people have mistakenly thought that Mr. England had in mind an English dentist located on the island, by the name of Dr. R. E. McTaggart. Mr. England had never met or even heard of Doctor McTaggart at the time he wrote his article, but, we are informed, Doctor McTaggart is a thoroughly competent dentist and a graduate in dentistry of a well-known American university.

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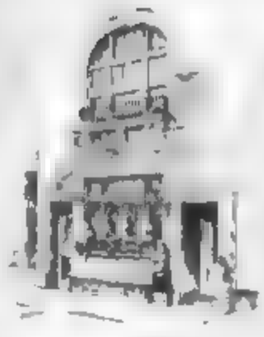

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# Index of Advertisers

## November 10, 1928


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Addison-Leslie Co. | 193 |
| Allen-A Company, The | 137 |
| Allen Co., Mark W. | 190 |
| American Bosch Magneto Corp. | 184 |
| American Brass Company, The | 80 |
| American Fruit Growers Inc. | 173 |
| American Phonophor Corp. | 193 |
| American Radiator Company | 159 |
| American Window Glass Co. | 104 |
| American Writing Paper Co., Inc. | 121 |
| Amity Leather Products Co. | 54 |
| Arch Preserver Shoes | 142 |
| Atwater Kent Mfg. Co. | 191 |
| AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc. | 188 |
| Bassick Company, The | 90 |
| Bassick Manufacturing Co., The | 58 |
| Bauer & Black | 182 |
| Belden Manufacturing Company | 189 |
| Bird & Son, inc. | 158 |
| Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation | 74 |
| Bond Electric Corporation | 146 |
| Boott Mills | 190 |
| Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. | 85 |
| Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The | 59, 179 |
| Bud & Blossom Products Co. | 193 |
| Campbell Co., The William | 194 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 35 |
| Cannon Mills, Inc. | 199 |
| Celotex Company, The | 163 |
| Central Alloy Steel Corporation | 200 |
| Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific | 139 |
| Chrysler Sales Corp. | 60, 61, 150, 151 |
| Cities Service Company | 130 |
| Clark Grave Vault Company, The | 109 |
| Clark Lighter Co., Inc | 153 |
| Clipper Belt Lacer Company | 152 |
| Coltman, Watson & | 190 |
| Colgate & Co. | 168 |
| Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. | 64 |
| Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co. | 160 |
| Cook Co., The H. C. | 193 |
| Cooper, Wells & Co. | 190 |
| Corbin, P. & F. | 141 |
| Creo-Dipt Co., Inc. | 108 |
| Cyclone Fence Company | 192 |
| Ditto Incorporated | 185 |
| Dodge Brothers Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.) | 154, 155 |
| Dole Valve Company, The | 193 |
| Duofold Health Underwear Co. | 96 |
| Du Pont de Nemours & Co., E. I. | 83 |
| Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc. | 71 |
| Ex-Lax, Inc. | 195 |
| Fleischmann Company, The | 49 |
| Ford Motor Company | 181 |
| Franklin Automobile Company | 115 |
| French Company, The R. T. | 169 |
| General Electric Co. | 117 |
| General Weatherstrip Co. | 190 |
| Germanow-Simon Co. | 189 |
| Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F. | 72, 73 |
| Hansen Mfg. Co., O. C. | 128, 129 |
| Harley-Davidson Motor Co. | 148 |
| Hart, Schaffner & Marx | 7 |
| Hohner, Inc., M. | 178 |
| Holeproof Hosiery Company | 1 |
| Holmes Products, Inc. | 185 |
| Hoover Company, The | 84 |
| Hupp Motor Car Corp. | 53 |
| Hyatt Roller Bearing Company | 144 |
| Illinois Watch, The | 81 |
| Ingram Co., Frederick F. | 149 |
| Insurance Co. of North America | 164 |
| International Nickel Co., Inc., The | 172 |
| Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver | 79 |
| Johnson & Son, S. C. | 161 |
| Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. | 174 |
| Klein & Sons, Mathias | 50 |
| Krementz & Co. | 147 |
| La Choy Food Products Inc. | 102 |
| Lambert Mfg. Co., Leon | 190 |
| La Monte & Son, George | 145 |
| Landers, Frary & Clark | 132, 133 |
| Larus & Bro. Co. | 134 |
| Lederer & Bro., Inc., Henry | 178 |
| Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The | 131 |
| Lycoming Manufacturing Co. | 65 |
| Mabie Todd & Co. | 167 |
| Magazine Repeating Razor Co. | 81 |
| Marmon Motor Car Company | 69 |
| Maxwell House Products Co., Inc. | 95 |
| McCall Co. | 76, 77 |
| Minnesota Toy Manufacturing Co. | 186 |
| Multistamp Company Inc., The | 194 |
| Munsingwear Corporation, The | 196 |
| National Carbon Company, Inc | 57, 78 |
| Nicholson File Co. | 120 |
| North Bros. Mfg. Co | 94 |
| Norwich Pharmacal Co., The | 75 |
| Nunn-Bush Shoe Co | 92 |
| Oakland Motor Car Co | 86 |
| Packard Motor Car Co | 42 |
| Parke, Davis & Co | 47 |
| Parker Brothers, Inc | 180 |
| Perfect Circle Company, The | 127 |
| Perfection Stove Co | 162 |
| Petroleum Engineering University | 180 |
| Piggly Wiggly Corporation | 176 |
| Pipe Wrench Company | 97 |
| Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau | 93 |
| Pratt & Lambert-Inc. | 143 |
| President Suspender Co | 189 |
| Quaker Oats Co., The | II Cover |
| Quaker State Oil Refining Co | 140 |
| Radio Corporation of America | 62 |
| Reid, Murdoch & Co. | 106 |
| Reo Motor Car Company | 67 |
| Rhodes Mfg. Co. | 116 |
| Rogers Bros. 1847 | III Cover |
| Russell Mfg. Co., The | 107 |
| Rutland Fire-Clay Co | 184 |
| Sanymetal Products Co., The | 182 |
| Scott Paper Company | 148 |
| Scripps-Howard Newspapers | 98 |
| Seth Thomas Clock Company, The | 130 |
| Simmons Company, The | 187 |
| Sonotone Co., The | 63 |
| Sonora Phonograph Co. | 195 |
| Southern Pacific | 105 |
| Speidel & Son, I. R. | 52 |
| Steinway & Sons | 88, 89 |
| Stone Straw Corporation | 114 |
| Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co. | 177 |
| Stutz & Company | 47 |
| Trico Products Corporation | 198 |
| Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc. | 68 |
| United States Gauge Co. | 56 |
| United States Radiator Corporation | 166 |
| United States Rubber Company | 157 |
| Universal Pictures | 48 |
| Upson Company, The | 118 |
| U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp. | 103 |
| U. S. Playing Card Co., The | 170, 171 |
| Vacuum Oil Company | 39 |
| Valentine & Company | 91 |
| Victor Talking Machine Co. | IV Cover |
| Wadsworth Watch Case Co., The | 180 |
| Wahl Company, The | 112, 113 |
| Weaver & Son, Jesse | 183 |
| Willys-Overland, Inc. | 100, 101 |
| Wilson Brothers | 111 |
| Wrought Iron Research Assn. | 197 |
| Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co. | 119 |


While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

# Where the Charleston Fathers Worshipped in 1761

## Brick *and* mortar have crumbled . . . . . but beautiful old *Wrought Iron Gates* Fences *and* Grilles remain to delight the eye

*(Right, Wrought iron churchyard gates of St. Michael's, in Charleston, S. C. Typical of pre-Revolutionary iron work which has survived to this day. All over the city are wrought iron objects equally prized. The oldest belong to the first half of the eighteenth century.*

*(Below) The new K of C. building in Atlantic City is notable for its beautiful grilles, doors, balustrades and other things of wrought iron. Architect Frank A. Berry, Philadelphia, Pa. Ornamental iron work executed by The Quaker City Art Metal Works, Philadelphia, Pa.*

St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C. Erected between 1751 and 1761

ST. MICHAEL'S below Broad Street and St Philip's above—these were the two parishes of the city of Charleston in pre-Revolutionary days. Church-going as a social rite in Charleston has always been very much centered in the beautiful churches of these two old congregations. "The bells of St. Michael's are the voice of Charleston."

Wrought iron had a development in Charleston hardly equaled by any other city in America, and the amount of it still to be found there impresses visitors as extraordinary. In richness and appropriateness of design, soundness of workmanship, and durability of material, it excites the reverent wonder of intelligent lovers of the arts.

The original bells of St. Michael's, which had been cast in England, were destroyed during our Civil War and had to be recast. But the old St. Michael's Gates of wrought iron, in characteristic Charleston design and craftsmanship, are in fine preservation to this day. They date from about 1752

Entirely apart from romantic feeling for things olden, the return to favor of genuine wrought iron during the last decade is remarkable. Where corrosion is a factor, as in pipes for plumbing, heating and other purposes; plates and rivets for tanks, boilers, ships; bars for railings, fire escapes, gratings, hardware and other outdoor purposes, the use of wrought iron is finding increased favor

Where vibration, shock and repeated stresses call for a metal of the greatest dependability, toughness and immunity to fatigue, wrought iron again stands out as the best material available at economical cost Hence the extensive use of wrought iron for vital parts of locomotives and railroad cars

Again, where high welding quality and suitable surface for retaining paint, enamel, zinc, lead and other finishes are desirable, wrought iron is unexcelled Discriminating users know that reputable manufacturers of genuine wrought iron bars, plates, pipes and rivets may be depended on to furnish wrought iron of the highest standards of quality ever known.

For information address

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSN.
*1111 Union Bank Building*
Pittsburgh, Pa.

# Wrought Iron

RUST-RESISTING • SAFE • ENDURING

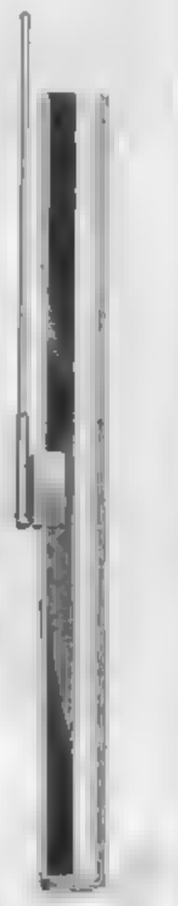
# RAIN *is coming...*

# SNOW *is coming...*

PREPARE your car for winter! Equip today with the Trico Visionall—the world's finest windshield wiper. Two vertical sliding blades that *drain* as they wipe, clearing the entire windshield. Each blade has five plies of rubber—a patented Trico feature not obtainable in any other wiper. No matter how stormy, you'll feel safe and snug inside—behind this powerful two blade automatic. *Dealers will make liberal allowance on your old windshield wiper.*

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

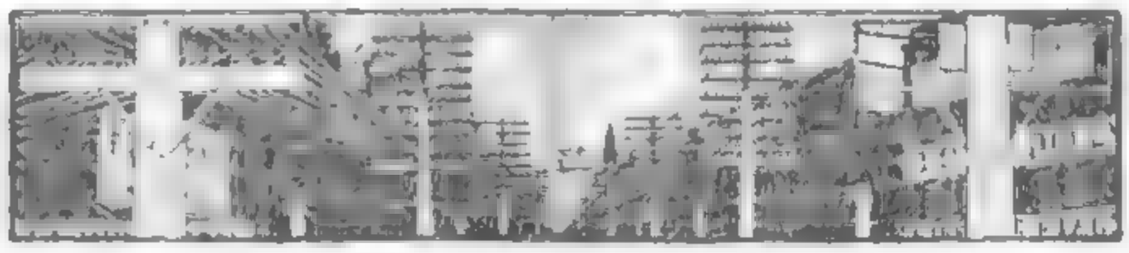
TRICO
*VISIONALL*
***Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper***
PATENTED U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES



New Triple Rubber Blades

To get the triple Patented blade wiper clean—to any motor car—for only [illegible] per pair, send your Fall [illegible]


# OUTSKIRTS—By Harry Kemp



*THE thing I remember chiefest, now that those days are gone,*
*Is coming in at the back doors of cities, at the graying of dawn –*
*A hobo, riding on freight trains, when it was mine to behold*
*The tangled tops of telegraph poles blurring with sudden gold,*
*And the great, rowdy life of whole populations beginning to rouse,*
*As if a Voice of Awaking were going from house to house.*
*It was surely a glory to dream of, a mighty thing to have seen.*
*First, in the semidarkness, the yard lamps white and green;*
*Then rested forms of factories, dim light at each windowpane;*
*The smoke, and the many-voiced din, and the crying of train to train,*
*This way and that; the stations, the frequent clanging of gongs—*
*There in itself moved the prelude for thousands of lusty songs.*
*The roofs' peopled wilderness ranging; the long cross sweep of each street—*
*"Hey, Jack!" "Hello! Great day, eh?"*
*The walk-walk-walking of feet*
*In motion pouring, converging—those ordered avenues, ranged*
*In mansion on fine, blank mansion that dreamed they'd never be changed,*
*Woke not a rhythm within me, no song of a future birth;*
*But I felt a chant rise, splendid, a hymn of American worth,*
*When I came through the back doors of cities, long ago, in the graying dawn,*
*Where the ungirt, unhindered growth of the outskirts streamed on and on!*


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*



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## *Table of Contents*


November 10, 1928

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SHORT STORIES


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Jungle—*C. E. Scoggins* | *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* | 3 |
| Gambler's Gold—*Richard Matthews Hallet* | *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* | 10 |
| A Date With a Lady—*George F. Worts* | *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* | 12 |
| Kitski—*Richard Connell* | *Illustrated by C. D. Williams* | 16 |
| Oh, Aunty, Please!—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* | *Illustrated by John La Gatta* | 18 |
| Offside—*Sam Hellman* | *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* | 22 |
| The Covered Bridge—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* | *Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr* | 24 |
| Jonah—*James Warner Bellah* | *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* | 30 |
| A Flight of Fancy—*Hugh Wiley* | *Illustrated by J. J. Gould* | 43 |


ARTICLES


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| On the Bottom—*Lieutenant Commander Edward Ellsberg* | *Photographs* | 6 |
| Gobi Bound—*Roy Chapman Andrews* | *Photographs* | 8 |
| Fashions in Fish—*As Told to Mara Evans* | *Photographs* | 14 |
| It Happened to a Rube—*Rube Goldberg* | *Photographs* | 20 |
| Swords and Roses—Gold Spurs—*Joseph Hergesheimer* | *Photographs* | 26 |
| The Rich Man's Son—*Albert W. Atwood* | *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* | 33 |


SERIALS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dynasty (Fourth part)—*Clarence Budington Kelland* | *Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr* | 28 |
| A Son of Anak (Conclusion)—*Ben Ames Williams* | *Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner* | 36 |


MISCELLANY


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 32 |
| Short Turns and Encores | 34 |
| The Poets' Corner | 66 |



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# It's a Tub-and-Towel Tonic—the Cannon Bath

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.*

*Back from the woods, back from the fields, tired, happy, dusty—the family will add the tonic of the Cannon Bath to the health of the hike.*

FEELING fine, feeling fit. Ready for the day's work and play. Skin aglow, nerves alert, muscles ready for anything, mind clear and quick. It's great to be alive, to be a healthy, happy man or woman, confident that any of life's obstacles can be tackled and conquered. Start the day right, with a Cannon Bath, and there you are! First a warm bath, either tub or shower, and a scrubbing with soap, for the natural grease of the skin must be removed lest it become offensive. Scrub, yes, scrub, until the pores are cleared and open. Then—and here's the big secret—a dash and a splash of cold water. Really cold. Not for long. Just for a few seconds. Get it all over you. If you haven't a shower, or a spray, run an inch or so of cold water in the tub, kneel in it, and splash it over you. Now hop out and rub dry briskly with a fresh Cannon turkish towel. Rub until the blood comes back to the surface.

It sounds like a skin treatment but it is more than that. It's a tonic for the whole body. Stimulates everything. Banishes that morning sleepiness completely. Be sure the towel is made by Cannon—look for the label. You will find that same label on towels in the most exclusive mansions, where money doesn't matter and where quality alone is desired. You will find it also on towels in hotels, hospitals, institutions, athletic and country clubs, and similar places where every penny is counted. For Cannon towels are remarkable for their combination of luxury and economy. They come in all sizes, types and styles, and at such prices that any budget can accommodate them by the dozen. So everyone in your family can enjoy a clean towel every morning. You will find Cannon turkish and huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets at dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

*Cannon turkish towel with dobby border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 30 cents.*

*Cannon turkish towel with border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.25.*

*Cannon turkish towel with border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 55 cents.*

*Cannon Seagull turkish towel. Border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About $1.50.*

## *A bath for sore muscles*

When you are stiff and sore—say from your first fall wood-chopping, or taking down the screens and hanging up the curtains, or from house-cleaning, sweeping, or what-not, take a bath. Make it hot. Temperature about 100 degrees. Never take a cold bath when you are fatigued or exhausted. Stay in the water eight or nine minutes; the tub is fine for such a bath. Be sure the sore muscles are submerged. It will help to rub and massage them as well as scrubbing the skin with a soapy wash cloth. Start perspiration by drinking a glass of cold water. This is a relaxing, healing bath. When you get out of the tub, rub dry briskly and quickly with a turkish towel, and go to bed under plenty of coverings for a complete rest. In the morning you will get up feeling better for the exercise and troubled with none of its ill effects. Just be sure all the soreness is gone before you end the morning bath with the usual cold splash.

*All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast.*

CANNON TOWELS

*The Mercantile Market, Boston, Mass., has roofs over shipping platforms on all sides made of Toncan Iron installed in 1912 and still in excellent condition.*

# From the Mercantile Market of BOSTON To the Pleasure Market of TIA JUANA

# TONCAN IRON is used for Permanent Construction

WHEREVER sheet metal comes in contact with moisture throughout America—in manufactured products—in building construction—in boiler tubes—in culverts and pipe buried in the ground—there you will find an ever-increasing use of Toncan Iron—the metal that fights a stubborn battle against rust and corrosion.

Its ability to fight these arch enemies of permanent construction is due to its exclusive process of manufacture. Toncan Iron is made by the scientific combination of copper and mo-lyb-den-um with pure iron, forming an alloy with entirely distinctive properties.

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For refrigerators, stoves, washing machines and other household appliances subjected to heat, cold or water, the use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is a guarantee of long life. Oven and refrigerator linings resist rust indefinitely when made of this super-iron. And Toncan Enameling Iron, on account of its uniformity and smooth, open surface, improves the quality and lowers production costs of enameled products.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**TONCAN**

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON

*The beautiful Agues Caliente at famous Tia Juana, Mexico, has a modern kitchen equipped with ranges made of Toncan Iron.*

*Scene in kitchen at Aguas Caliente, showing ranges made of Toncan Iron by the Ingle Manufacturing Company of San Diego.*

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

ACATHON STEELS

## CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

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26 PIECE SET . . . IN *LEGACY* . . . THE NEW MODERN ART PATTERN . . . WITH HANDSOME CHEST . . . $28.25

# For John K. Husband, *especially*

*Dear John:* Three years ago, we talked to you, right here on this very page, on the subject of your wife's silver service. We said some pretty pointed things . . . And you responded like a thoroughbred . . . Readily admitting that you had been unsympathetic and unfair to the wife's need for more and better silverware . . . But, John, it looks as though we had the job to do all over again . . . For somehow, the notion will keep creeping back into your mind that fine silverware costs a king's ransom . . . This time we're not going to try to argue away that groundless delusion. We're going to kill it by concrete evidence, spread right before your eyes . . . Beginning this week, 25,000 silverware merchants are holding a Value Demonstration in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. Their stores spread in a network across the nation, so you can't miss them . . . Such amazing values as the one pictured above will brighten the counters of these stores. And if you'll drop in for a look (as in fairness to the Little Woman, you truly should), thereafter you'll forever concede that fine silverplate is the least expensive of all the refinements a man can buy for his home.

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SILVERPLATE
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GENERAL OFFICES: MERIDEN, CONN. SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
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*Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola with new Radiola Super-Heterodyne. The world's greatest musical instrument, beyond contradiction. List price, complete with tubes, $1350.*

*Model Ten-sixty-nine. Victor Automatic Electrola. Volume adjustable from whisper to full-orchestra power. A de luxe instrument for those who appreciate fine things. List price, $850.*

*Model Ten-thirty-five. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola. The musical instrument that millions have waited for. An investment in happiness for today . . . and the years to come. List price, only $365!*

# MILLIONS HAVE WAITED *for this announcement*

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AND here it is: A *brand-new type* Automatic Victrola, at a price within the reach of the average home. A dream of Victor technical men come true. New as tomorrow's newspaper. New in principle. New in design. New in scope. In the judgment of many, it is the most desirable musical instrument in the world!

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*The Automatic Orthophonic*

**Victrola**